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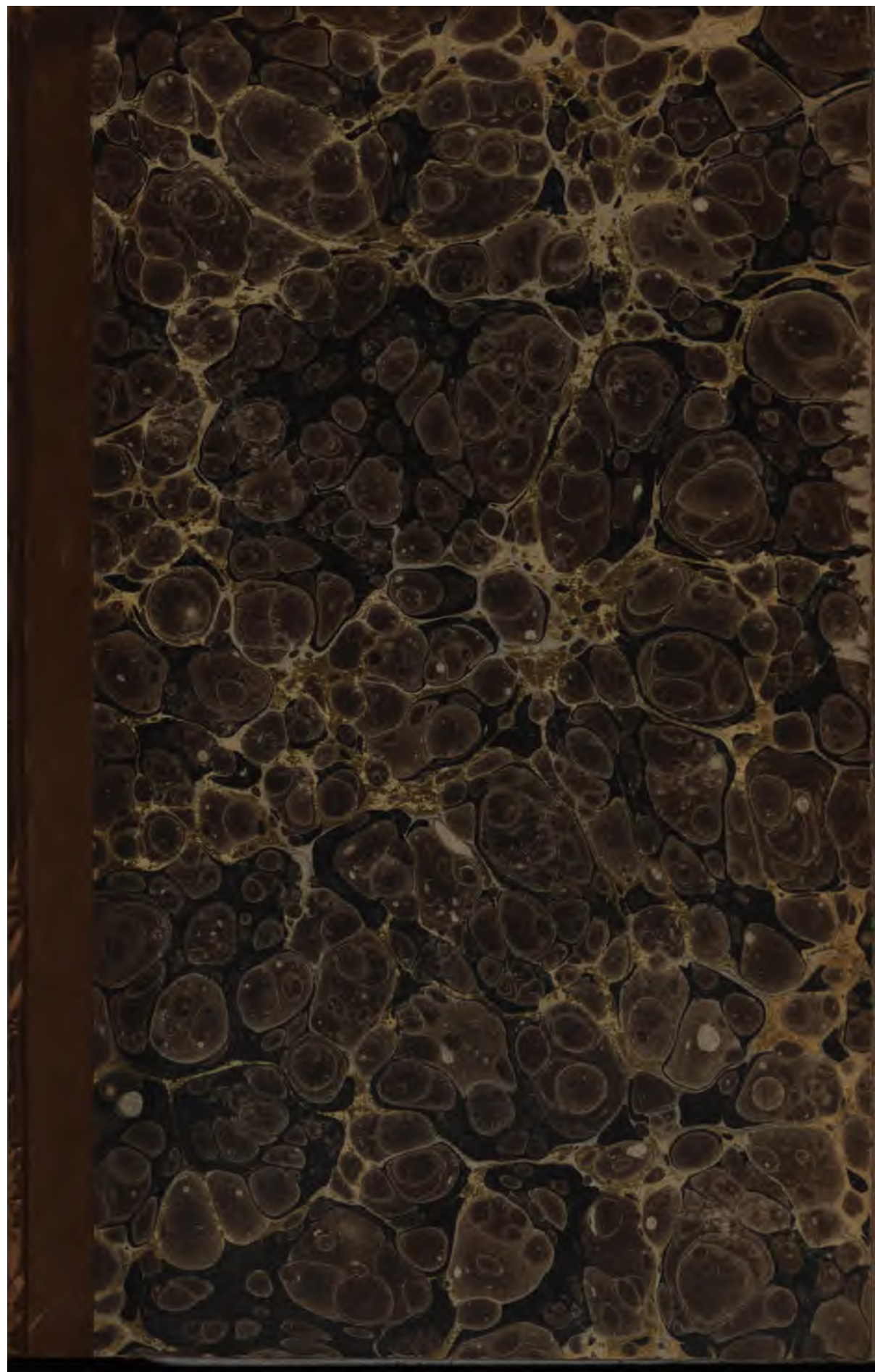
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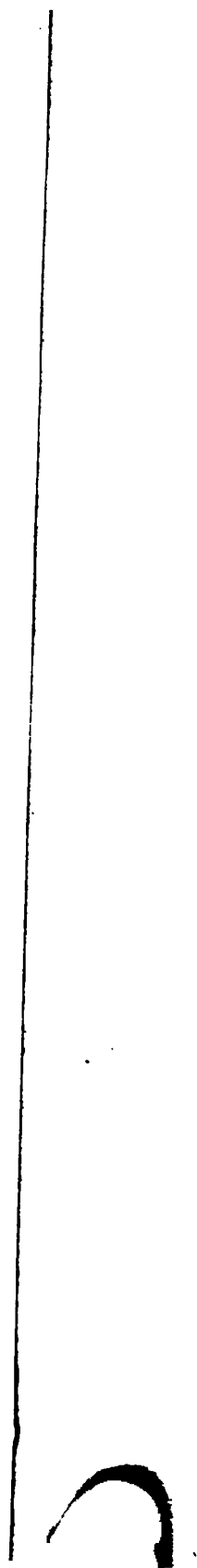
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LUTHER;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE REFORMATION.

BY THE

REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," "THE MESSIAH," "CHRIST
OUR ALL IN ALL," ETC., ETC.

"THE SOLITARY MONK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD."

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TO ALL WHO REVERENCE
E V A N G E L I C T R U T H

IN COMBINATION WITH
A P O S T O L I C O R D E R,

THE PRESENT EDITION
OF THE FOLLOWING POEM IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

The Author.

EXTRACT

FROM THE

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION.*

"The progress of the Reformation in Luther's own mind; a very curious subject. Such were the great talents and qualities of Luther, and such the situation of Europe at the time, that the Reformation in fact passed from the mind of the one into the mind of the other."—*Professor Smyth's Lectures on Modern History*, Vol I., p. 265, Edit. 1841.

"When I contemplate the whole system as it affects the great fundamental principles of morality, the *terra firma*, as it were, of our humanity; then trace its operation in the sources and conditions of national strength and well-being; and, lastly, consider its woful influences on the innocence and sanctity of the female mind and imagination, on the faith and happiness, the gentle fragranciness and unnoticed ever-present verdure of domestic life, I can with difficulty avoid applying to it what the rabbins fable of the fratricide Cain—that the firm earth trembled whenever he strode, and the grass turned black beneath his feet."—*Coleridge on the Idea*, &c. &c., p. 131, 132.

THE following pages are an attempt to reflect in a poetical form, by a series of mental *tableaux*, some of the prominent features and prevailing expressions in the life, character, and work, of the fearless Luther. Though each view be distinct, yet it is hoped that in the spirit of its resulting effect, the poem will be found combined into the unity of a moral whole. How far, or not, the writer may have succeeded, in a style of thought and structure of plan somewhat out of the popular track,—must be left to the candour and criticism of others to decide. Whatever may be the reception of these pages, they are at least submitted to the public eye with unaffected deference; and with the entire conviction that, if proved to be meritless, their failure must be ascribed to the incapacity of the author, and not to any deficiency of interest in the subject.

Luther, in the lion-hearted daring of his conduct, and in the robust and rugged grandeur of his faith, may well be considered as the Elijah of the Reformation; while his life, by the stern and solemn realities of its experiences, and the almost ideal evolutions of events by which it was accompanied,—constitutes indeed, the embodied Poem of European protestantism. But, as with others who make or move the history of mankind, Luther must be contemplated under that twofold aspect, which is answerable to the twofold region, where the moral features of manhood are expressed, or betrayed. In the one, we meet those external realities which stand forth feelingly and conspicuously on the broad surface of biography and history; in the other, we are presented with those latencies of character which appertain more to the chronicles of the soul, and are to be detected chiefly in the delightful egotisms wherewith Luther has sprinkled his comments; or in the play and sparkle of his colloquial excitement; but above all, in his Correspondence,—more especially in the Letters written from the Wartburg; and those in which he uncurtains the darkness, doubt and despondency by which his stormy nature was so often haunted and perturbed. Luther the REFORMER is, after all, but the outward and visible index to the inward and invisible characteristics of Luther the MAN; yet is the connexion between both at once interesting and profoundly instructive. And if, in the open light of history, we are struck with the almost miraculous consequences which a lonely monk, from the depths of an Augustinian convent, put in motion; and if, while we yet experience the thrill of that scriptural blow with which he smote the "baseless fabric" of papal superstition;—not less are we affected to perceive, how wonderfully and wisely the trials and experiences of his inner nature were providentially overruled, and wrought into experimental connexion with those gigantic achievements which have made the name of Martin Luther immortal. Indeed, to those who love to enter the secrecies of the human spirit, and advance even unto the very centre of moral consciousness,—the German monk, as

* In order to reduce the volume to its present size and price, it has been required to exclude the greater part of the Preface to the First Edition. Those who wish to peruse it, will find the larger Preface appended to the Author's work, "CHRIST OUR ALL IN ALL," in an Essay entitled—"The Reformer, and the Reformation."

he appears behind the scene of public life, beyond most men is an attraction. At one time we discover him to be all elate, high-wrought, and far-soaring,—mounting upward and heavenward in the golden light of hope and joy ; at another, he wails and weeps from the very dust of depression and anguish,—uttering either truths of self-exposure, which startle you like thunder-claps heard at midnight ; or else, sighing forth his restless mind with broken murmurs, faint and mournful as the cadence of some distant sea. He dipped his pen at all times in the heart-blood of sincerity ; and wrote HIMSELF out in a genuine copy, without seeming, for one instant, to care what might be concluded touching the original ! In this respect, perhaps no man has ever unveiled himself with more truthful audacity, than he has done : and thus, in his correspondence and confessions, we have a revelation of the “ *hidden man of the heart*,” unshrouded to the very core ; and are invited to look into the surging depths of a spirit, adown which the deep eye of Dante would have loved to gaze.

* * * * *

The author will now take his leave of the reader, and humbly commit this volume to the protecting love and guidance of that high BEING “from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, do proceed.” Whatever in this volume is in harmony with His word, may He condescend to bless it ;—whatever is not so, may He graciously overrule ; and pardon the sin of the writer. “ *Satis me vixisse arbitror, et officium hominis implesse, si labor meus aliquos homines, ab erroribus liberatos ad iter coeleste direxerit.*”—*Lactantius*.

That he is indifferent as to the critical reception which this volume may have,—would be ludicrous hypocrisy for him to assert. It has caused the author some little reading, study, and reflection ; and he will be more than thankful, if, as this work haply winds its way through the world,—it may here and there please a good man, attract a wise, or gratify a tasteful one. With all its faults, he hopes and believes it contains truths neither uninteresting to the mere reader of poetry, and perchance,—not despicable in the eyes of those who love to retire at times to the hidden sanctuaries of their own hearts, and ponder on things beyond the grave. For the imperfections of the work he cannot be too humble ; but for the CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES which it attempts to embody,—he neither has, nor desires to have, any apology. They are in consonance with the Articles, Homilies, and Creed of his own venerated church ; they are those for which sainted martyrs have burnt ; and which ever have, and ever will,—constitute the great MORAL BULWARK of this land ; and which (above all) he conscientiously believes to be in full accordance with the infallible Word of God.

GLASGOW, 1842.

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LUTHER;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE REFORMATION.

Christ, the Centre and Circumference of Truth.

FROM everlasting was **THE CHRIST** of God
 Veiled in the purpose of His love divine ;
 But God hath no historian ; archives none
 His past eternity to us presents :
 For who the motions of His voiceless will
 Can number ? Saint and seraph here alike
 Are baffl'd, and the dread I **AM** adore
 With that religion silent prayer begets,
 When mind created on Jehovah dwells.
 Enough for man this truth august to know,—
REDEMPTION was no after-Thought, by Sin
 Awakened from thy depths, celestial Love !
 When first Humanity the Fiend obeyed:
 For in the councils of Almighty Grace
 Thy Priesthood, oh, **INCARNATE** ! was design'd,
 Before Creation out of nothing sprang.
 But when at length the hour predestin'd came,
 Eternity a form of Time assum'd ;
 Then from His throne of perfect glory stoop'd
 The **SECOND** in the Godhead, and Himself
 In mortal limbs and lineaments array'd !
 Then did **EMMANUEL** on this blighted earth
 Of sin and suff'ring, body forth such grace
 As made our orb a miracle of worlds,
 By there achieving what the God **TRINE**
 Determin'd, when their master-work was plann'd,—
 The vast **ATONEMENT** blood divine unveils !

Who can express Thee, O thou Great **PROFOUND**
 Of glory, where all miracles in one converge,
 And God Himself in concentration shines
 For ever ! Thee **THE FATHER** only knows,
 And truly fathoms. Thee the **SPIRIT** crowns
 Sole Prince of Earth, and Paragon of Heaven
 In Whom the counsels of Salvation reach
 Their glorious summit. Thee bright Angels bend
 Around, and ever, with enchanted gaze,
 Centre and strain their intellectual eyes
 Full on thy wonders !—dazzl'd, aw'd, and dim
 With Thine excess of all-exceeding love
 For sin that suffer'd, O stupendous Lord !—
 Then, how shall man, so erringly begirt
 With clay and darkness, to the heights of Grace
 Incarnate, lift one clear and cloudless view ?
 For in the secrets of Thy cross we find
 That Miracle, where God alone on God
 Is acting,—where the heart almighty beats
 With mercy, and the pangs of Calv'ry prove
 His Attributes in full pulsation met.

Expression dies, before a Theme like this
 Completely master'd ; but the heart of Faith
 Breaks into language with out-bursting love,
 And, taught by Scripture, thus presumes to cry,—
 "Thou art, O **CHRIST** ! our intellectual **SUN**
 Thron'd in the firmament of deathless Mind ;
 The radiant Centre of Almighty love,
 The mystic **VINE** of everlasting life,
 And all the **TRINITY** in Thee is crown'd
 By saints and angels, with commingl'd praise.

Oh ! all we have, and are, or hope to be,
 Hangs on **MESSIAH**, as the holy source ;
 Who shades with mercy that consuming fire,
 That else Creation would at once have smit
 To ashes, when the curse for sin was due.
 But in the Cross and *by* the Cross perused,
 How featur'd with significance sublime
 And beautiful, this breathing world becomes !
 Creation, by the plastic charm of faith
 Transmuted, like a boundless temple stands,
 Where all is eloquent of Christ **THE LORD**.
 Lo ! the broad earth a solemn area seems,
 And the arch'd sky a bended ceiling grows,
 Whose lamps are planets in their burning shrines ;
 Wonder is priestess ; and the mingled choir,—
 The organ music roll'd from waves and winds,
 While the deep worship is th' unconscious swell
 Of Nature, when her blent hosannas rise
 To bless the Architect and Source of all.

And say, what merit must **THE BLOOD** express,
 That guilt from God in vindication hides ?
 Oft in the night, when musing Thought awakes,
 And well remembers all the world has been ;
 How Sin hath never yet a Sabbath kept,
 From the first pulse in man's apostate mind
 To the last throb in Treason's bosom now,—
 Well may the heart, with big emotion charged,
 Empty itself in adoration's tears :
 And, mind devout, with aw'd amazement think
 How infinite must Calv'ry's pleadings be,
 That soften judgment and sustain a world !

Thus, every mercy our creation holds,
 Baptiz'd in merit, bears **EMMANUEL**'s name ;
 And, through His rent and riven side descends,
 Reaches all hearts, and radiates all homes
 With some reflection !—Therefore, in the Cross
 We glory ; all our creed round *That* revolves ;
 For there, to heights of unimagin'd grace
 God's **COVENANT** the wond'ring mind attracts
 And welcomes ; till the o'erwrought heart succumbs
 In mute religion at their mystic base :
 And therefore, while in nature God we greet,
 And in the wrappings of this outer world
 His Garments witness, that from sense infold
 A **SPLENDOUR INFINITE**, a felt **UNSEEN**,—
 Yet, not o'er these the heart's most epic strain
 Lift we of lauding rapture. Though the Sun
 Burn like a sacrament of living beams,
 Filling our eyes with reverential light
 To watch him ; though the Moon's poetic brow
 Be lovely, arch'd with most celestial grace,
 And yonder meek and melancholy Stars
 Thrill like the pathos of eternity
 Our pensive bosom,—not in these we boast,
 Though beautiful : nor in the sacred Deep
 That chants his lone and everlasting hymn
 Of waters, like the psalmody of waves
 In worship ; nor in all the gorgeous Things
 That Nature in her granaries of life
 Concentres, can the God-taught spirit trace

Matter for largest triumph.—Nor can Mind
Such wonder claim, as that GREAT SCENE demands
When once from Zion, with retorted blaze
Full on Himself did God HIMSELF reflect
His glory,—there in awful zenith seen,
When burst thy heart, EMMANUEL! into blood
For Sin, and back the forfeit Heaven regain'd;
While thoughts that tune eternity with praise
Rose into life, and with new radiance clad
The Mind of angels by their bright display.

Thus, "God forbid!" the rapt Apostle cries,
In aught we glory, but the Cross sublime;
Which, planted in this wilderness of worlds,
Hath bloom'd with second paradise to man,
Unfading, hung with fruitage ripe from Heaven.
And think! (unless the terror of that thought
Palsy thy mind, and stop thine intellectual pulse
From beating,) think what Man and Earth had been
If never from EMMANUEL's veins had roll'd
The tide of merit, our atonement drew!
What but a curse, a prison, and a pang
Had reason, life, and apprehension proved?
Amid the howlings of the Law unkept
Encompass'd ever, like incarnate Hells
Men would have liv'd, have wept, blasphem'd, and died!
Then, why not, Priests of sentiment and song,
Yourselves baptiz'd, baptize your pages too?
Oh! let the Cross your admiration deck
With solemn beauty, when o'er Nature's types,
Her hues and scenes, your mantling fervours rise;
For all creation is with CHRIST inlaid.—
And ye, who down th' abyss of mind delight
To plunge your glances, lo! The CHRIST is there;
Reason is but a ray from HIM deriv'd,
That sparkles only with the light He makes.—
Monarchs that rule! remember, lawless Will,
But for His pangs, would Rank and Order crush;
And ye, who legislate for Church, or Crown,
From the deep science of salvation draw
Canons of truth, by creed Almighty sign'd;
For there, both Law and Love together meet
Their mingl'd answer in the Son of God.
Or ye, who in domestic bowers enjoy
Heaven's fairest miniature, a virtuous home,—
'Tis from the homeless MAN of GRIEF ye draw
The sweets of gladness, when the hearth-sides glow.
And Christian! what art thou, but Christ in man,
By creed and conduct, character and life
Envolv'd, and still envolving? Thou in Him,
And He in thee,—thy life but echoes His;
Thy foremost graces are but falling gleams
Directly from His perfect glory cast.—
But *all* thou art can faith alone depict:
Experience only is description here,
And that, internal:—for the life of truth
Is learn'd by feeling, and by love acquir'd:
Mere language only is a dead pretence,
Aping the life which love alone can reach,
Or e'er embody. But if thus the life
Of faith imperfect, far beyond the soar
Of speech, to altitudes of secret awe
Itself exalteth,—who, by climbing words
The Lord of Being in His life of faith
Presumes to follow? There all language ends,
As tenses in eternity are lost!

But this enough for sinful man to know,
In CHRIST the sum and substance of all Truths
Are met, and manifest; in Him, full-orb'd
Religion ev'ry saving virtue finds:
For there alone the heart of God unveils
Its vast expression: in the Face Divine
OF HIM, (the arch ELECT, before all worlds
In secrecy of Love divine embrac'd)
In Christ, the counterpart of Godhead,—shines
That moral radiance which Himself repeats

By humaniz'd reflection. There alone
The fallen spirit, with an eye unflin'd
By grace, from sin and sensual darkness freed,
The will and purpose, pardon, love and peace
From God to man adoringly may find.
All other media which inventive Pride
Presumes to fashion, are but barren dreams:
Man's Deity is only dust refin'd,
Himself re-cast in some ethereal mould,
A finite into Infinite enlarg'd,
And this Dilation for a God mistook!—
But Thou, EMMANUEL! art the Way we come,
The Truth we know, the endless Life secur'd,
The all in all of God to us reveal'd,
And us to Him restored.—Creation's book
Lies blotted o'er with sin's perplexing stain,
And no erasure can Thy name detect,
In full divinity of sound and sense
Conspicuous, or complete. And what can Law,
That dreadful paraphrase of Justice, speak
To lawless Guilt,—but condemnation dire?
And how can Reason in her light resolve
That problem, deep as God, and dark as guilt,—
How sin is punish'd and the sinner spar'd,
When falls the sabre of celestial Wrath.
And in one flash both Heaven and Hell illumines?
Or say, can conscience, whose rebuking voice
A jealous echo of the jealous God
For aye reverberates the soul within,
Can this Alarmist, to the shrinking gaze
Of Guilt—the trembler!—Mercy's plan unfold?
Ah! no: in CHRIST alone we Godhead find;
In CHRIST alone His character evolves;
On Calv'ry's hill God's Attributes were thron'd,
And reach'd a climax when their Lord expir'd.

The Mystical Body of the Church.

THROUGHOUT the universe of God there reigns
A ruling harmony of Life and Law;
And thus all Worlds, by secret link allied,
Together one melodious System make,
Wherein each Orb a fated portion fills
In due relation to the boundless Whole.
But in this poetry and plan of worlds
(Where all is music to the moral ear)
Our *own* as Epic, must by faith be hailed;
Whereon alighted, twice nine hundred years ago,
The FILIAL WORD, in Human Flesh array'd.—
Yet if our Earth redeem'd God's epic form
Say, how can mortals, by corruption blind
That mighty Poem into words translate?
Or, who the meanings of a page unfold,
For nought but myst'ry doth the Church enshrine:
From the last breath that play'd on Stephen's lip
Adown the rolling ages, even till now,—
Through sufferings dire, through persecution dread,
Through blood and havoc, through disastrous wrong,
And burning martyrdoms her way has been.
And who that way, with love and watching Heaven
Can reconcile, and keep cold reason down?
But here, let silence be Religion's soul;
And may this truth august our faith o'erawe,—
That God in time eternity reflects,
And on the mirror of the Church's life
Doth glass the features of a sovereign WILL,
Secret, and not to faculties create
In flesh or spirit, e'er to be reduced.
But still we rest not; and our reason longs
Madly to question what no finite mind
On earth can answer,—when our musing eye
Roves o'er the moral waste the Church hath been,
And dares to criticise what God hath done
Or Christ permitted, in this world of ours!
For what, but good and evil, strangely mix'd,
Seems the dark mystery of the Church's doom?—
Here saint and sinner, grace and nature blend;

Here dust and Deity in clash appear,
 Angels and Fiends for blood-earn'd souls combine;
 All Passions, Principles, and Powers remote,
 (From the high daring of celestial hearts
 To the low horrors of consummate guilt.)
 All strive with each, and each with all conflicts.—
 And, who can wind his labyrinthine way
 Through shades of providence like these profound?
 We see in part; but when perfection dawns,
 Both part and whole shall then Thy name uplift
 Almighty!—then the choir of chanting Worlds
 Around Salvation, one stupendous tide
 Of deepening rapture shall for ever roll,
 And God his *Own* great Vindication be.

But here we lisp the alphabet of grace
 Alone, and scarcely *that* at times pronounce.
 Infants of time, we yet have much to learn
 And more to suffer, ere we find resolv'd
 The paradox of wrong our Church endures.—
 If to our pang the purpose we could link,
 Patience might sing, where now vexation sighs,
 And hail The Trinity behind our tears
 In wisdom perfect; but the Vision tarries yet!
 Between God's purpose and our pang there lies
 An Infinite, where baffled Reason, blind
 With gazing, would in vain some landmark see.
 But grief, when sanctified, is God to man
 Himself imparting, for some end conceal'd
 Deep in the core of His eternal Plans.
 Here may we rest; beyond we cannot rise;
 Or on the infinite Unknown we dash
 The mind to madness, and our faith to fears.
 Perchance our World to higher Being proves
 A Platform, where the Truths of Heaven enact
 Their natures, and to angels wisdom show?
 Or, Hearts on earth are moral Schools to Heaven,
 And Pangs below are Preachers to the skies,
 And glory shines around each sainted tear
 That faith or feeling in our warfare sheds?

Perfect through suffering!—Such EMMANUEL was.
 And can the Members of that mystic HEAD
 Refuse to echo, what their Master felt?
 A suffering Image must the Church become,
 If with her archetypal Lord complete
 Her oneness prove; and what in pangs the HEAD
 Endur'd, each Member must on earth repeat
 By thrilling counterpart in truth and tone,
 To all He suffer'd.—Nor in Heaven forgot,
 Though there unfelt, MESSIAH'S woes remain;
 Still *through* His splendour point the piercing Nails;
 There in His glory yet the Gash is seen;
 E'en on His Throne, the sacramental LAMB
 Types to eternity the Manhood slain!—
 And like her Bridegroom, must the Bride elect
 From suffering deep to endless glory climb.

We see in part, but *suffer* in the whole;
 There lies the myst'ry!—there the Flesh complains,
 Hurt feeling staggers, and the heart recoils.
 Meanwhile, in vain would Souls their doom avoid,
 Or mould, or master: each in turn must weep,
 Writhe on some rack, or drink their cup of wo
 Down to the dregs—if such their God present.
 All have their pangs, their penalties, and woes,
 Some thorn to fester in their spirit's frame,
 Or fret the Mind to feebleness, or fear
 Unholy.—But the COMFORTER abides;
 And while to Sense the Church an orphan seems,
 The FATHER pities, and his children find
 A secret pasture in the promise left,
 Though all look herbless to the eye of men
 Carnal, or clouded.—Nor will more be felt
 Than Wisdom, for some destin'd rank above
 Apportions; cross and crown related are;
 'The one is suffer'd, as the other shap'd

Responsively. And as the artist's hand
 Plastic with genius, to the picture gives
 Line after line, touch on touch repeats,
 Till colours image what his mind contains
 Of beauty;—so in faith, Experience feels
 Pang after pang, till God at length transcribes
 That viewless copy of celestial life
 His purpose imagin'd, ere our souls were born.
 Or even, as the skill'd refiner bends
 O'er the fus'd metal, in the furnace laid,
 And heaps new fire till back its molten face
 His *own* returneth, by reflection bright;
 So in the flame of hot affliction, man
 By Heaven in myst'ry is awhile retain'd;
 Till purg'd of dross, and purified from sin,
 At last the metal of the heart is clear,
 And back on Deity by love reflects
 The radiant Image that His glory casts.

We learn by suffering, while by faith we live,
 And graces brighten as our griefs expand;
 But *where* indeed, between the wo endur'd
 And height of glory in a heaven to come
 Of being, is the true connection found,—
 Baffles our reason, in this cloud of flesh
 Now to unfold. But this at least we learn,
 The HEAD of manhood was a suffering HEAD,
 And all his members, by their mystic pangs
 But echo back what thy pure bosom felt,
 Eternal ARCHETYPE of life and faith,
 Whom all things emblem! Here alone there dawn
 Truths that illumine what might else appear
 Darkness infernal, deep, and black, and dense
 To suffocation. Here some aims profound
 (Whose roots are in eternity's result)
 Arrest the tear, and calm to chasten'd awe
 The sigh'd rebellions of the soul within.—
 The good shall suffer; but if goodness be
 To nature fallen, but the noble part
 Of trial, when by sin-consuming grace
 Season'd and hallow'd,—not for this repine
 The brave adorers of THE CRUCIFIED!
 They glory rather in the racking fires;
 The more of grief, the more of God they have,
 And do (what Seraphim have never done)
 Suffer for Christ!—man's pure distinction this!
 His high prerogative, His peerless crown
 Appointed. Devils for themselves endure,
 And angels, quick as sunbeams, glide and go
 At His command, and own Him Liege and Lord;
 But Virtue, by the Church's heart reveal'd,
 Mounts to a range sublimer, and excels
 Beyond the burning Watchers round His throne:
 For she can suffer; and by suffering teach
 Lessons of Godhead, such as angels prize.

And more than this th' afflicted Church evolves.
 From Abel's cry to Luther's convent groan,
 SELF was our ruin; *into* that direct
 From God, creation's first apostate fell;
 And *out* of that alone can Flesh arise,
 By Will surrender'd, crucified, and slain,
 And by the sovereignties of WILL SUPREME
 Master'd, and moulded. Thus the saints are train'd
 From strength to strength by educating woes,
 To loathe that vampire of creation—Sin!
 With hate celestial, and on God to live;
 While in that Book, whose promises like stars,
 Rule in the night, a radiant charm they have
 O'er all the dim perplexities of doom;
 Beaming mild comfort through the blackest wo
 That pals a Christian, or the Church portends.

Glory to grief! when thus for God endur'd;
 'Tis but the pang a Saviour's bosom shar'd
 Reduplicate, and by all faith prolong'd.
 THE MAN OF SORROWS forms no men of smiles;

Our hearts must bathe in His baptismal fire,
Or ne'er be whiten'd; Cross and Crown were His:
We grant it,—but in order each He took;
The first He suffer'd, ere the last He wore.
And as the Bridegroom, must the Bride be form'd,—
Repeat His cross, and *then* reflect his Crown;
That Like on earth, in heaven alike may prove
In grief below, in glory, one above!
So in eternal Consciousness to come,
Salvation will be sympathy entire
Between the Head and Members—unity august!
When CHRIST in each will Self from all absorb,
And His lov'd Church, like ONE EMMANUEL shine.

Meanwhile to us, eternal SPIRIT, grant
The wisdom meek, that lives on truth divine
However veil'd; a waiting mind impart;
And in our weakness show our strength to dwell.
Like as of old, the pensive Mary sat
Low at His feet and listen'd to her LORD,
Absorb'd and self-renouncing,—be our soul
Before the Cross in docile rev'rence bent.
For Thou, O CHRIST! amid the fires hast been;
And o'er the flames, that on Thy Church advanced,
The promise—*I am with you, till the end of time*,
Breath'd like the spell of some almighty breeze,
And cool'd them into impotence, or calm.—
No! never hath the murderous hoof of Hell
Trampled the heart from out the Church of heaven;
Within her, life, when all seem'd lifeless, glow'd;
Within her, grace, when all seem'd graceless, dwelt;
Within her, truth, when all seem'd truthless, reign'd;
While ever and anon, amid the gloom
Which Priest, and Tyrant, and the Devil made,
Star after star in radiant grandeur rose
To shame the midnight of the soul away.
But, chief o'er all the galaxy of lights
That stud the firmament of Christian fame,
Shone LUTHER forth,—that miracle of men!
The gospel Hero, who with faith sublime
Fulmin'd the lightnings of God's flaming Word
Full on the towers of superstition's Home,
Till lo! they crumb'd!—and his with'ring flash
Yet sears the ruin with victorious play.

But thou, who o'er the Church a thoughtful mind
Haply in moods of mournful awe hast bent,
Revere the Fact, whose deep foundations lie
Far in the Infinite, beyond the wings
Of faith, though plum'd with apostolic strength
To follow—CHRIST HATH GOD WITH MAN CONJOIN'D
By union so unutterably close,
Divine, unfathom'd, and for ever firm,
That Sun shall wither, all the Stars wax pale,
Mountains depart, the Heavens to air dissolve,
And the dread Universe itself shall die,—
But this CONJUNCTION shall unweaken'd stand
When Time is dead, and Nature drops extinct
Into her grave eternal.—Boundless truth!
That *out* of Deity all other dwarfs
To less than littleness, beyond compare.
All Unions type it, all Connections preach;
Nature, and Art, and pure affection's ties
Are fill'd with emblems, shadowy dim and faint,
Th' exceeding glory of this Bond to tell:
Wherein, by unity of mystic power,
Christ and His Church are into ONE transform'd
Colossal PERSON, Spirit, Life, and Frame,
And Fellowship, and Feeling! Let that Church
Suffer a pang—the SAVIOUR feels it too!
Touch but a Member, and you thrill the HEAD
With shock electric, on His Throne perceiv'd;
And therefore, Tyrants! when ye wound a hair
Of God's anointed, up to heaven your wrong
Ascendeth, and the heart of JESUS strikes!—
Rays in the sun are not so brightly close,
Trees to their root are not so firmly knit,

And streams to fountains not so close allied,
Body with breath, and both with soul combin'd
Together,—as the Church and Christ cohere.
Hence Earth, nor Heaven, nor Hell that fights with
each,
The BRIDEGROOM from his sainted Bride can tear.
Thy MAKER is thy Husband, Church elect!
And rich eternity thy radiant dower.
And thus we lift the shout, and song of faith
Victorious:—for the Oneness is so vast
Between the Members and their living HEAD,
In vain Creation may be tax'd for types
Or teaching shadows, to portray its power.
For, soon analogy in light is lost;
Upward and Heavenward illustration mounts
Till at the base of GODHEAD overawed,
Faith cannot soar, but folds her duteous wing
Dazzl'd—and disappears in Deity!

Man's Need and God's Supply.

E'EN like an Instrument, whose chorded depth
Enwraps the unheard music, but awaits
The master-touch of some awaking Hand
To make it vibrate,—did the high-strung World
Of truth and feeling for th' impulsive Soul
In solemn hush abide, beneath whose sway
The moral harmonies of ransom'd Mind
In mingling swell of holiness, and love,
Once more should awaken.—LUTHER was that Soul
Predestin'd: he, by Grace divinely arm'd,
From the foul grave of papal sin and gloom
The buried GOSPEL came to disinter.
And let us laurel his intrepid brow
Who faced alone (by all save Heaven unarm'd)
That priestly Giantess of pamper'd sin,
Whose throne was blasphemy by Pride upheld,
That brazen Arbitress, whose sceptre robb'd
The King Almighty of the soul's domain,
Even papal Rome!—who still her wine-cup drugs
With damning charms and deadly spells; and dares
Within the Heart's pantheon yet to shrine
Dark Falsehoods, which redeeming Truth bemock,
Profane the soul and parody our God.

Eternal hallelujahs rise! and ring
That Grace around, which call'd the champion forth,
And with Heaven's panoply his spirit clad
For combat.—With the energies of hell
To grapple, with incarnate Fiends to fight
Behold him summon'd! On that lifted brow
Heroic calm indomitably smiles;
And in that lion heart each pulse that beats
Throbs like an echo to the cheer of heaven!—
Behold him! grateful Memory, come and gaze;
See Luther, from eternity decreed,
Rise in the majesty of moral force,
To heave the World from superstition's grave
And bid it look upon the Cross,—and live,

And oh! what marvels did that Mind achieve,
Which in itself a Reformation form'd!
For centuries, deep the night of falsehood reign'd,
Mildew'd the Soul, and manacled her powers
With fettering darkness; cloister'd Learning pined
In cell monastic; Science grew extinct;
The Bible moulder'd in scholastic rust;
That Fountain, from the Saviour's wounded side
For sin once oped, by sealing lies was shut;
And 'stead of that bright Garb which Mercy wove,
Of perfect Righteousness, by JESUS wrought,
Spangled with graces, rich as God's own smiles—
The filthy rags of ineffectual works
Clad the cold skeleton of naked souls:
While on his throne of sacerdotal lies,
The arch impostor, Satan's rival, sat
Self deified, and ripen'd earth for hell,

Then, LUTHER rose! and Liberty and Light
Unbarr'd the soul, and let salvation in.
Hark! the dead Scriptures, into life recall'd,
Harangue the conscience; lo! the Gospel lives;
Swift from the Cross a Roman darkness flies;
Martyrs and Saints, like baffl'd mock'ries sink
To nothing, by victorious truth dispersed;
O'er fancied merit free redemption reigns;
And in the temple of the soul illum'd,
No mortal Priesthood, with its pomp of lies,
And Sacraments of sin, can enter now;
There CHRIST himself in triple Office rules,
King, Priest, and Prophet, on the SPIRIT's throne.

The solitary Monk who shook the World
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thunder'd its challenge from his dauntless lip
In peals of truth, round hierarchal Rome,
Till mitred Pomp, and cowl'd Imposture quail'd,
And the fell Priesthood, like a fiend unmask'd
And stripp'd of light fictitiously assumed,
By some detecting Angel,—shrunk dismay'd
And shiver'd, in thy vast exposure seen:
Thee would I image, thou colossal Mind!
For what, though sad humanity's broad taint
Of weakness here and there thy soul diseas'd;
Or harshly quick, or too severely loud
Some intonations of thy spirit rose;
Yet in the greatness of thy glorious work
Right nobly art thou, like a second Paul,
Apparent—grac'd with apostolic mind;
Waving that Banner, on whose blood-stain'd fold
Thy name, EMMANUEL! at each ruffling blast
Of conflict, beams with sudden brightness forth.

Thee would I vision, and on mem'ry's glass
Some traces of thy many-colour'd life
In lines of holy miniature, reflect.
For in thy destiny our God we find
HIMSELF expounding, in thy truth unveil'd.
Upon thy mind, as some prophetic map,
Almighty Love mysteriously engrav'd
An outline wondrous of thy work decreed;
Thy moral Self a Reformation seems;
And in each phasis which thy soul presents,
An imag'd counterpart of all we trace
Hereafter in the world's vast scene evolv'd.
And therefore, Hero of a hundred fights
Celestial!—morning Star of Jesus! rise,
Rise in full radiance; through the cloud of time
Dart the rich beam of evangelic Day,
And cause the Church's heart to glow with thee.

But yet, how low, to Reason's carnal eye
That measures all things by the scale of sense,
The Means appointed for the End pursued;
How strangely small those intermitting ways
By which to great results God's wisdom moves!
Yet, once a manger did th' Almighty hold,
When first Messiah's human life-pulse beat
For our behoof. And were not They, who hurl'd
Philosophy from off her Babel throne
To speechless ruin, and our rescu'd souls
To the rich Fountain of celestial Blood
Directed,—were not they, the peerless TWELVE,
Whose words like arrows pierc'd the heart of Hell
With fire and fearlessness,—the low and weak,
Unlearn'd of man, but learn'd in much of God?
E'en so, from out a shepherd's mountain-hut
Far in the wilds of Alpine bleakness hid,
The Swiss apostle ran his high career;
And he, who with the sun-like mind compar'd
That LUTHER in his flaming boldness show'd,
Soft as the moon in mellow radiance seem'd,
The mild MELANCTHON!—from a clanging home,
A martial workshop, dates his lowly birth.
And Thou! the Reformation's mental spring,

The Bible's lov'd redeemer from the cell
Where monkish falsehood barr'd its glory in,
Not from the Loins which heraldry admires
Didst thou proceed; of poor but pious blood
Wert thou;—a simple miner call'd thee son.

The Divine Prologue.

WHEN God to Matter gave the fiat,—BE!
E'en like an echo, Heaven and Earth arose
The instant product of creative Will,
And Will alone. But when His Hand divine
The great IDEA 'fore all ages form'd
Concerning Manhood, would in shape express,—
Lo! in THE GODHEAD consultation moves,
The PERSONS think, the ATTRIBUTES confer,
And, "Let us make him!"—is the awful Speech
That symbols out to human sense, how vast
And wondrous was the master-piece of Heaven,
That imag'd forth the Trinity; when Man
Rose on the scene, as lord and light of all!

Thus Reason here may with Religion cry,
"Oh! what a Fabric eloquently deck'd
With strength and grace, our regal nature is!"—
A mental structure, for whose living walls
Eternity and Truth foundations were.
E'en such is Man, when fully bodied forth
By daring energies of mental worth,
And virtue. Yes, when such a Man complete,
Rounded and finish'd into full-orb'd grace,
On earth at length is destined to alight,
E'en like some new apocalypse from heaven,
Truthful and deep, and most divinely touch'd
In faculty of heart and mind,—he shows
In each high lineament the stamp of God!

And such was he who burst the jail of thought,
Shaking the fetters from the dungeon'd Soul
Of ages; and to nighted Faith restored
The creed almighty which the Cross enacts.
But e'en as Luther was through grace confirm'd,
And shaped in secret, by the truth applied
In the lone temple of his God-taught mind,
By man untutor'd,—so the Christless world
A HAND eternal, and an EYE unseen
By gradual prelude did prepare and guide;
That when the true Regenerator came,
A platform might await him; and his Work
Fit audience find, to welcome its advance.

And means there were, successive, calm and slow,
By which, as organs, Providence achiev'd
Each consummation that His will forecast.
Time after time, some lone Elijah lifts
His wail august for Liberty and Man;
Truth had a voice; though much unseen remain'd,
Like pearls of beauty in a shell conceal'd.
For Dante's Hell of poetry began
Full on the Pope to flame a fierce revenge,
For virtue: Petrarch call'd on kings to rise:
Then Genius, with her tongue of many tones,
Learning, and Art, and philosophic Scorn
At once inspired, their banded forces hurl'd
On the huge vice the Vatican uprear'd.
But long ere this, the great Arabian Lie
Had rippl'd into life the stagnant pool
Of priesthood:—foul and faithless at the core,
It yet the unity of God preserv'd;
And by the scoff of its sarcastic light,
Lurid and keen upon the monkish cowl
Reflected,—good and gracious work achieved.
Remedial truth all falsehood underlies;
And thus Mahommed's arch imposture did,
Beyond intent, in this high prologue act
A part momentous. Next, from Alpine homes
The exil'd Gospel sent its mountain cry,

All Europe thrilling!—Then the Schoolmen rose,
 And, wiser than their conscious wisdom knew,
 Embalmed the words their verity o'erlaid
 In secret amber,—safe from popish tact.
 And thus (so wonderful the links that bind
 Thought into thought, along the chain of time!)
 From LOMBARD'S Heaven-awaken'd breast was thrown
 A burning ember of immortal truth
 Pure into Wickliffe's; thence, to noble HUSS
 It glow'd along to JEROME'S kindred mind,
 And he to LUTHER did that spark convey:
 And so that Bible spark illumines now
 The hearts of England with its holy life
 And lustre,—though seven hundred years have roll'd
 Their tide of darkness o'er that schoolman's Head,
 Where first 'twas kindled by a ray from Heaven.

Here are the shades, predictive as profound,
 That all betoken with precursive truth
 Some Advent mighty, which an Empire's heart
 Shall welcome. These are like the Baptist's voice
 That summons Earth, and bids the way prepare!
 But when the Crisis of the world arrives,
 How doth the HAND almighty o'er the scene
 Move unbeheld, and write the coming doom!
 See REUCHLIN by his classic lore inspir'd,
 And cry aloud to God's dead Language—"live!"
 And hark! the Bible, like a Hebrew seer,
 Again may utter deity to man:
 While e'en Erasmus, cold and cautious thing!
 (That craven Neuter in the cause of Christ)
 Whose heart was light, but in whose heart no love
 Could nestle—was beyond himself inspir'd,
 With blasting irony to sear and singe
 The monk-born vices: thus that orphan'd youth,
 To God his genius and his love inscrib'd
 And voic'd the Bible with a Latin tongue.

Nor dare we to progressive mind alone
 The conflux strange of tendencies and truths
 Refer, that just before the battle-voice
 Of the brave monk around the Popedom hurl'd
 Its dreadless challenge,—into force arriv'd
 And action. See! at once a mental blaze
 Beyond all precedent, by Heaven illumined.
 And first, that fearful Thing which rules the fate
 Of battle, thund'ring over field or deck
 With havoc wing'd on its resistless roar,—
 Is now compounded; next the Magnet comes,
 With true polarity that ever points,
 Like sterling principle, to where it tends;
 And marks old ocean, like a map with lines
 Of knowledge, till the wave-toss'd pilgrims roam
 And coast all seas, all countries, and all climes,
 Far as free Commerce wafts them.—Nor the least
 In rank, nor last in the resulting power
 Thy fall, Byzantium! Though the Turkish flag
 Mov'd in fierce triumph o'er thy crumbld walls,
 Yet did the Orient with a gush of mind
 Burst from its mounds, and through the arid West
 Pour the rich blood of intellectual life
 And learning. Next, an unimagined World
 For ages cover'd with Atlantic gloom,
 Secret of waters by stern ocean kept
 Inviolable,—at length her silence breaks,
 And lo, America on Europe smil'd,
 Shaking the heart of nations with delight!

Marvel on marvel!—each with vaster range
 Or new excitement, thus to man appeal'd,
 Heighten'd the tone of morals and of mind
 Awaken'd, rous'd the Soul from monkish sleep,
 And thrill'd the student in Platonic bower
 Or cloister'd umbrage, with electric throes
 Of more than rapture!—for the social frame,
 From east to west, did vibrate with o'erwrought
 Emotion. Seem'd it then, as if the Earth

Again were heaving with prophetic throbs
 Sent to precede her soon-descending Lord.
 So fast did Providence itself expand,
 Nature evolve, and kindled Genius rise
 And forward into fields of glory rush.

But in this prologue of preparing means
 Heaven-moulded, chief and prime of arts immens
 See, PRINTING rise—that miracle of Powers!
 That bids the PAST become perpetual Now,
 Gives Reason sway, Imagination shape,
 To time a soul, to Thought a substance lends,
 And with ubiquity, almost divine,
 For living permanence and local power
 Each ray of Soul immortally endows.

Thou great Embalmer of departed mind!
 Thou dread Magician! by whose mental charm,
 A mournful, pale, and solitary man
 Who pines unheeded, or who thinks unknown,
 Long after dust and darkness hide his grave,
 Himself can multiply with magic force
 Beyond the reach of language to explore,
 And the wide Commonwealth of minds may rule
 With sway imperial! Who can image Thee,
 Whether to Heaven uplifting mind and man,
 Or Hell-ward both seducing, like a fiend?
 Boundless in each thine unremember'd sway!
 'Thine was a voice, whose resurrection-blast
 Peal'd through the catacombs where buried Mind
 For cent'ries lay; and lo! with living might
 The Fathers burst their cerements, and breath'd;
 Dead Intellect from classic tombs came forth
 Quicken'd, and into active substance changed
 By thy vast potency: and then was felt
 The pith of thought, the marrow of the mind
 Itself transfusing,—like a second life
 The old absorbing, as with heat divine.
 And since that moment, have not Books become
 Our silent Prophets, intellectual Kings,
 And Hierarchs of human thought
 To vice, or virtue? Are they not like Shrines
 For truth?—Cathedrals, where the chaste'n'd hear
 Can worship, or in tranquil hours retreat
 To meet the Spirit of the olden time?
 For there the drama of the world abides
 Yet in full play, immortally perform'd!
 Still ride the fleets o'er Actium's foughten waves
 Before us; patriots fight and tyrants fall;
 Sparta and Corinth, and the famous Isles
 That fought for freedom till their blood ran o'er
 With brave contention,—yet convene, and clash
 Their forces; still the Roman eagle flies
 In full-wing'd triumph o'er the subject world;
 Cæsar and Pompey yet the earth alarm;
 Or, drag their chariot with the captive East;
 Battles are raging, Kingdoms lost or won,
 Yea, all the Genius of gone time is there
 In books articulate,—whose breath is mind.

And, was not GODHEAD in a work like this,
 When the World took a most enormous stride
 Forward at once, to freedom, life, and law?
 Priestcraft and Falsehood (that terrific pair
 Who murder'd Truth, and made the Church become
 A dungeon, where imprison'd Thought expir'd,)
 Trembled,—as if that dooming blow was struck
 Which fell'd them into nothingness or names
 For ever: God indeed was now at work,
 Though man, the organ, was alone revealed.

But why are Books such half almighty Things,
 Making, or marring, whatso'er they touch
 With force magnetic? Whence their wond'rous spe
 Bethink thee, reader! and the answer comes.—
 The universe itself was once a THOUGHT,
 A thought divine, in depths Almighty hid;

And so whate'er this mortal scene invests
Of human action, is but plastic thought
Itself revealing, in some Forms without
Apparent. What is half these eyes behold
Of wondrous, beautiful, sublime, or vast,
But Thought embodied into outer shape,
And answer'ing symbol?—Arches, cities, domes
And temples, fleets and armies, trades and towns,
Yea, all the Might and Moral of mankind
To this significance at length arrives,
And backward into Thought may be resolved
By fair reduction. Now if books be Thought
By printing cloth'd, and palpably endowed
For its vocation,—whether art or lore,
Poetic vision, or prosaic truth,
Kingdoms immense, or individual Souls
The aim of its predestin'd mission be,—
Forth to its work that printed Thought proceeds;
And who shall track it, as it rounds the world?
Who can imagine, when 'tis once abroad,
(However humble was its natal home)
The Work it dares, the Wonder it achieves?
Black as a Fiend, or like some Angel bright
That Thought in action may itself approve;
For printing, like an omnipresence, gives
Its power expansion; far and wide it moves,
Reaches all hearts, a host of mind affects,
And executes what none, save God, controls!
Oh! 'tis enough to harrow breath and blood
With chilling horror, thus to feel, and know
That when the Thinker, who debauch'd his mind
And put damnation into print for fame,
Is cited to the last and long account,—
His thought is living!—like a Demon, still
Haunting the world of passion with its power
And poison; breathing a perpetual curse,
And dropping hemlock into sensual hearts
That love the venom which a lie instils;
And thus, for ever!—not perchance to cease
Till Thought and Thinker shall together stand,
Curs'd by their victims, at the bar of God!

So great are Books: and what the Bible then,—
By printing voic'd, and through all regions sent
To do the errand of celestial Love!
Here was the Prologue, in consummate form
Develop'd; here the Prelude looks divine;
That God in words descending into man,
And there achieving all its creed affirms
Of goodness,—that the Bible thus should have
An ORGAN ready for its godlike mouth,
Here is the Wisdom that on high o'errules,
Making all hist'ry but His echo'd will!

But now the World is waiting: thoughtful Hearts
In mute expectance, big with wonder beat,
Predicting what these powers ministrant mean;
Or, *Who* from out the heaven of truth shall come
Mankind to marshal, in this pregnant hour?
Shall Prince, or Potentate, or armed Power
Girt by the squadrons which the world arrays,
March in the van of Liberty, and Light?
"E'en by my SPIRIT, saith the LORD of Hosts!"
Again that motto to Almighty Ways
Becomes embodied, and to life transform'd:
For lo! the REFORMATION's human spring,
Unknown, unseen, in cloister'd shade retir'd,
Is fram'd and fashion'd by the HAND ETERNE:
Here from the depths of convent gloom, He calls
The MAN He loves, the instrument He wields,
And moulds him for the mighty work decreed.
For Him (who now a Beacon o'er mankind
Flames in the lustre of his far renown)
The SPIRIT summons from no royal scene,
From throne nor palace, nor ancestral hall;
But chooses, (such the fiat of His Grace
Elective, breathing when and where it will)

A fameless Monk of poverty and prayer,
And leaves the palace for a miner's home.

Characteristics.

THE Kings of mind who govern from their graves,
Our thoughts their subjects, and our hearts their homes
Internal,—when they first in light emerge,
Like new Expounders of Almighty will,
Forth from the secrecy of truth unveil'd
Glad tidings bring they, of a Glory meant
Yet to awaken and the world invest,
Their utterance, large; their meditation, lone;
By passion for the INFINITE o'erpower'd
They dart their glances into Things to come;
Intense, beyond the teachings of the soul
To reach, or satisfy. But how received,
These new AVATARS, sent on missions high,
To herald forth eternity in truth
For all who love them?—Are loud welcomes rung?
Greetings of heads and jubilees of hearts,
Do these salute them with applausive joy?
Alas! too holy the vocation far
Of Truth's high Priests, when *first* behind the veil
Of outward things themselves presume to pass,
And bid us follow, with responsive track
Through the rent shroud their faith had first undrawn.
Time is their justice. When their tombs are rear'd,
Then Wonder dares to consecrate their deeds;
Will call them Primates in the church of man,
Great Nature's own Episcopate they form,
And rule like Metropolitans of mind.

But, mark the conflict when their voice emerged!
Struggles within, and all without them, rose.
Their great Impression was the God unseen
But felt,—an Infinite through finite glimpsed;
But how they gasp'd in suffocating gloom
When Thoughts in vain articulation sought;
Or giant Apprehensions, dim and deep,
Scarce ventur'd forth in intellectual shape
And bodied meaning!—Oft expression fail'd
In form to realize what feeling grasp'd:
Language was only a prismatic mean
But half refracting with imperfect ray
The truth essential, which they purely saw
Single and one, within the soul contain'd.
But when the Mind *could* stammer forth its tones,
Profound, original, and preaching high
On God and Nature, Science, Man, and Soul,—
No music breath'd they to the world's dull ear!
But harshly strange and dissonant they seem'd,
With fruitless paradox, for sense unfit
And reason dang'rous!—Such the first salute
Colossal Genius from the world obtains:
And such have earth's Regenerators met,
From God-called Moses to the German monk.
But if to Morals and to man they bring
Authentic tidings from the Throne of faith
Divine, yet most disturbing,—scowl and scorn,
Affronting coldness, and condemning fears
Assail them ever with a shameful wrong,
From all who love the Ancient but the New
Abhor, like treason. Thus the World, self-blind,
Hath greeted oft how many a royal Mind
That rules her now with legislating awe!
Wisdom itself seems heresy to fools,
And freedom is but license to the slaves
Who love the fetters, which their languors fit.—
Their light is darkness, and their being death,
And rotting silence all the soul admires,
Admits, or sanctions, in the dormant calm
By centuries gather'd o'er imprison'd Mind.
E'en like a temple where the owls retreat,
And the bats lodge within longer-moulder'd shrines,
Ope but a window, let a sun-burst in,—
And what a screaming anarchy awakes

Where falls the light, or sounding footstep comes !
 So in the temple of deserted Mind
 Where sin for ages unmolested breeds,
 Or lying Errors long repose enjoy ;
 If but a day-beam of immortal Truth
 The gloom dis sever, or a high-paced Thought
 Divine as Heaven, original as God,
 Down from the skies should suddenly alight,
 And walk the spirit with a kingly tread
 Majestic,—what a host of wild alarms
 The Priests of dullness round the Stranger raise,
 And call it mad, the dead in mind to wake !

Here is the doom of Hero, Bard, or King :
 The cross of hatred first their hearts endure,
 And *then*,—the crown of homage on their heads
 Dying, or dead, at last cold Justice puts !
 Their crown we witness,—has their cross been weigh'd ?
 We boast their triumphs,—have we told their tears ?
 We laud their greatness,—have we felt their gloom,
 Their lonesome watchings, and their weepings long,
 The fret, the fever, and the wasting pangs
 Year after year, that wore the heart of Youth
 To sickness, ere the laurel'd moment came
 When Truth and Triumph paid high merit's due ?
 Result the many only dare to prize ;
 But still, the *process*—solemn, stern, and strange,
 Through stormful agonies, and griefs and glooms
 By which a Hero to his great result
 Attaineth,—why should this no homage win ?
 Luther was great at threat'ning Worms, we grant ;
 But greater still in solitude and tears,
 When first he grappled with his own fierce mind,
 And in the prison of a papal creed
 Panted, and pray'd for evangelic Day.

Heroes are martyrs, if their minds be pure
 And highly temper'd ; for The Truth is strange
 To men who only by their bodies live,
 And to the pageantries and powers of Sense
 External yield their sympathies alone ;
 Or, never down themselves presume to plunge
 A gaze reflective :—so when Prophets rise,
 And utter oracles from depths of Life
 Hidden and heavenly, from the flesh remote,—
 To them they sound like necromantic tones ;
 Eye, ear, and taste, to them make All in All ;
 And though around, within, above them moves
 And lives an energizing POWER SUPREME,
 Whose Vesture is that visible they love,
 They give no credence save to flesh and forms.
 Yet what is Genius, but a mouth for God
 To speak Himself to Nature, and to Man,
 And from the visible and vain of Sense
 To guide us to That spiritually vast,
 Which underneath external Semblance lies ?
 There, faith's REALITY alone is found ;
 For all expression which the Outward bears
 Is but a token of God's Inner truth
 And purpose. Thus beneath a typic veil
 The INFINITE His awful Presence hides,
 His thought embodies, and reflects His power.

Still what is Life, but Imperfection's breath,
 And human Being, but incarnate fault
 E'en at the best, howe'er by Grace refined ?
 Moses was anger'd ; David's honour fell ;
 Paul felt his thorn ; and Peter told a lie.—
 Genius hath faults, and Luther's none o'erveil.
 A brave Restorer of departed truth,
 No hollow Semblance and no heartless Shade
 Came he on earth to manifest, or preach.
 Manful but rugged, to the centre bold,
 His heart beat fiercely, and his blood ran fire
 When Right divine or some disastrous Wrong
 Challenged his faith, or forced his feeling out
 In action ; then the Soul's tornado raged,

And shook the spirit to its moral roots !
 Stormful, and strong, and gusty in his moods,—
 Oft the black whirlwind from some ireful cloud
 Roused his rent bosom with disturbing rush,
 And hurl'd Propriety from off its throne
 Amazed, and master'd. His was battle-life ;
 Great-hearted Being ! with a lion plunge
 Full on the foe, with all his living fire
 Leapt his free soul, magnanimously firm,
 And,—no surrender ! for the Truth must fight
 And Faith prove conflict, if it stand sincere.

Spirits there be like flowers from heaven that fall,
 Deck'd with fine beauty, clad with mental bloom
 Most delicate, but soon Earth's tainted soil
 Bedims them ; trodden in the dust they lie,
 Forgotten, faded, or defeatur'd things,
 Ere yet they open'd their immortal buds
 Of virtue, or their perfect fragrance gave.
 Not such was Luther's : like some burly oak
 Whose boughs wave battle with the tearing winds
 And bend, but never break,—his fighting Heart
 Contended with all mutinies, that came
 From prince, or Pope, from circumstance or creed,
 And wrestled with them ; or with Samson force
 Subdued them,—or Himself with glorious fall
 Laid prostrate ! Sinful oft, his moody ire
 Betray'd him ; unadvised words he spake ;
 And sometimes, when his fervid heart o'erboil'd,
 Scatter'd both friend and foe, with burning froth
 And scalding fury ! Like a soul on fire,
 Intensely real, with his raging glow,
 The gentle wonder'd, and the wise condemn'd,
 To see him thus by evil lightnings rent
 And harrowed :—but how soon the tempest died !
 When the broad sunshine of forgiving love
 Blazed o'er his spirit, like a summer noon
 Settled and bright. Not always hot and harsh
 Did nature find him ; playful he could be ;
 For oft that smiting earnestness of tone
 That scorn'd the False, and cleaved all fiction through
 Priestly or papal, with a forcing might
 That flash'd with fierceness, like a sword's descent,—
 Melted away ; and like an infant lull'd,
 Pathetic Luther all the poet-life
 Of purest feeling testified, and taught.
 Witness, ye tears ! that dropt o'er Tetzels' bed
 When reft and dying ; and o'er thine that fell,
 Beloved, and lost, and beauteous Madaline !—
 Oft in the granite of a soil unhewn
 Full many a flower in secret freshness smiles ;
 And many a stream, where all looks arid blank,
 Lurks in the Horeb of the heart, unknown :
 E'en such was Luther ; with his rocky front
 And jagged features, to the foe display'd :
 But sweet affections, sanctified, and soft
 As ever water'd human breast with love,
 Gush'd into force when Feeling's reign began.

Luther had faults,—but can this feeble Age
 When forms heroic, such as olden Life
 Admired and moulded, are to faith and fact
 No more ; when little-hearted Truths prevail ;
 When Mammon chiefly is the standard used,
 And God's own world (where angel-wings yet play
 In secret motion o'er the homes of men)
 Is made an ENGINE, whose mechanic force
 A mill may work, a manufacture sway ;
 Oh ! can this Age, so derogate and dead,
 The mighty Passion and majestic Heart
 Of LUTHER rightly, and with reverence, weigh ?—
 Belief hath vanish'd in the vast UNSEEN ;
 And Earth ungodded, to presiding Laws
 Is given over with a heartless lie,
 Till scarce their unbelief some dare believe !
 But Luther's was a lofty Soul, that felt
 Beyond the body, life's true Secret lay ;

While faith in Goodness, God, and Truth reveal'd,
Master'd his Being, like a mould'ring fire;
And thus, by quick intensity o'ersway'd,
He often stumbled where the colder stand
Securely guarded,—in their frost enshrined.

"Luther had faults!"—but, oh! ye little Minds,
Less in your faith, and lesser still in deeds
Which make the Hero, or the Man unfold
In full-soul'd daring,—while the outer life
Ye ponder, have ye pierced the core within?
A fool can censure where a Prophet weeps,
When life is only by its faults and falls
Review'd :—but *underneath*, what noble tears,
What pangs remorseful, penitence, and prayers,
What struggles mute, what passionate regrets!
Deep in the bosom—there begins the Fight!
And there the battle-scene 'tween Flesh and Faith
Unfolds its grandeur. All without appears
The moral echo of that inward din,—
The mere reflection of internal strife
In fitful shadows, thrown on human eyes.
Yet, these are chiefly what adjudging Sense
Accredits; Character from these is drawn :
And so with Luther; bold as blazing fact,
The failings of his outer life advance,
To catch the censure of prosaic Eyes,
And Hearts that never with emotion rock'd
Themselves, or others. But, the secret Fight
Internal, when the wild and wasted Heart
Struggled, and strove, contending with the Fiends
Of darkness, baffled oft, and bleeding faint,—
But yet, right upward through eclipsing gloom,
Through storm and danger, and internal wrong,
From famish'd boyhood e'en to fearless man
Advancing, with a most unconquer'd will,
To Heaven and virtue,—who hath laurell'd *this*,
Or wreath'd the record with a just renown?
But, true Biography in Heaven is writ,
And every heart-beat throbs a record *There*!

'Tis therefore, by successive falls they rise
Step after step, through stormy grief and gloom,—
These Benefactors to the boundless mind,
Patrons of soul, and true Philanthropists!
Hail to their Glory!—Let the Sceptic rave;
There's something godlike in the truly great;
They find the lever Archimedes sought,
And fix its fulcrum in the soul of Man,
And nobly lift it to the destined skies!—
Like parts and portions of the primal *True*,
Like Apparitions from a purer world,
Like human Echoes of great Nature's heart,
Whose beat is holy,—fresh from God they come
To season Man for virtue, and expound
Our vast relations with the *INFINITE*.
Their Words breathe might; oracularly strong,
Direct from deep Reality they roll
Like inspirations: or, with soul array'd,
Their Meanings fall with cannonading force
Full on the battlements of ancient Crime,
And crush them!—so their mental Tones
Thunder their music in the ear of Mind
For ever; time with them is all attun'd.

But though these Spirits bear th' almighty stamp,
And challenge—far beyond what Earth bestows
Of homage, yet the World is all unwont
Voices from out the solemn deep of thought,
Divine as theirs,—to reverence or regard.
And Luther, like his fellow heirs in fame,
A great minority, a glorious one
Awhile stood forth, unaided and uncheer'd.
But here is Greatness, when by truth possess'd,—
Earth, Sense, and Time, alone to face and feel.
And where, save in the armory of Heaven,
Found the brave Monk a weapon for his fight?

And that was FAITH! in God, in Good, and Truth,
In Beauty, Wisdom, and celestial Worth,
Heaven-rooted MORALS, in the deathless MIND,
But chief, in DUTY!—dread and awful Thing!
That upward, 'mong the Attributes eterne
Reaches afar, responsibly august,
And downward to the Spirit's wailing hell
Extendeth—That which holds our being fast;
And binds together with uniting band
All facts and feelings, faculties, desires,
All that we suffer, fancy, dream or do
From Life's first pulse of reason, to the last—
For judgment Duty all in one contracts;
To finite deed gives infinite result,
Calls the dead Past to resurrection-life,
Harangues the guilty,—and that hour predicts
When Mem'ry into one concenter'd Whole
Gone life shall grasp, and startled Conscience hear
How the Last Trumpet can our thoughts restore.

Faith was the weapon; by it Luther fought,
Conquer'd Himself, and then, the World subdued.
And what is THAT, but God by man applied
Above all Reason, Sense, and Earth, and Sin,
In things heroic, heavenly, or sublime?
From Abel's worship, e'en to Samuel's word
Faith was the Magic that all wonders did;
Whether the pausing Sun its cry obey'd,
Or, the Moon hearken'd to its holy spell,
Or, Red Sea parted, by its kingly voice
Cloven, and balanced like a billowy wall
On either side, for Heaven's anointed Host;
Scatheless the Fire, or mute the Lion's mouth
Became,—whatever in the kingdoms three,
Of Nature, Providence, or Grace, was done,—
Faith was the Doer, at whose potent cry
Empires and Thrones, and alien Armies fell,
Weakness grew strength, the mortal, half divine!

And what, without it, were this fallen world
But Pandemonium with a purer name?
Clothed in hell-fire,—come any Shape of sin,
Take any form, Satanic guile! but this,
The INFIDEL!—the fellest blight that falls.
No foul elixir of a fiendish Lie
So baneful as the Cup, which Unbelief
Drains to the bottom with delirious joy!—
Oh! 'tis a wasteful, with'ring, black disease
That, to the vitals of all virtuous thought,
And wisdom, sends a paralyzing shock:
The very life-blood of all Goodness dies
Before it; like a heart-fiend, lo! it rules;
All Forms of excellence and feeling die,
The Beautiful departs, the Brave expires;
Hope hath no Heaven, and Fear no hell to face;
All high Relations are at once relax'd
With God and duty; Self and Passion rage
In the hot furnace of a seething heart
Resistless; Men are now but Fiends, with flesh
Apparell'd; Lust becomes a brutal flame,
And all those moral Harmonies, which make
Nature a noble, Man a godlike thing,—
Have perish'd! Life is then a form of death;
The Heart's insolvent; Mind a bankrupt too;
Jehovah in eclipse Himself retires;
Till thus, all ghastliness the Earth appears,
Orphan'd of God,—a suicidal World!

Here was thy Rock, thy Fortress, and thy Rest,—
A FAITH intense, beyond mutation firm,
Whose solid basis was th' ETERNAL HEART,
Open in Scripture, by THE SPIRIT read,
But in the Life of Jesus heard to beat
With pulse almighty, in its love for man.
Here was thy force, thy secret, and thy sway,
Thy Lock of strength, unsever'd and unshorn;
Luther!—in *this* thine earthly comment *See*.

Here is the Key that all thy soul unlocks,
 And lets mute Wonder, with exploring gaze
 Each vast apartment of thy Spirit view.
 Faith to thy Being sun and shield supplied,
 Summon'd thy Soul, and nerved the noble Heart
 With zeal untamed to burn, or bleed, or die,
 But tremble never!—Thine was Life indeed
 That took the TRINITY in all Their truth
 For thy Companions,—lifting earth to heaven
 For influence; while around both heart and head
 Motives and Movements from the world to come
 Acted for ever, with inspiring force
 Or sanction. Thus, thy Mission was complete,
 Thy virtue safe, and thy vocation seal'd.
 Whether we mark thee, when that rugged face
 Flash'd in bold triumph o'er the flaming BULL;
 Or, on thy forehead, where intrepid Thought
 Throned its high meaning in the Hall of Worms,
 Admiring Hist'ry fix her spell-bound gaze;
 Or grateful Conscience, by the gospel led,
 Bend o'er thy Bible, when the midnight lamp
 Lighted thy features, as the truths divine
 Rose into life, by thy translating touch
 Restored and brighten'd;—still, in each we find
 FAITH was the moulding Charm, whose secret force
 Shaped into glory all thy Spirit did.

And whatsoe'er our rank, degree, or clime,
 Giant or dwarf in Morals, or in Mind,—
 'Tis Faith alone true character can build.
 Not as we *learn*, but as we *live*, we are;
 And as we live, with things divinely pure,
 These in their depths, we rightly understand.
 For faith is rooted in Eternal Life;
 And all fair promise in the Tree of man
 Blossoms from thence, or dies a mocking show
 Fruitless and fragile. Give us Faith, O God!
 Faith in THYSELF, and that will THEE impart;
 Chaste will life be, and calm its closing hours,
 To them who have Thee, all their hearts and souls
 Possessing ever, and by them possess'd.
 In Thee and by Thee,—thus they live and love,
 They think, they suffer, what they act, achieve;
 Till, lo! in all things are Thy Charms adored;
 Minutest objects Thine Hand-writing prove,
 And life becomes one grateful Hymn to Thee!
 So, when That trump, whose archangelic peal
 Shall sound the tocsin of Creation's doom,
 Thunders its challenge,—Faith shall then arise,
 And, firm as JESUS on His Judgment throne,
 Look on thy face, ETERNITY, and smile!

Childhood.

THE hand of JESUS on thy heart, O Child!
 In love was laid; He watch'd its hidden play,
 And heard it throbbing with unspoken prayer.
 Thou fair Inheritor of mortal Flesh,
 Typing the kingdom of the Unattain'd!
 Prophet! with mighty revelations mute;
 Thou Priest! with sacrifice of soul to come;
 Thou King! whose monarchy young feeling rules,—
 Meanings around thee, full of heaven declare
 'Tis like religion when we look on thee.

The deep heart thrilling with the Unavowed,
 The spirit dark'ning with the Undescrib'd,
 And his whole Being rock'd, and urged, or rent
 With big emotions, beautifully strong—
 On Mansfield plains, behold! that destined Boy,
 With mind's voracity, divinely keen,
 All that is great in earth, or sky, devours.
 Earnest he is, and most intensely fired,
 Free-hearted, bold, with open forehead graced;
 Rude as the wave that roughens in the wind

New-wakened,—headlong,—with a burning soul
 Glased in those eyes, with mental radiance bright:
 And yet withal, by sadness mildly touched
 At being's centre; musing lone and long,
 And quiet often, as the placid cloud
 Cradled at twilight by the lulling West.

The vernal freshness of Life's dewy morn
 Bedecks his nature, like a magic bloom,
 And mantles all things. Now, with dreadless play
 Opens the heart at Feeling's lightest touch;
 Time hath not barr'd it with those jealous bolts
 By Prudence fram'd that bid the stranger wait
 And knock for years before he enters in,
 To find a welcome. All is bold and free,
 Unguarded,—giving forth a quick response
 To each appliance from the passing Scene;
 Promptly as flowers to breezes yield their scent,
 Or boughs their music, to the playing winds
 That bend them: such is Youth's excited frame,
 And such (though brief the guiding annals be)
 Was Luther's.—Genius is a glorious one;
 And all her Children like impression bear
 Of their high Parent. This, in after-life,
 Back on dim boyhood darts explaining gleams,
 And proves the Child did prophesy the Man.
 Luther in germ, may now in heart be seen;
 For what is manhood, but the child drawn out—
 The mere expansion of that moral seed
 That buds and blossoms into perfect Man,
 Whose ripen'd germ is Character full-blown?

And now do Beauty, Grandeur, Form, and Grace,
 Yea, all the felt significance of Life
 Inner and deep, begin their blended reign;
 And so inspire him, that material earth
 Turns one vast mirror, to envisage mind.—
 But with what boundless, sateless, unsubdued
 Young appetite, his Spirit now partakes
 At each fine inlet, all this God-made World
 Before him like an INSPIRATION spread!
 E'en like a sail to catch the coming breeze,
 So Boyhood opens its expectant breast,
 Panting for beauty, at each conscious pore.
 And, lo! in all things Youth's poetic faith
 Beauty perceives; or by perception makes
 The beautiful, a virgin Heart admires.
 Thus,—flowers are fancies by the Earth produced;
 The clouds,—emotions of the Tempest born,
 The arch of heaven,—how eloquently high!
 A bright Archangel of the burning east
 The Sun ariseth, on his wings of light
 How watch'd, and welcomed!—then comes Night
 august,

A dread Magician! with her sybil stars
 Attended; and the twilight Sea is made
 Creation's poet, with his billowy lyre
 Rolling for ever an unconscious chant,
 Or broken swell of oceanic hymns!—
 Blood, heart, and brain, the beautiful inhale;
 Matter and Mind a very duel fight
 By sweet contention, in the high-wrought mood
 Of young Entrancement!—Forms without appeal,
 And thoughts within like answering music play;
 Till life itself a lovely poem seems
 Tender, but touch'd with most impassion'd tones.—
 So rapt is Youth, and fervidly entranc'd
 When Genius fills it with her hallow'd fire,
 And all the open Secret of the world
 Round a lone Heart its earthless magic brings.

Such the boy, Luther; simple, rough, and rude,
 A thinking earnestness his brow enthrones
 Beyond all shrinking. His the cloudless heart;
 And men may read it with a ready glance:
 Like glass transparent do his actions show
 The hidden wheel-work which the heart involves.

Genius was thine, thou Heaven-commissioned boy !
 But surely, Sorrow was thy guerdon too.
 For ne'er doth Greatness in a bosom lodge,
 But sadness thither like a shade, attends
 Its true companion. In this faded world
 Our graves and tears are almost equal now ;
 And e'en at best, light-hearted Youth must bear
 A burden voiceless, and the pang unbreathed,
 Of many a dark and undevelop'd mood.
 The earth is exile, and for home we pine
 How often!—when high Visitations come
 From whence we know not, and the Mind o'erwhelm.
 As if some Angel in the flesh immured
 Our Spirit were, across whose conscious powers
 The sounds and splendours of ethereal Life,
 In dim remembrance, were at times renew'd.—
 And did not He, whose pure vocation was
 The Infinite with finite things to join,
 (By truth and man espousing once again,)
 Wrestle with thoughts, his gasping Boyhood strove
 In vain to answer? Felt he oft no thirst,
 Like a young Tantalus, by mocking bliss
 Encompass'd,—melting from the parched mind?
 And did not Dreams, and Solitude, and Night
 Profoundly move him, till prophetic Thoughts
 Boded the future?—Rapt in speechless awe,
 Ponder'd he not on THAT behind the VEIL,
 When round him (like a belting zone that binds
 All time, all scene, all circumstance, all change,)
 Boundless eternity, divinely mute,
 Drew its dread coil, unravell'd and unwound?

We know not this; but e'en as eagles soar,
 And sky-ward through the rending storm-cloud mount
 With plumes unbafl'd—Luther's winged soul
 Against the blast of circumstance did beat,
 And struggle upward to his destined Sphere.
 From want and wo his educated Will
 The glory of its resolution caught;
 E'en from the cradle tears his Teachers made,
 And Suffering, hard as adamant, engraved
 Lessons that left throughout all time their trace
 Instructive. Thus, amid the True, and Stern,
 And keen Realities of testing life,
 The Boy was rounded into full-orb'd Man,
 And fitted for his function. Thus, a Soul
 Predestin'd, for its prophet-work was train'd,
 And form'd heroic: till at length, the World
 In full apocalypse of all its powers
 Emerging, shall behold it act, and speak;
 And like the hammer of a christian THOR,
 Down on the curse of Christendom and Man
 Descend, with most annihilating crash,
 His tones of thunder and his truths of life!

But in the powers auxiliar, which expand
 The young Reformer, feeling played its part;
 And that, perchance, beyond all others, pure.
 His was a Mother, from whose heart of love
 Sacred and deep, with fine devotion full,
 As from a Shrine his lisping boyhood took
 Counsels of grace, oracularly fond.
 And who can say, how much that Luther show'd
 In that high work of majesty and mind,
 That grateful Europe now with homage crowns,—
 Sprang from a look, a warning, or a word,
 The Mother wielded, when she taught him God?
 And ever thus from mother's love we draw
 Feelings and Powers which o'er progressive life
 Reign with a subtle, secret, holy spell:
 And Deeds, and Darings which have moved the world,
 Haply were cradled in maternal smiles,
 Or, drew their glory from a Mother's lip!

Yet, bleak the lot his boyish prime endured;
 And sad indeed, and mercilessly dark
 The shades of Circumstance around him fell;

While yet, no precious dawn of grace appear'd
 To light him onward, through domestic gloom.
 But on his cheek a blanching terror came,
 When HE was named, within Whose wreathing arms
 Of mercy once a fo'ed infant smiled!—
 Foodless and friendless, oft the fainting Boy
 Far from his home, (with none, save God, his guide,)
 In Magdeburg from house to house was doom'd
 His meal to beg; and thus by Heaven was school'd
 To hard experience, for hereafter framed.
 "Bread for the love of God!"—hark! Luther chants
 From door to door through Eisenach's winding street
 Mix'd with a group, as wan and worn as he,
 Of students poor. But lo! as once he lay
 Beneath the umbrage of a cottage tree,
 Alone and pensive, while the leaf-shades fell
 Like soft expressions on his speaking face
 Of suffering,—sad and sweet the hymn he sung;
 The very echo of his Soul was there,
 And, like the fragments of a broken heart,
 His shatter'd feelings trembled into song!
 But, not in vain the plaintive scholar mourn'd;
 For on the ear of Ursula they sunk,
 Those tones of truth,—like tears upon some Heart
 O'erburden'd, dropt from Friendship's genial eye!
 Never again shall that pale youth despond
 In Famine's grasp, through days of pining gloom:
 At once both Heart and Home their shelter ope,
 And, like the Shunamite, her all she shares
 With him, the homeless Boy of sorrow, now.—
 Blessings be on thee! Cotta's lowly bride
 And praise immortal, for the feeling Hand
 Which dealt thy substance; and the angel voice
 That, rich as dew-fall on a summer eve
 Descending, when the ferv'ish Earth doth pine,—
 Besooth'd the World's great benefactor then!

And here, by want unchill'd, by care unworn,
 Bosom'd in calm domestic, LUTHER builds
 By soft degrees, his mental being up.
 Science, and Art, and Lore, that lovely trine!
 Around him throng, and with their blended smiles
 The budding energies of mind attract
 Forth into blossoms of expanding force,
 And freshness;—e'en as sunshine tempts
 The hue of flowers, and harmonies of spring
 To full expression. Home of halcyon ease!
 When the loud roar of his hereafter-life
 Deafen'd the heart, how oft did Luther love
 That Sabbath haven of the soul to haunt
 With mem'ry's eye; and once again recal
 The bliss of tranquil being, when the noise
 Of man's great World with no disturbing sound
 His mind distracted: like the far-off waves
 To one who, pensive at his window dreams,
 When twilight o'er the palpitating breast
 Of Ocean melts in rosy calm away,—
 The soften'd echoes of a distant world
 But served to make the hush of home more dear.

And Music, too, her poetry of sound
 Evoked: for oft when Ev'ning's pallid veil
 Curtain'd the clouds with beauty; or, the Moon
 A mild entrancement from her beam inspired;
 Did Luther hymn the golden Hours to rest
 With deep-toned chants, and melodies divine;
 Where Voice and Lute each other's echo seem'd,
 So richly one their combination grew.—
 When years had flown, and Europe's grateful hand
 Round Luther's name a wreath of homage twined,
 And at his feet the heart of Empires bow'd
 Admiring.—Cotta's home, still unforget,
 Was outlined in his mindful heart of love
 Serene as ever; while his Voice proclaim'd,
 By gallantry and grace at once inspired,
 There's nothing sweeter than a Woman's soul,
 When Truth divine erects her temple there!

The University.

"Who prays the most will study best;" so spake
 In noble answer to official pride,
 The young Reformer,—when th' unfolding gates
 OF ERFURTH from his asking eye retired,
 As pale he stood her letter'd walls beside
 Intreating entrance there. And now, commenced
 The waking myst'ries of the mind within!
 Around him more and more dread shadows fell,
 That seem'd reflected from Almighty frowns;
 While conscience, that pale miniature of God!
 In outlines faint, the Holiness Supreme
 Began to image. Morning, noon, and night,
 With Soul intense, and Heart of upward gaze,
 How oft did Luther, on the wings of hope,
 Rise out of earth, heaven's tearless home depict,
 And on God's bosom pillow all his cares!
 And now, when sensitive at ev'ry pore
 His soul lay open to the pregnant beams
 Of Truth eternal, out of Godhead sent;—
 The Mercy-seat of everlasting mind
 Itself, (that true SHECHINAH, where enthroned
 In mystic radiance, gospel-wisdom speaks
 And LOVE DIVINE oracularly dwells.)
 The BIBLE,—first on Luther's spirit smiled!
 But little thought he, when the dust-worn shelves
 Were traced, some intellectual food to meet,
 That God in syllables was there enshrined!
 And scarce could Seraph wave his wings of light
 With ecstasy of more celestial glow,
 Than did the Student with his raptured eyes
 To Heaven upraised, the heart's rich anthem peal
 Of thankful wonder, for his costly boon.—
 That moment was the Reformation's seed;
 That Volume then the universe outweigh'd
 In mental preciousness, and moral power!
 For in its pages slept those living germs
 Of principle, from out whose depths have sprung
 The Faith and Freedom of a christian, world!

Man's Religion.

SAY, how can Man be justified by God?
 Thy vaults, eternity, would echo,—How?
 But, from THE CROSS, responding grace replies
 To this high question:—faith in Christ is Life
 And Love, and Righteousness, completely fit
 To each vast claim of violated Law.
 There, Conscience finds no compromise involved;
 Nor Mercy from the hand of Justice plucks
 The sceptre, and her awful head uncrowns;
 But there, all Attributes divinely blend
 In one rich centre of consummate Light,
 And God with most benignant glory smiles
 His goodness forth, o'er ransom'd minds and worlds!

But he, pale thinker! in portentous gloom,
 Robed in the rags of papal righteousness,
 Was shiv'ring yet: around his spirit coil'd
 The clankless fetters of condemning Law;
 And upward, when his Heart to gaze presumed
 A moment,—soon it shrunk, appall'd and dim,
 From God's dread eye-glance, flaming with the curse,
 Unquench'd—save when the Cross absorbs its fire!
 Dark wrestler with the pangs of sin untold,—
 Silence and solitude his haunt became;
 Transforming nature, till the soul was typed
 In all he witness'd, of the bleak and wild.
 Down lonely vales, and paths of soundless gloom,
 He loved to meditate, and learn'd to mourn;
 But chief the night-blast, with its hollow yell
 Rung from the Tempest's riven heart of sound,
 Becharm'd him, when beneath the wat'ry moon
 Late roaming. But the crisis came at last!—
 'Twas summer; and with crimson eye of fire
 Full o'er the pine tree boughs the west'ring Orb

Sunk flaming; like a furnace glow'd the air
 In breezeless trance, while not a bird-wing moved;
 And the pine-leaves, as by some fixing spell
 Enchanted, like the lids of Slumber hung
 Subdued and motionless: so deep the hush
 Your very heart-pulse strangely loud appear'd;
 When, lo! the blacken'd cope of heaven divides,
 And flashes,—re-divides—and with one fold
 Of sheeted flame the firmament involves.
 Hark! peal on peal redoubling, and return'd
 With raging echo, till Heaven's arches ring
 And vibrate; then, in one convulsive burst
 The clouds are clash'd to thunder, and descends
 Down at his feet, in supernatural roar,
 A death-bolt. Harmless as the rain-drop fell
 The blasting ruin!—Luther, in the shade
 Of that GREAT HAND, Whose hollow hides the church
 From storming Earth and Hell, was all secure,
 Though death glared round him,—What a scene was
 there!

In kneeling agony, with eyes of awe
 To heaven upturn'd, as if the Judgment-pomp
 And equipage of Heaven's almighty King
 Emerged apparent,—Luther throb'd and pray'd;
 And vow'd his after-life to God alone,
 If safely rescued from the whelming Storm.—
 So sank the great Apostle, when the Blaze
 Bright as the form of glory whence it fell,
 Abash'd him into blindness, and he heard
 The mournful thunder of Messiah's lip
 Rebuke him, till his Conscience rock'd and reel'd!

But now, all faithful to his word, sincere
 In darkness, to the blinding creed he loved,—
 Hark! on their hinges grind the massive gates
 Of St. Augustine's cold and cloister'd pile,
 And, in the clang of those reclosing doors
 The knell of Luther's freedom! Darkly bound
 By stale theology's remorseless web
 Of monkish falsehood, in the deep of night,
 Fresh from the haunt of social youth he comes,
 Self-exiled and sincere,—in convent gloom
 Amid the graves of unproductive mind,
 Where dead religion putrifies to fear,
 And fear to superstition, there to form
 His soul to God, and fashion it for Heaven!
 Yet, mark in this eternal Wisdom's plan:
 The dungeon'd martyr, on whose haggard limbs
 The rust-worn chain hath delv'd its branding trace,
 When free, again beneath the skies to walk
 Inhaling liberty from each loved breeze
 That carols round him,—chief o'er all can tell
 How priceless to the heart pure freedom is!
 And thus did Luther, by whose dreadless hand
 Of truth, the fetters from the Mind were fell'd,
 As captive, first by dark experience learn
 How deep that dungeon of the spirit was,
 Where Roman witchcraft plunged and plagued man—
 kind.—

Yes, he, the champion of JEHOVAH's cause,
 Whose bold harangues, like Alpine thunder-peals
 Hereafter shook the Vatican to shame,
 Himself once crouch'd, in martyrdom of zeal,
 Beneath the lashes of a monk's stern lip
 In silence! wound the clock, and swept the floor,
 And begg'd, a charter'd mendicant, from house
 To house, the bread of blushless charity!

But did he find the Holiness he sought?
 Did Peace divine in purity descend
 Down on his conscience, like the calming Dove?
 Ah! no; in vain the Convent's round of rites,
 The Fastings dull, the Macerations dire,
 The Penance long, the midnight Watchings pale,—
 All the mean clockwork of monastic life,
 Wheel within wheel, by superstition turn'd!
 From righteous Acts no righteous Nature flows;

First form the Nature, *then* the Acts arise
 Spontaneous, free, by fertile love produced,—
 Not pleading Merit, but proclaiming CHRIST
 Within, by transcript of His life without.
 For how in Self can man salvation find,
 When Self is sin, connat'ral and corrupt?
 But, (like that Bible which his hungry eyes
 Read oft and oft, with most devouring gaze
 Of faith and feeling,) Luther wore the chain
 That round the soul rank superstition binds.
 And how the heavings of his Spirit rose
 In dark reflection, to his pale-worn face!
 While e'en the whisper of that still Small Voice
 (Which cowards all, but Christians maketh none),
 Beneath the roof of his o'erarching cell
 Raged into moral thunder,—when the thought
 Of God in judgment, tore with tort'ring might
 And mystery, the troubled Mind within!
 Thus, like a Spectre, through the cloisters moved
 With fruitless sigh, and ineffectual groan,
 Day after day, all spirit-crush'd and worn,
 The helpless Luther; till the cross appear'd:
 From holy Dove then true repentance sprang;
 And Faith, like Mary at the feet of CHRIST
 Attending, hung upon His lips, and lived!

How the Day-Star rises in the Heart of Faith.

THRICE holy Love! no self-created sound
 In the cold depth of man's corrupted heart,
 But rather, a responsive Echo, waked
 By Love preventing, art thou,—when sincere.
 By God's to man, man's love to God begins;
 And Christianity is CHRIST received,
 The soul possessing, and Himself possess'd.
 Then thaws the heart, however iced and dead,
 In tears that glow with gratitude, and God!
 So LUTHER felt, when Love's almighty voice
 Becalm'd him; round the Cross he ever read
 The Page of Heaven; and in that Fountain wash'd
 His soul to whiteness, which for sin unclosed,
 In streaming mercy, from the wounded Lord.
 Light, Peace, and Order round his being throng'd
 In rich communion; prayer and praise arose,
 Like native incense from the soul renew'd;
 And holiness (man's paradise regain'd)
 No effort now, but second nature seem'd;
 Not labour done, but life itself enjoy'd.
 Yet, who can tell—as stern-eyed Law retired,
 And the mild Gospel o'er his conscience breathed
 Like Jesus, when he sigh'd the breath of peace—
 How on his heart the Bible's image grew,
 Till, like a throbbing counterpart, it beat
 In living echoes to the truth it loved!
 While Doctrines now, that once with scowling front
 Black as the shades that over Sinai hung,
 Appall'd him, soft as Christ's own pity, smiled.
 No more the Penance vile, with venal aim
 To bribe Eternal Justice, now was wrought.
 In CHRIST, her all-in-all stern Conscience found,
 And, sprinkled with his blood, her claim withdrew
 For ever: penal Law its lightning veil'd;
 And when from sickness, pale and purified
 The convert of the Cross in health arose,
 He clung to Jesus with a clasping soul
 Devoted,—fired with Faith's intenser flame,
 And from His wounds saw Earth's atonement flow.

God's Ambassadors.

"Go! stand the living and the dead between,
 Take the rich Censer of Messiah's grace
 And stop the Plague!"—So looks the Office high
 To him appointed, who the tidings glad
 Proclaims of Liberty, to Souls condemn'd
 In the black dungeon of The Curse to writhe,
 And weep for ever! Well may dread sublime,

Or holy, soften'd o'er with human shades
 Of feeling, round the youthful Herald steal,—
 When first the embassy of Pardon rolls
 In strains of heart, from his excited lip,
 That vibrates, like a chord by music thrill'd,
 Master'd by young emotion. What a theme!
 God in Flesh, to save that Flesh, array'd,
 The INFINITE within the finite lodged,
 The form ALMIGHTY in the frame all weak,
 The dread CREATOR on the Cross unveil'd
 In bleeding glory!—Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
 Eternity and Time, and Sin and Grace,
 The swelling anthems of the blood-bought Church
 Circling The Lamb, with coronation-joy;
 Or, howlings of the lost, in lurid flames
 Stretch'd on the rack of self-tormenting ire,—
 These are the elements, combined to throw
 Around a Preacher that commanding spell
 Of awe, which makes the earthen Vessel bend,
 To think it treasures such a peerless trust!

And, who can dare himself sufficient deem
 For Work like this, round which seraphic Minds
 Would travail, in the greatness of their strength,
 And yet, not scale its altitude divine!—
 Oh, THOU! whose office 'tis THE WORD to bless
 And quicken, till it breathes a living grace,
 THEE may we ever prove in presence nigh,
 As GREAT INSPIRER; whose anointing power
 Alone can tune the sounding Brass to Heaven's
 True note, and bid our tinkling Cymbals do
 In mortal accent, an Immortal work!
 Whether, beneath some bow'd cathedral's roof
 Of vastness, while the organ's billowy peals
 Roll like a sea of melody and might
 Down the dim nave, and long-retreating aisles,—
 Thy word is preach'd; or, in some Saxon fane,
 Where rude simplicities, of ancient mould,
 Linger in stone's most exquisite decay;
 Wherever on the tide of human breath,
 Floats the rich argosy of gospel truth,
 As Christ appointed,—may dependence be
 The preacher's motto, and the preacher's mode;
 Dependence meek on that concurring Grace
 Of HIM, the Bible's Author, by whose light
 Alone our Sermons live, and Souls are saved.

So felt the young Reformer, when he rose
 Within thy square, high-fated Wittenberg!
 Where the grey walls of St. Augustine's fane
 Crumble in low decrepitude, and dust;
 And from his pulpit, piled with simple planks,
 Blew that loud Trumpet of Salvation's truth,
 Whose echoes yet the heart of Empires stir
 With fine pulsations, free as Luther loved!
 Eye, cheek, and brow, with eloquence array'd,—
 As though the spirit would incarnate be,
 Or mind intense would burn its dazzling way
 Through shading matter—like a second Paul
 Flaming with truth, the fearless Herald pour'd
 Himself in language o'er the list'ning Hearts
 Around him! Like a mental torrent ran
 The rich discourse; and on that flood of mind
 Nearer and nearer to THE LAMB'S white Throne
 The soul was wafted; while for Christ He spake,
 And hid *himself* behind the Cross he raised.

A more than Hercules, to cleanse the Church
 Where priestly falsehood stabled all its guilt,
 Through cent'ries dark of domineering crime,—
 So preach'd he then; and in that sermon, gave
 A noble prelude of the trumpet-blast
 Predestined from his daring lip to roll
 Hereafter; when, from lethargy and lies
 He roused the great High Priest of Hell to man,
 In cruelty and curses,—and there came
 An avalanche of everlasting truths

Down on the Popedom, in those thund'rous words
That crushed it—like descending Deity!

The Metropolis of the Man of Sin:

To shameless Rome, the capital of Sin,
Where Crime in canonized pretension smiled,
And Pride and Lust pontifically reign'd,
At length great Luther comes. The glare of skies
O'er which the mercy of no soothing cloud
Had floated, vainly tried his burning frame;
For still, o'er Alpine crags, by torrents wild
And hoar ravines, within whose haunted depth
Plunged the loud stream with everlasting yell,—
The Monk of Wittenberg, with eager step
And soul expectant, sought the seven-hill'd Queen
Of cities;—till, behold! in glimm'ring haze
The turrets, towers, and giant temple-spires
Emerge at length: and, low upon the ground,
In kneeling homage, falls her dutious son,
To breathe his blessing o'er maternal Rome,
Mother and Mistress of the Churches all!
But when indeed her pillar'd streets he trod,
And on the ruins, eloquently vast,
Around him in sublime confusion piled,
Gazed with devotion,—what a gushing sense
Of ancient glory through his being swept!
The past in tow'ring resurrection rose,
Bright from the tomb of ages; while the air
That Peter breathed, and Paul himself inhaled,
Play'd round his temples, like a breeze from heaven
New-wafted! Rome and rapture were combined;
And Luther in one lofty dream of soul
Enchanted stood, and drank the glorious scene;—
As if Religion from the very stones
Was preaching, where Apostles once had trod,
And over which the martyr's flame of death
Gleam'd in dread radiance, like a glory there!

But soon the bandage of imposture fell;
And then, (e'en like the Arch-fiend's mystic pomp,
Summon'd before EMMANUEL's heaven-bright gaze,)
So vanish'd into vile and viewless air
Thy pageantries, thou Babylon of guilt!
Thou scarlet Monster, with the costly blood
Of God's elected, drunken and bedew'd!—
When plain revealed, in all thy hideous truth
He found thee, but a leprous church of lies,
By ages putrified, in papal form.

Oh, grace superb, and wonderful as deep,
That Rome and Luther should confronted be!
And there, in Superstition's heart, one text
Almighty, like a thunderbolt of truth
Down from the throne of revelation hurl'd,—
Should raise him, while he crouch'd in dismal faith,
Deluded!—Thus the Champion for his cause
Was meeten'd; thus, from Rome herself he drew
Weapons of might, whereby her powers would fall.
So, swift recoiling from his task abhorred,
Uprose the brave Reformer!—free and firm
For ever: "BY HIS FAITH THE JUST SHALL LIVE!"
Thus roll'd the truth from Inspiration's lip:
Religion, then, and Luther's mind, arose
Erect; upon the rock of faith alone,
Together did they face the frowning Hell,
And bid our Spirit, like her God, be free!

Satan's Theology.

"Lo! at yon gate" (the Mercuries of Sin
Are crying) "stands the awful Grace of God!"
And in one moment, like a moral wave,
Heaves far and wide the town's excited Heart;
Council, and nuns, and priests, and monks advance,
And motley crowds from ev'ry lane and street
Are rushing, while the booming town-clock peals

A loud hosannah from its lofty spires,
And tapers flash, and greeting symbols sound,—
To meet the great PROCESSION. See! they come,
In robes how costly! There, in cushion'd pomp,
The BULL of grace, whereby the Godhead's hands
Are bound, and his dread thunders must awake
Or sleep, as priestly conjuration bids!
For now, before the wooden Cross uprear'd,
Bedeck'd with Leo's blazonry of pride,—
The loud-voiced Tetzels takes his stand profane:
Prime vender he! beneath whose venal lip
Heaven's attributes, as in a mart exposed,
Are purchased by Indulgence,—GOD IS SOLD
IN PARDONS! Sin itself, before conceived
Or acted, by the Pope's almighty Bull,
Shall not be damning; whatso'er Desire
May dream hereafter, all by this high charm
Shall be forgiven!—"down this Cross there flows
A grace like that the Saviour's bleeding Side
Dispers'd; but hark! from depths of ghastly Wo,
Where yelling Spirits clang their chains of fire,—
Tormented parents, friends, and children, lift
Their tongues uncool'd, and cry for needed alms
To bring them from that red Abyss of wrath,
Where scorch their Souls in purgatorial flames!
Let but your MONEY, with its golden clink,
Yon chest descend, and, lo! at once escaped
Those dungeon'd Spirits, wing'd by papal grace,
Full into Heaven's bright welcome flee!

So cried the curs'd impostor; and the souls
Of myriads, by his damning spell of lies,
Murder'd! CHRIST himself, in blacker shame
Than once the Cross of Calvary o'erhUNG,
Was openly to mocking Hell exposed;
Eternity a mart of sin became,
A papal Auction, where that Grace was sold
For filthy lucre, which the costly Blood
That warm'd EMMANUEL's veins alone procured;
And 'gainst the purity of Heaven's high Throne
The mud of human blasphemy was hurl'd
By Pope and Priesthood.—Seal'd the Bible then!
And sure, if ever down a Seraph's cheek
Roll'd the rich tear immortal Feeling sheds,
It trickled now, when thus Religion dared,
In words divine God's Heart of gracious love
To libel, Christ's own pangs for venal lies
To barter, till the Truth of Heaven betray'd,
In priestly suffocation sank, and died!

But, there is mercy in thy myst'ry lodged,
ETERNAL! Out of darkness cometh light,
By Thee evoked; and while the anarch Sin,
To mortal judgment, in its depthless gaze,
O'er time and circumstance sole Monarch looks
Ascendant,—all the waves of human Will,
In lawless riot though they toss and rage,
Within the circle of THY Will supreme
Alone are plunging; if they rise or fall,
'Tis only as THY helming Word decrees.

The Reformation's Dawn.

PALE with devotion, wrestling long and lone
With God in prayer,—behold! the lion heart
Of Luther beats with supernat'ral pulse;
It throbs with Deity, and great design.
Stung to his very soul with piercing shame,
Beneath a lie to see Heaven's truth expire,
And tramp'd Scripture gasping in the dust
Of low venality, and priestly lies,—
Upon the door of Wittenberg's dark pile
He fasten'd then, with hand divinely firm,
Ninety and five of those all-fearless Truths
That shook the Popedom, and the World redeem'd
From charms infernal, to the Cross alone.
Faith, Hope, and Love, upon the Rock of souls

Were founded ; Grace in gospel freedom rose,
 From Schools and sophistry at length escaped ;
 And, in the fountain of EMMANUEL'S Blood
 Both peace and pardon in conjunction flow'd,
 Free, full, and glorious from the heart of God,—
 Giver and Gift in amnesty combined !
 And yet, what eye save His, before whose beam
 Time, place, and all contingencies retire
 As though they were not, in this daring act
 Of Luther, saw the REFORMATION'S pulse
 Of Life and liberty began to beat ?
 Or who, among the crowd that rush'd to read
 In tumult wild, upon the church's gate
 Those Words, that dash'd Indulgences to air,—
 The silent thunder of their strength presumed
 Upon thine eve, All-Hallows ? Monk and Priest
 And Pope, and hoary-headed Falsehood, then
 Were death-struck ; in those few fine Truths
 The germs of unexpanded glory slept,
 As in the acorn future navies float.
 And when at night, a lonely cell was sought,
 Could the brave Monk his deed of pregnant might
 Have measur'd ? In the greatness of the act,
 Oh ! was he conscious of th' ALMIGHTY, there ?

His Master Principle.

ONE Truth divine, from deeps of scripture drawn,
 And by one Heart with burning zeal espoused,
 Then, bodied forth in full heroic life,—
 What miracles that single Truth achieves,
 Which rock an empire, or a world restore !
 And hence when pale in his monastic gloom,
 Alone and pensive, groping after God
 Through clouds of error, black with Romish guile,
 At length the tortured Monk, with tears of praise
 Consume pardon by the Cross procured
 Discover'd—then a peerless TRUTH was found
 From whence instructed Empires learn to live.
 And in that Hall, where stood the fearless man
 Bulwark'd with Principle, beyond all powers
 By Earth created or by hell contrived,
 He grasp'd a Truth, which Heaven's eternal creed
 Hath canonized, and by the Cross explain'd,—
 THAT GRACE IS GOD, by GOD ALONE APPLIED ;
 ON THIS, Religion all her fabric rears,
 That else is baseless as the yielding air.

Hence flow those energies through man and mind,
 Which mould our being great, or make it good.
 Here by the pardon of perfective Grace,
 The anguish'd memory can alone subdue
 That dread Gehenna, which our guilt inflames
 Oft in remembrance ; and from thence derived,
 Pure emanations spring, and feelings act
 That feed with moral life the social frame
 Of Men and Empires ; for the HEART is free,
 And guarded CONSCIENCE, on the bosom's throne
 Reigns in the sanctity which Christ hath won.

'Tis thus, where olden Hearts and Hands had fail'd,
 And ancient Heroes their protesting voice
 Lifted in vain, to vindicate THE TRUTH
 From all aggression, Luther's prowess smote
 The Roman Beast to Ruin—nigh to death,
 And that, with principle. 'Twas here he fought,
 He grappled with the foe of God, and man.
 Swift through the dens and dungeons of the mind
 He pour'd the beam of evangelic Morn ;
 And where AUTHORITY—that mitred Lie !
 Bestrode the conscience with infernal sway,
 He throned THE GOSPEL, in the light of GRACE,
 At once the law, and liberty of souls.
 But, had he only on a Mob of Saints
 Shot his keen arrows of sarcastic truth,
 Dislodged the Virgin, paralyzed the Pope,
 Or laid the Monk's Augéan darkness bare,—

In form regen'rate, but with life corrupt
 The Reformation then had toll'd and died.
 But, glory be to HIM whose name we bear !
 'Twas grace in principle that Luther taught :
 Here is the lever which the World uplifts—
 " A Saviour just, for man unjust hath died !"
 Here is a TRUTH, whose trumpet-voice might preach
 The Pope's religion into airy nought ;
 A Truth, which is at once the text of texts,
 Making all scripture music to our souls !—
 The Bible read, is God himself perused
 In pages letter'd with Almighty love,
 When thus proclaiming what the Conscience craves :
 While the rich fountain of EMMANUEL'S Blood,
 (Not barricaded round with priestly walls,
 Nor blent with superstition's blackening tide
 Of " merits,") all its healing Flood of Grace
 Full on the heart, in one vast current pours !

He ended thus, where ancient Minds begun ;
 'Gainst outward vice those murder'd Saints appeal'd,
 And perish'd—but for Principle Divine,
 Bravely alone the Monk of Erfurt fought.
 He struck the root,—and then the branches fell ;
 He purg'd the fountain,—then the stream roll'd pure ;
 The deep foundation down to Hell he shook,
 And then—the Roman Superstition reel'd :
 From centre to circumf'rence, thus the Mind
 Of Luther reason'd out its lonely way ;
 Till, lo ! at length, by gospel light reveal'd,
 He saw Impostures, in successive form
 Each after each more staringly corrupt,
 And in a POPE,—the ANTICHRIST foretold
 By dread prediction, since the Church began.

The Gospel according to Man,

I.

* The Supremacy.

" SON of the living God ! The CHRIST, Thou art !"
 So spake, by more than mortal wisdom led,
 The bold Apostle, when, through flesh and blood,
 DIVINITY within that Form august
 Of JESUS, shrined in mortal dust, he saw :
 And on the Rock of this confession, (high
 In Godhead rear'd, and deep in Manhood based,)
 Emmanuel built His everlasting Church.
 But how hath Sin, from out the promise made
 To Peter, (in apostleship sublime
 But not supreme, beyond his fellows rank'd)
 The Keys of power, the Kingdom, and the Laws
 That bind or loose, as papal nods decree,
 Derived !—and thus, on earth uprear'd
 A vile dominion, measureless and vain
 As Earth could plan, or cheering Hell applaud.
 Admire we then, let gratitude adore
 The Power divine that hurl'd the POPEDOM down
 From that curs'd height of blasphemy, and crime,
 To which, through ages of gigantic skill
 By fell gradation, it at length arose,
 Reigning aloft, stern arbitress of Kings
 And Thrones ; dispensing Sceptres with a smile,
 Or else dissolving Kingdoms with a frown !
 For Peter's shadow, and the Roman Name
 O'er power and policy together ruled ;
 Then the high Past a holy magic breath'd ;
 And the rich lustre of a world's regard
 Made ROME the palace of Mankind appear,
 The true Metropolis of priestly hearts,
 A Temple with apostleship instinct,
 The stones all sacred, and the dust inspired !—
 Thus magnified, and with mysterious charms
 Endow'd, behold, a miracle of pride
 Erect ; Supremacy ! thy POPE survey,
 A Breath of sin on Deity's great throne.—

Oh! never in the luxury of lies
 Hath Hell more wanton'd; never, in this world,
 Hath Adulation's most besotted dream
 A foul pretence so infinitely dared,
 As then, around some ruffian Pope began;
 For palsied Reason to his sceptre bow'd,
 And Blasphemy baptized a monster—God;
 Disgust, be mute! and horror, speechless stand!
 'Tis not in words, though syllabled with fire,
 Or, fang'd with truth's most execrating force,
 To paint a Pope—infallibly supreme!
 All Right above, beyond all Law secured,
 In errorless perfection shrined aloft;
 Of Peter's royalties sole heir and king;
 Of Churches, Judge; of Christendom, the Lord:
 And such an Oracle!—that when his lips
 Do condescend some great response to give,
 Virtue is vice, and vice may virtue be,
 Or each be neither, if his nod decide!
 For Truth and Nature are at once transform'd
 By him, the world's embodied FIAT, now.—
 E'en more than this; to heights of sin beyond,
 These climbing blasphemies of folly scaled,
 And from the temple of th' ALMIGHTY took
 The Crown, and from the Hand Eternal pluck'd
 The Sceptre; till from Godhead's self there seem'd
 To pass all glory; and, in pontifical shape,
 A mock almighty, was the Pope adored!

II.

The Mystery.

Above, beneath, around,—where'er we move
 Or live, an atmosphere of myst'ry floats;
 For ever baffling, with its gloom unpierced,
 The pride of Reason's analytic gaze.
 E'en like that Pillar which, of cloud and fire
 Contemper'd, to the pilgrim church bestowed
 A guidance solemn, through untrodden wilds;
 So, human knowledge, in this world forlorn,
 In shade and light alternately prevails,
 Too dark for pride, too shining for despair.
 And thus, accordant with our state corrupt,
 From truth to truth, the educated Mind
 Through shades of awe is humbly advanced;
 While noble Ignorance, that knows itself,
 Kneels in the shadow of the Mercy-seat,
 And prays the heart to piety and love.

Yes! all is myst'ry; from that blaze immense
 In which pavilion'd dwells the vast UNSEEN,
 Down to the insect of minutest frame
 Science is mock'd. Within retreating depths
 The CAUSE uncaused, above all causes throned,
 Who can describe? Yet what religion owns,
 Plain reason grants,—that He is perfect ONE,
 Pervading all things with His presence whole;
 Unfelt, unform'd, unheard, and unexplain'd,
 All Eye, all Ear, all Spirit, and all Power,
 His centre, Light, and his circumference, Love.
 Yet, what reveals HIM Who all else reveals,—
 The UNEXPLAIN'D, who yet explaineth all?
 What Sun to systems, God to truth appears;
 But yet, apart impenetrably shrined,
 A burning UNAPPROACHABLE remains.

Then turn to nature, eloquently touch'd
 With living beauty; and in sight and sound
 Teeming with all that holy truth admires.
 There, though the shadow of the primal Curse,—
 Dims the soft radiance of a virgin world,—
 Traces of Eden, tracks of angel feet
 Still haunt creation with a hallowing charm:
 But myst'ry there, o'er nature's Secret broods,
 Beyond Philosophy's most daring ken
 To master; lock'd in mute reserve it lies:

Since, *what* is Essence, how formation acts,
 Or, life and law reciprocally play,—
 Can reason here mount explanation's throne?
 Nature herself is thine embodied Will
 Almighty! There at last the mind has gain'd
 An ultimatum, that unteaches pride;
 While Genius, like a second childhood, stands,
 And, rapt in wonder, to Religion turns,—
 Struck by the truth intelligibly blind.

And does not Providence our life invest
 With one horizon of perpetual cloud?
 But while to man, all paradox and gloom
 Creation's sad biography may look,
 Darkness itself is Deity at work,
 Concentr'd Godhead on his plans employ'd,
 The TRINITY, in Their tremendous shade,
 Acting on Earth some vast conception out!

But to thyself, O brave logician! turn,
 Thou self-idolater! in dust enshrined,
 That o'er JEHOVAH thus presumes to wave
 The treason-banner of rebellious mind.
 Thou, to thyself a living myst'ry art;
 And why? Because unfathomably bad,
 And thus, by grace unfathomably heal'd:
 "Deceitful, vain, and desperately vile
 All things above, the heart of man is found;
 And who can know it?—I, THE LORD, alone!"
 Thus chants the prophet; and severely grand,
 Round all the regions of created Mind
 Rolls the dread challenge; mute remain
 Seraph and Angel, and the star-bright Host,
 Who, nearest to the fountain-source of Mind,
 Mid radiance intellectual, shine and sing,—
 To each and all unsearchably corrupt,
 (As God himself unsearchably divine,)
 The heart of nature in the human breast:
 The two unsearchables are God, and Man!

Then, turn to Grace,—the Trinity express'd
 In threefold glory, lovingly distinct.
 There, all is myst'ry, hung with moral gloom.
 Flight after flight, in vain proud Reason takes,
 And seeks and soars, and soars and seeks again;
 Thus, more confounded by the search becomes:
 Till, all exhausted, like the arklens dove,
 Back to the shelter of a simple truth
 The Mind retreats, and learns by faith to live,
 And love the more, the less it understands
 Of the GREAT SECRET which salvation hides,—
 The HOW and WHY, in all of Godhead there.

And HIM, the paramount of grace reveal'd,
 The TRUTH INCARNATE,—how can words unfold?
 Or, who to comprehension dares contract
 The dazzling myst'ry that his PERSON makes?
 True greatness is to know how small we are;
 We learn divinity by loving God,
 And as we love, alone can understand.

Thus step by step, with analogic rise
 We come to Thee, thou Consummation dire!
 O'er myst'ries all stupendously uplift,
 Begot by Satan, and by sinners bred;
 E'en that, where Antichrist horrific reigns
 O'er conscience, reason, and the hood-wink'd soul,—
 Around it twice six hundred Years
 Have travail'd, in the pride of priestly art;
 And now, a very miracle of mind
 Depraved, of truth corrupt, and power abused,—
 It moulds and masters all whom it beguiles;
 Compact, complete, symmetrically form'd
 To fit all Hearts, whatever the sensual frame;
 Or, oscillate to each exacting move
 Mental and moral, in our lives transverse;
 This myst'ry plays the Proteus with mankind.

From character it draws responsive tones,
From all condition wins a pleased support,
In circumstance the very crisis wields,
And, of torn conscience takes advantage vile:
Virtue and vice alike its Charm obey;
Fetter'd by chains, that with no clanking fall
The ear arrest, or rouse the dormant soul;
But still, the heart they manacle with lies,
And bind it down, deluded to the last.

A Myst'ry, O, thou antichristian curse!
In wisdom wert thou by St. Paul baptiz'd.
Not Rome, in pagan darkness vilely sunk,
Nor aught that infidels have dared, or done
To mock Jehovah, or to murder Christ
Again,—like thee in veil'd imposture reigns.
There, Error shines, in broad and staring blaze,
Conspicuous, mark'd, and branded as the bad;
The Heart may shun it, and securely keep
Both Principle and Purity awake.
But here, false Darkness, with a face of Light
Deceptively upon thy victim smiles;
And, with the aspect of an Angel's love
Ruins the spirit with a Demon's guile!
Here lies the danger, lurks the full deceit,—
Pretension, high as Heaven's meridian truth,
Performance, low as Hell's absorbing lie!
Religion here, with suicidal hand
Herself destroys; and into death transmutes
A living zeal, that else for God and souls
Like inspiration might the world employ:—
Dilates a Precept, or a Truth contracts,
Can mould a Doctrine, or a Creed erect,
And round salvation such a dimness cast,
That CHRIST is hidden,—and the Church alone
In sacramental mist at length appears.

But yet, how raised, how lofty, how refined,
Thy vast professions, Romanistic Creed!
Not Purity itself, is pure as Thou
In strictness, and severity of aim.
From the mix'd world, monastically free,
The Spirit thou would'st fain entice; and cast
Its Powers in moulds of superhuman faith;
And thus, from foul entanglements of flesh
The mind deliver, till, to earthless heights
Of dazzling purity at length arriv'd,
The Consummation of the church is reach'd,—
Meekness and martyrdom, in one combined.

The Devil is the parodist of God;
And, priestly colours are the paint employ'd
To tinge his counterfeits of Truth divine,
With holy semblance; and, that flaming zeal
For purity, apostate Rome affects,
For Him has wrought, infernally sublime!—
A heaven in aspect, but a hell in deed,
Pollution's self, on Purity's clear throne
In veil'd enchantment thus hath ruled, and reign'd,
Deceiving others, and itself deceived.
The Roman myst'ry is a mask of Lies,
And under it all Curses, and all Crimes,
All black and base abominations, hide;
While yet, thy countenance, celestial Truth!
It borrows; Mercy is the mild pretence,
Justice the theme, and Love for God the law,
And zeal for Christ, the church's ardent soul
That makes Her all the miracle she is!—
Satan himself can thus religious seem,
And poison Virtue with her very smile.

Lo! by his spell the TRINITY recedes;
And LOVE and LIGHT to cruel darkness turn,—
Shade upon shade, impenetrably deep,
Investing GODHEAD with a vile array
Of terrors, forged by sacerdotal guile,
And summon'd forth as guilt again demands:

Where is THE FATHER,—in that fiction dread,
That ghastly Something, for a God believed,
Which Pop'ry to the harrow'd Mind presents?
Or, when the ague of a guilty heart
Rages in secret, what Paternal voice,
From God in Christ, attractively divine?
Then not direct through Son and Spirit looks
The soul repentant, from the pleading eye
Of faith, on God reveal'd; but, damning frowns,
Blacker than Sinai's legal night express'd,
To daunt the sinner, are at once evoked,—
Hiding the Cross with intercepting gloom:
INFINITE CRUELTY thus God becomes;
His Throne all blackness, and his Heart begirt
With fencing saints, that keep poor sinners off
Till *first* their Mediatorship is moved,
And God, *persuaded* by their prayer, relents!
As if, by impulse The Almighty moved,
Nor in Himself His Own great motive was.

But, see the climax of corrupted truth,
Th' infernal zenith of presuming craft,
The last perfection of Tridentine lies,
The hideous summit of unhallow'd guile,—
The INCARNATION, parodied in paste!
With priestly melodrama of mutter'd spells.
Lo! when the sacerdotal Juggler stands,
Beneath whose touch the sacramental Host
To body, Blood, Divinity, and Soul
Themselves transform,—created into CHRIST!
EMMANUEL there, consummate and complete,
Again must bleed, in Calvary revived!
Oh! horrible, and heartless mock of all
Of God in glory, or of man in grace,
That HE whose PERSON is the Sum and Soul
Of what in time, Eternity shall act,
THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT of Th' Eternal THREE
Embodied,—should be multiplied, and mock'd!
And from that Myst'ry, infinitely shrin'd
High o'er the Senses, and mere Reason's grasp,
Should fall at once to manducated flour,
And crumble in the crash of human teeth
An eaten Saviour—a digested God!

And Thou, O SPIRIT! who alone canst drive
From hearts where pantheistic darkness reigns;
Or, carnal gods, by sense or reason shaped,
Debauch the conscience with disastrous lies,—
All creeds of sin, and canons of despair;
How, like an aping liturgy of Hell,
Hath Romish parody presumed to mock
The might, and myst'ry of Thy Work august!
And dared, for living Waters, freshly drawn
From the deep fountains of eternity
And truth,—a servile wash to substitute,
And by lustration ape the HOLY GHOST!

When thus, the life-blood of religion's drain'd
By this fell vampire, what for man is left
But the mere carcass of a ritual Mock
For mindless worship, meaningless and false?
Baptized Religion,—but, indeed, a Lie,
That plunders all the TRINITY at once
By priestly sacrilege, of grace and power.

Thou dread ALMIGHTY!—may we dare repeat
With deep-toned echo, that mysterious Cry
Th' apocalyptic Martyrs lift above,
And chant—"How long shall Truth eternal be
By juggling Rome travestied, and traduced?
How long, O LOVE, unsearchably profound,
Shall decidual Falsehood wear the dress
Of Truth perfective, while the Cross is veil'd;
And HE, whose Merit is Creation's shield,
The Church's light, and Providence's law,—
Drops from His Throne, to see anointed dust
And sainted villains, canonized and canon'd,

Ascend *beyond* Him, in their plea for grace!"
 'Tis thus, the laurels from the Brow of CHRIST,
 Bleeding with mercy, are insanely pluck'd,
 And impiously around the head enwreath'd
 Of ANTICHRIST, for twice six hundred years,—
 That aping Monster, who travesties God,
 And in the glory of his darkness seems
 A mimic Satan, on MESSIAH's throne!

III.

The Moral Root.

But whence this power, that paralyzes men
 To dull machines, for priestly hands to work?
 That from the Cross all crucifixion takes,
 And shuts the fountain in EMMANUEL's side,
 Whence gush'd atonement for the World's great sin;
 Till CHRIST with closed wounds remains,
 Shorn of those beams, that round His ransom play
 And form a MERIT fit for man to plead,
 Ample as Justice, Law, and God, require?
 Whence the dread Magic, that so mocks the world,
 Soothing pale conscience with Iscariot's kiss?
 Look in thy heart!—there, reader, *there* it lies.
 As fits the die within the forming mould,
 So false religion for thy heart is framed,
 And both dovetailed with most responsive skill,
 Each into each, satanically nice.

Thy fountains, Nature! are the fatal spring
 Whence Pop'ry all her canker'd life-blood drains,
 And drains for ever—for they ever flow!
 A moral cast from our corrupted soul
 Designing Rome hath taken; and contrived
 A feign'd Religion, that, with fitting art
 Infernally for each expression finds
 Some flatt'ring counterpart, or creed, or charm.
 'Tis man's religion, from the root of sin,
 By passion foster'd and by pride increased,
 Deep-grounded in the under soil intense,
 Where guilty nature feels the goading pang,
 As conscience prompts, or keen compunction wakes.
 Hence creeds are moulded; hence all gods are made;
 While reason, bribed to superstition, bows,
 As sin and penance take relieving turns;
 Till man himself his *own* atonement dreams,
 And draws salvation out of sighs, and tears.

And hence, not Mind, whate'er its lofty range
 Along the pathless Infinite of thought,—
 A shielding bulwark round the man can raise,
 Safely to keep one Romish error out.
 For oft religion is but God disguised;
 And, when its nature from the name is torn,
 Then sounds and Shades for Sense and Substance act;
 And cheated man a Christless mock adores.—
 But God is love, by his Own love inspired,
 As seen the Sun—by His own ray reveal'd.

Then, vain the pæans which we loudly ring,
 As though the great Millennium of the mind
 Were coming; or, a mental noon began,
 Too searching for the MAN OF SIN to face.
 Philosophy the sting of Death renews
 And back the vict'ry to the Grave restores.
 Whatever prospect soaring Mind attain,
 No good it masters, till *in* God it rest;
 Where peace and pardon, law and love combine,
 And Christ and Conscience can together dwell.
 And why?—because *some* creed we must embrace;
 From Heaven or Hell religion must be drawn.
 For, deep within Prognostications lurk
 Of tongueless dread; and boding Terrors strike
 Their hidden chill; and throbs immortal stir,
 Like pulses of Eternity, our souls;
 While moods there be, when flames of wrath to come

Prelude damnation, horribly distinct,—
 When the grave opens through the banquet's glare,
 And the last Thunders their rehearsal ring.
 Though sin confront it, yet *will* conscience speak,
 Till sear'd and branded into senseless nought.—
 Shrined in the centre of our being, dwells
 That voiceless Umpire, on his moral throne
 Erectly pure; whose archetype is God,
 In the stern radiance of severest law
 Reflected there, for legislative might.
 Here, Right and Wrong their true award receive;
 And Past and Present for acquittal stand;
 Or, condemnation from the bar receive;
 Here Man, the ruin, in his ashes keeps
 Some righteous embers, which a priest can rake,
 Or quench, or quicken—as the crisis needs.

When darkly flatter'd, and when deeply read,
 Our hearts become but platforms, where the Priest
 Can play the drama of his Church, at will;
 And shift the scenes with most consummate guile.—
 Some charm that echoes the exacting Taste,
 Some lust respondent to the varied Will,
 Some lie, to oscillate with pleasing lull
 And skill'd vibration, as the Mood requires,—
 Some gulling Fiend to take angelic form,
 And o'er the pathway that to Hell conducts
 Weave a rich carpet, of seductive woof:
 Let these be organized, or well applied,—
 And man's religion, in their magic, proves
 How wondrously such Adaptation works!
 Garb'd in a shroud of theologic guise,
 Behold, the Arch-fiend, with undreaded power
 His Priesthood guiding; and, with ritual spells
 That soothe or sadden, flatter, charm or chain
 All that in Man of dust or devil acts,—
 Gild the Soul's ruin with Redemption's smile!
 Thus, like a Puppet, many-wired and weak,
 Our handled Nature to each sacred pull
 Of Pop'ry moves, with most responsive play.

Art thou a Student, from the pristine wells
 Of learning, pleased and proud with classic thirst
 To drink rich draughts of undiluted Mind?
 Or, is thine ear, by intellectual taste
 To harmonies of ancient thought attuned?
 See! the hoar'd Fathers in their hallow'd shrines,
 And pale Philosophy, in pensive state,
 Ready to bathe thee in some mental calm,
 And, rock thy terrors in ascetic trance:—
 Or, (to the chariot of the Senses chain'd,)
 Do glare and grandeur, and do gilded sheens,
 And Poms, and Festivals, and painted Lies
 With false and fatal eloquence, appeal
 To the base passion of thine earthly will?
 Lo! the drunk Sense, with reasonless delight
 May find a Ball-room spiritually gay—
 A ritual MELODRAME, by Rome arranged,
 Where the Blood dances, where Emotion reels,
 And soft Damnation, musical and sweet,
 Charms faith to feeling,—and that feeling blind!

But, chief to that religiously depraved
 Self-righteous dream, of ever-prompting Pride,
 From earth to heaven to work or win its way—
 Adapting Pop'ry, with magnetic art
 Her necromance of ritual pomp applies.
 A finite SELF to infinite transform'd,
 Some Trentine God by moral fiction shaped,—
 Is all that Passion's creed impure desires.
 And lo! in Rome the heart's vile canons meet
 Their very echo!—grace and sin conjoin'd,
 An outer Form for inner Life prepared,
 A dead Religion where no God remains:
 Here is thy CHARM, thou SORCERESS abhor'd!
 Self-gain'd salvation forms thy secret force:
 Hence Liturgies, to please corruption plann'd;

Hence Creeds, to flatter hope, or bribe a fear,
And all the pantomime of bows and beads,—
So perfect in pure falsity, Thou seem'st
By the GREAT LIAR of the world inspired,
To set the Adam of the sensual Mind
In motion—feeling, *so* that nothing's felt,
And working, *so* that nothing's truly wrought
As Law proclaims, or holy Love demands.
Yet, Nature, pleased with self-atonement, dares
Blindly to *merit* what mere Grace bestows,
And parts with all things—*SIN* alone except!

And thus, Machines, by blind devotion turn'd,
For rites external, Rome's deluded slaves
Become,—automatons for priestly Guile,
Moving or motionless, as *THAT* inspires:
For each False yearning of self-righteous will
In Popery some pleasing vent can find,—
Devout Fanatics, passionately wed
To Forms, where sense o'er spirit domineers,
May there a sanctimonious refuge find;
From seeming prayer to suit a prayerless Heart,
Down to the Beads dull superstition counts.—
Rome loves the *CROSS*, but hates the *CROSS*!
And thus, whatever gull'd emotion longs
Upon her shrine of Selfishness to lay,
Her human gospel cunningly applies;
Cheating the Soul with skeletons of truth.
No Taste, but here a subtle pleasure finds;
No Sentiment, but what some echo meets;
Nor Fancy, which no fellowship can find.—
Here Painting, with its poetry of hues,
And Music, with its poetry of sound,
And Temples, with their poetry of stone
Augustly dim, and eloquently vast,—
All, all compose a theologic *CHARM*
That screens the Spirit from its saviour-God.

But thou! Imagination's martyr'd fool,
Whose faith is fancy, in religion's dress,
Whose shining virtues are but gilded vice,
(Seen by the Bible's heart-exploring beam,)
For thee the cup of Antichrist is drugg'd
With rapt intoxication's master-spells.
Anthems that seem to roll from Angel harps,
And silver chants that Seraphim might sing;
Paintings, where Beauty's virgin grace
Divinely mortal, exquisitely smiles;
And Sights superb, Processions slowly grand,
The Cloisters pale, where Pensiveness may roam,
The perfumed incense, with its spiral clouds
Floating to heaven, before the vested Priests,
Whose robes with sacramental meaning wave;
All these, with Churches, where Religion stamps
The very stones with symbolizing awe,
And painted windows, by their colours preach
Sermons that strike imagination dumb,
Or melt it in soft martyrdom of sighs,—
Here is the weaving of those spells that bind
Millions to darkness, in the chains of Rome!
Whose mock religion The Almighty *VEILS*,
And each fine essence out of saving truth
Evaporates, in forms that stifle faith,
And from the Heart its vital heaven exclude:
For what is holiness but Heaven below?
Or Heaven itself, but holiness above?

But, there be moments of mysterious gloom,
When frowns almighty round the heart of guilt,
Darker than death-shades, dismally profound,
Hover and hang; then all the Past revives,
Till the dead Hours quicken in their graves,
The Infinite a *FEAR* becomes,
And all of God to all in man appeals
For vengeance; Horeb is on fire again,
In thunder preaching its horrific curse.
Then is there Sinai in the soul of man,

Erected there by that instinctive Law
Which Nature's creed must canonize, and own:
And oft, beneath its altitudes of gloom,
Pale terrors, and alarm'd compunctions fall
By strong enforcement, at its awful base;
And the bow'd spirit trembles into tears,
While thunder-peals of God-proclaiming truth
Preach to our guilt th' uncompromising Law
Which Conscience echoes, with responsive groan.
Then, doubts, that make a Golgotha of mind,
Madden the sinner with a fes'tring sway:
The wind was sown the whirlwind now is reap'd;
The seed was darkness—and the fruit is death.
And where, now pleasure's silken trance is o'er,
And fear'd eternity with curses rings,
Shall the torn spirit some true refuge find?
Oh! fell imposture! priestly Fiction comes;
And all its juggl'ry of cheating lies,
Indulgence vain, and penances most vile
That keep the sinner from the saving Cross,—
Again renews; the soul with opium drugs;
Infernal laud'num blinded Conscience drinks,
Till thus, from terror into torpor soothed,
Her sunken witness in stagnation dies;
And the torn Heart, by self-atonement heal'd,
Back to its smiles of sinful peace returns,
To drink from pleasure draughts of death once more:
Like a mad infant to its mother's breast,
Though pale, and poison'd by some murd'rous hand.

Here is thy venom, here thy spring of strength,
Thou master-spell of Satan's master-piece!
With all the finish of a *FIEND* contrived
To soothe the conscience, when the rack begins;
To keep the penance and the priest in play;
To hold the Sinner—but let loose the sin,
And by *CONFESSION* to absorb the *CROSS*.
Thus, *papal* lies to nature's roots descend;
They fix, they fasten in the moral soil
Their foul adaptions. Man is *papal* born,
And false religion must be *papal* too;
And, his exacting Nature nicely fit
In heart, in conscience, and uncertain will.
For Sin, when loved,—for punishment, when fear'd,
Elastic Rome hath thus for both prepared
A recipe, that 'tween the two can act:
A sop for Conscience—when it bleeds with dread,
And sin for Passion—when that dread is o'er!
And thus, beneath the burning eye of Heaven,
No *PARODY* of God like this, deceives;
No *SPELL* by genius of satanic might
Forged in the secrecy of mystic lies;
No miracle of dread imposture,—works
Damnation with so masterly success
As when God's truth, travestied and transform'd,
To Man becomes *Religion*; and from Heaven
Beguiles him, while it *seems* to guide him There.

Inspiration of the Ideal.

"TWEEN two eternities each hour is hung
Of present being; in the midst, our Mind,
(Through some deep sense of undevelop'd power,
Haunted for ever by the *UNATTAINED*)
Fever, and frets with intellectual thirst
For more of Perfect, Beautiful, and Pure,
For more of Truth's immensity and might,—
Than ever rises on the reaching sense,
Or seems embodied in the shape of things,
The *INFINITE* we love, and half adore;
Our heaven of feeling seeks a heaven of fact,—
Some outward image, whose responsive mould
May body forth imagination's dream.
And hence, enthroned in some ethereal calm,
Conceptive Genius from creation draws
Types of vast truth, and symbols of the Soul,
To aid Perception, when its shaping power

Would vision out a Universe of love,
And Ideality in life reveal.

But if, beyond what nature's world supplies
A slakeless Heart for moral beauty thirsts,
How Fancy then, by combination frames,
From all the Heroes of the heart have felt,
From all that Martyrs of the mind have said,
Or dream'd, in prison gloom or palace smiles,
A model true of consummated Man!—
And, noble is such discontent of soul
That leads to Virtue's elevating path,
The mind unprisons, and from chaining sense,
(That coarsely to the common life of things
Would bind us down in drudgery and death)
To freedom and infinitude allures
The Man within. And hence, all dreamings high
And holy; hence imagination's flight
And aspirations, fetterless and pure.
For in this huge circumference of Life
The central immortality is man;
And, greater far than all the greatness seen
One viewless THOUGHT of his observing mind!
For all that apprehending Sense beholds
Forms but a veil, through which are dimly view'd
Deep intimations of Diviner Things,
And preludes faint to far profounder Truth
And Beauty, yet by thought to be unveil'd.
From hence the poetry of heart begins;
The painter's longing, and the sculptor's love,
Which purify from sensual dross and guile
Our inner life, with all-expanding force;
Hence Homer drew, and solemn Milton drank
The inspiration of a deathless Song.
In beautiful transcendencies of thought,
From earthly matter into heavenly forms
They soared for ever; and, by shaping Dreams
Imaged a life above the life they felt,
And breathed the immortality they sung.
'Tis thus by passion for The INFINITE,
And glorious longings for the perfect Good,
The heart's millennium in all ages acts:
Hence Liberty her laurel'd hero frames,
Martyr, and Saint, and Sage their stamp receive,
Religion half her purity obtains,
And the bright paradise of Morals blooms.

Thus Luther, in his lone and lofty zeal
Impetuous, bold, and ardently sublimed
With feelings vivid as the soul they fired;
Who led the exodus of man and mind
From the vile Egypt of enslaving Rome
To Canaan's borders, in the world of Truth;
E'en like a Prophet, o'er predestined scenes
Above the Cold, the Actual, and the Plain,
Mounted aloft; and sleeplessly pursued
Through tears and torture, outrage, grief, and wrong,
Through storm and cloud, convulsions and contempts,
That great EXEMPLAR which his mind conceived.
Beauty and Brightness their ideal throne
Erected in him; while their magic spell
Temper'd his heart to each ethereal tone:—
And so, by pre-conception's purest charm
Master'd and moulded, his frail Being grew.
He *lived* the Poetry which others *thought*;
And from that hour, when friendly capture threw
A shroud of safety round his perill'd head,
Where the lone castle of Altenstein frown'd,—
To that famed crisis, when from cells and chains
Heaven's cloister'd Principles came forth to breathe,
Pale from the prison of a thousand years,—
His passion for the Perfect and the Pure
Work'd him to wonders! Like that mystic Voice
Which often to the soul of Seers reveal'd
Visions of Godhead, vocally distinct,—
To lofty, bold, and limitless designs
Some INSPIRATION seem'd to cheer him on.

Gigantic Efforts, flush'd with sacred zeal,
And high Endeavours, honourably vast;
Ardours intense, with flames of moral ire;
The fury, freedom, and the tameless force
That grappled ever with imagined Fiends,
And in the thickness of the Spirit's fight
From God and angels gain'd applauding smiles,—
These were expressions of one master Wish;
The indications of a Soul, inspired
To be the great Apostle of mankind
In deeds of glory, for a Cause divine.—
The war of Nature with itself, to quench,
And bind, in one fond brotherhood of faith,
The feelings and the family of MAN;
A New Jerusalem on earth to hail;
A Church redeem'd to apostolic mould;
A reigning Jesus, a rejoicing World,—
To such bright centres of consummate Hope
Did Luther, with ideal passion, tend;
These made the Goal to which he onward press'd,
The lofty Mark at which his virtue aim'd;
And, from the level of a monk's low range
Lifted on high his ever-loving Heart,
And bade him, in a sunless age to shine,
A moral saviour o'er eclips'd mankind.

Oh! for a Luther to inspire us now!
Th' awaking magic of some Mind immense,
To charm the sensual from the Nation's soul;
Our passions dark, our appetites of dust
To brighten, or to banish; till the love
Of whatsoever is lofty and divine,
Of whatsoever is glorious and august,
The Throne of public taste may re-ascend,
Give life to Genius, and a law to Thought,
And for the Beautiful true homage gain.
Wo to the Land! our days are evil now:
Venality our vulgar glory reigns;
Profit and Loss our sole inspirers are;
The pining Arts prosaically mourn;
Sculpture is dead, and Poetry in tears;
And Science, mostly for the palate reigns;
UTILITY, our practised god becomes,
And Britain, but as Dives, longs to live
In pomp and purple, and in sumptuous joy;
The Universe for comfort seems arranged,
The World,—a warehouse for convenience plann'd!
And that Creation which, to faith sublime,
Or Hearts by poetry made wise, appears
The great encyclopædia of our God,
(Whose alphabet, the mountain-letters make,
Whose golden syllables, are suns and stars,)
Is all denuded of its glory bright;
And made a Temple, where the Senses may
Adore the USEFUL with vile worship now.

Alas for England! thus when Finite rules,
Till nought is true, but what the passions love;
When all its spirit found in tasteful Lore,
Or raised in Effort, or sublime in Aim,—
A mock becomes; while Principle expires,
And base Expediency's polluted breath
Falls, like a mildew, over minds and men!
Romance is faded! Sentiment extinct;
All the fine chivalries of ancient Faith
Are laugh'd away, as meaningless and vain!
Till dullness prospers in her leaden smiles,
And Mediocrity, with damping weight,
All sacred Principles and sacred Powers
Darkens, at last, to intellectual death,
And leaves to Manhood little but a name!

Oh, for a spirit of reviving grace,
A resurrection from the tombs of mind!
That soon the harmonies of olden thought,
Like buried music, from the Past may rise
In solemn cadence, and the Soul becalm.

Let Finite in the Infinite be merged;
 Let Fancy dream, Imagination dare,
 And Effort triumph in heroic forms;
 While Art and Genius glorify the world
 With beauty, by their sanctities and spells;
 And Science, from the haunt of sensual things
 Turn to the Soul; and there, with rev'rent gaze
 Deep within deep, the springs of NATURE trace:—
There, myst'ries dazzle our delighted thought,
 There, dust with Deity in contact comes;
 There, most the Unapparent SPIRIT works;
 And awful CONSCIENCE, on Her secret throne
 Reigns o'er the movements of rebellious soul;
 And, like an oracle, is ever found
 Approving virtue, and proclaiming heaven.

The Covenant of Hearts.

BOUND in the links of that ethereal Chain
 Which upward, from the insect's tiny pulse
 On earth that throbs, to yonder wheeling Orbs
 Enormous, its unbroken coil extends,
 Are all things by the hand Almighty held.
 And thus, what chance to vulgar sense appears,
 Is veil'd Causation, and confirm'd Decree.
 Nature herself, through each organic change
 And form, or function, is but WILL supreme,
 In might or beauty, marching to result
 Predestined; not an atom is consumed,
 No leaf can vibrate, not a billow laugh,
 Nor will breeze flutter on its fairy wing,—
 But God o'errules it, with control as nice
 As that which belts the planets with a zone
 Of harmony, and binds the stars with law.
 And though mere Chaos, to an eye unpurged
 By rays extracted from Essential Light,
 (E'en by the Spirit's), Life's Convulsive scene
 Too often looks,—not thus to them who read
 The World's great volume, by explaining beams
 From scripture darted, does the map of Time
 Appear. For then, disorder is but Plan,
 Divinely working by arranged degrees;
 Upward and onward into Truth evolved
 Through the long maze of labyrinthine wills
 And human actions. Kings, and slaves, and priests;
 Erected monarchies, and crumbled thrones;
 The shout of warriors, or an infant's wail;
 In life, in faith, in conduct, or in creed
 Whate'er be witnessed,—God *behind* the Scene,
 From the high watch-tower of incessant sway
 Governs, and guides the blended Whole, unseen.
 Never the EYE omniscient drops its lid,
 Or slumbers; whether Virtue's godlike brow
 Be greeted, and the Church's heart exult;
 Or, dark Temptation, like a demon come,
 Harness the soul, and lash Desire along
 To Ruin,—in that change, no change exists.
 For, in the freedom of the foulest will
 Venting itself in vanity or vice;
 Or, in the soarings of a strong-wing'd faith,
 That heavenward mounts, and leaves low earth be-
 hind,—
 Around them moves ONE all-inclusive Will
 Which, (leaving man responsible and free)
 For God retains supremacy, and law.

And none, whose hearts, by fear made wise,
 The lesson of their weakness well have learn'd;
 Or, rightly weigh'd, how much from ties of love
 And charms of social power, the moral frame
 Impression gathers,—dare to chance ascribe
 A covenant of hearts, when struck between
 Two in the faith, accordant and enjoin'd.—
 For Love our moral gravitation makes;
 At once the motion and the rest of man:
 But when, and where, and how th' electric chain
 Is closely fasten'd into friendship's heart,

Should make us ponder. For 'tis bane, or bliss,
 And over character will cast a hue
 Thy tinge, Eternity! will not o'erlay.
 Since love is plastic; and by secret charm
 Shapes to resemblance with its moral self
 Our yielded bosom; and the yearning Heart
 Thus takes the likeness of the thing he loves,—
 E'en as the insect, from the herb derives
 A hue responsive to the food it eats.
 Hence, virtue only forms the solid base,
 Rooted and grounded in the heart of Truth,
 Where friendship's high and holy structure stands
 Bedeck'd, and order'd, by approving Heaven.
 Two Finites can no lasting friendship make;
 Between them both an INFINITE must stand,
 And He is GOD! Without HIM, all is mock;
 The paint and pageant of the heart's outside
 By fancy colour'd, or by feeling tinged;
 But, wanting holiness,—that All it needs
 That crowns a friendship with undying charm.

Fair Amity! when thus indeed the fruit
 Of sacred principle, by love inspired,
 Thy bloom is fragrant of yon world of bliss
 Ethereal, and with fadeless beauty rife.
 And such, when Luther and Melancthon's heart
 In oneness holy, blended their deep powers,
 Wert thou; a friendship from the Cross that sprang
 In the green funnels of their common faith.—
 And, in the annals of the soul, how few
 The feelings, that more lovingly have twined
 A wreath of Nature round the brow of Grace,
 Than those which, from the young and verdant breast
 Of their twin manhood, did together rise!

Distinct in tone, yet undivided, both
 Their hearts in melody combined, and met.
 But, if in nature Poesy would find
 Their fancied echo—hark! the torrent's fall
 In liquid thunder foaming loud and fierce,
 From crag to crag precipitously bold,
 And there, is Luther!—while along the banks
 Tree-shaded, list, the low and quiet stream,
 And there, is mild Melancthon! Each to each
 The grace of contrast, and the charm that glows
 Round minds that vary, while the hearts embrace,
 Imparted: both in one vast work converged;
 And, ah! what hours of evangelic peace,
 What hymns of soul, what praises blent with prayers,
 What feelings high, amid the ancient woods
 Of Wittenberg, were oft by both enjoy'd!
 And, in the lassitude of lofty cares,
 When, crush'd beneath his adamantyne wrongs
 The soul of Luther lay in bleeding gloom,
 How the calm sunshine of Melancthon's face
 Around him shed the heart-restoring smile!
 But o'er THY page, unerring AUTHOR! most
 Did their high friendship in communion blend;
 As truth on truth, from out the classic grave
 Of language, where dead meanings darkly slept,
 Started to life, in Luther's noble tongue!
 Till FATHERLAND its own free Bible hail'd,
 And God in German to his country spake.
 Thus, day by day, the Book of Heaven became
 A sabbath port from Earth's tempestuous cares,
 That rag'd, and roll'd around them: Scene and Time
 And Circumstance, (those mast'ring Three
 That make, or mar the All that worldings dream!)
 To them were shadows,—which the radiant Word
 Dazzled to nought, as clouds in sunbeams die.
 The monarch's palace, or the monk's low cell,
 Or chamber dim, from out whose frescoed walls
 In massy framework look'd the pictured Dead
 That live in hues immortal,—'twas alike
 To them, who on this world, were in the next,
 By faith, or feeling, ever wafted these.
 Then, what be those alliances elect,

Those bonds and ligaments, by men baptized
In friendship's name, save mean and modish Forms,
Or Satires on the sacredness, and sense
Of this high Virtue?—mere enamell'd Lies!
Too often are they but the painted show
Of perfumed amity; whose silken ties
Are light as gossamer, before the storm
Severe affliction round our lot may bring.—
Convenience, lucre, folly, pride, or lust;
A ride, a dinner, or a small request;
Or, base communion in some pleasing sin
By passion haunted—there, mock Friendships reach
Their zenith, and their noblest zeal expires.
But when, alas! unbodied, and unweild
Of earth's false trappings, in the World of souls
The gay companions of the Feast and Song
Meet in stern truth, unmantled to the core,
Hideously naked, to the very heart
Discover'd,—how the mask of Self will drop!
And many a cheek, by radiant kindness clothed,
Blacken with hate, with horror, and revenge
Infernal: friendship *now* is ruin found;
And soft-mouth'd men, that seem'd in time so dear,
Will each to each satanically yell
Their horrible disgust, with loud dismay,
And loathe, like Fiends, their lost eternity!

But, cast your friendship into chaster mould;
Let genius, learning, or congenial taste;
Or, fellowship like that the Muses love,
Refined as Lælius felt, or Scipio found:
Or, let Parnassus sing how poets lived,
Whose lives and verses did together run
And softly blend, like interwoven streams:
E'en at the best, such earth-born magic dies,
Soon as the shadows of the grave begin
To pall the present, with its passing joys;
Then, all their sweetness and their strength depart;
Bred from the world—they with the world recede;
Friendship and flesh, together in one tomb
They perish; for they lack'd that saving life,
That true elixir out of Godhead drawn,
Which makes immortal what we cherish here,—
A salting grace, that seasons human love
For ever,—holiness with heart combined!

But, there is friendship, pure as Angels' love!
Which Trust, and Truth, and Tenderness create,
When two fond Hearts, with sacred force embrace
By union deep, unworldly, and divine.
Then, friendship like a school for mind becomes,
Where apt to habit may itself mature;
And, self denied in little things, advance
To show denial which a World may bless,
And all The Churches with their plaudits hail.—
Here, Faith with Friendship can indeed concur;
Beyond mere tastes, and tempers, and according
tones;
Since here be elements, whose charm outwears
Sickness and sorrow, death and harsh surprise,
With all the jarring dissonance that tries
The truth of feeling in its wisest hour.
But whence are *these*, but from th' Almighty drawn,
And like Himself, unchangeably sublime!
Here is a friendship, perfect, calm, sincere,
Above mutation, and beyond decay;
A friendship, Lord! whose archetype is Thine;
For, when on earth, Thy mortal Life assumed
Manhood, with each consummate trait adorned,
And human Feeling,—how it thrills to view
Laid on thy breast the much-beloved St. John.

Oh, for a Friendship that outlives the sun!
To last when Time hath faded, and when Flesh
With all its burden is a buried dream!
It drops a balsam in the wounded breast,
Soothes a torn mind, the soul's dejection heals,

'Tis heart to sympathy, and hand to love,
The look of feeling, and the lip of faith;
It charms the wisest, can the feeblest worth
Uphold, and makes the poorest rich indeed.

Man forms the foe, but God alone the friend,—
If friend he be, with truthful love endow'd,
And graced with those accoutrements of mind
Religion sanctions. Then, what kindred bliss,
What sweet affinities of thought, or taste!
The Janus Temple of a jealous heart
That shuts, or opens as the door demands,
Is here unwitness'd; all is frank display,
That scorns pretence, and scatters each disguise;
A sun-clear verity, whose shining force
Copes with all clouds of accident, or change,
Beams on the forehead of a cordial friend,
How brightly glad, how greeting, and how bold!
Here is an amity our noblest wants
Delight to welcome, as their true supply:
It feeds the intellect with active life,
The heart enlarges into loftier swell,
And in the counterplay which it gives, and asks,
Finds equal pleasure, when the echo sounds
Sincere, and manly. But, affliction most
The high-born amity of holy minds
Illustrates: then, the sacrifice of self,
Devoted, prompt, and passionately dear,—
Whether by grief's long watch through *lonely hours*,
In tears, or substance, or by costly life
The sacrificing Heart itself unfold,—
How godlike is it! how resembling HIM,
The soul's PHILANTHROPIST, creation's Friend,
The World enriching—by HIMSELF made poor!
Friendship like this, the seal of God confirms,
Who cast our Nature into social mould,
And bade it seek for brotherly response,
Or bosom-counterparts, in bliss or woe.
And thus, whate'er his rank, or high renown,
Man needs an Echo, whose responsive charm
Doubles himself,—by feeling's prompt reply;
To rich enjoyment adds a height'ning zest
Untold; and when misfortune's east wind blows
Or, cutting blasts of cold ingratitude
Sweep the lorn bosom, by the world betay'd,—
Softer than dews from Hermon's sainted height
The tones of Friendship, dropt in Feeling's ear,
For comfort! Mine be thus some Heaven-made
friend,

And I will clasp him with the heart's embrace
For ever!—Morning with its radiant blush,
Noon with its glory, Twilight with its trance,
Or balmy Night, with all the stars awake
In beauty walking o'er their midnight round,—
How are they each, when friendship's echoing heart
Throbs near our own,—with added charm endow'd!
Yea, all those homilies of Love and Might,
Appealing NATURE to the pensive reads
Down winding lanes, or paths of vernal bloom,
Or rustic haunt where rambling Boyhood loves
To stray and linger,—how the tasteful friend
Can with ourselves, interpret all their tones,
In some pure strains of poetry and peace,
When hearts are mingled; and mild nature wears
A face of welcome, answerably sweet
To all who woo her.—Nor does Faith deny
That e'en in Heaven ethereal friendships bring
Their calm addition to celestial joy.
For TRUTH is social, in the highest orb
Of her dominion! God himself is not alone,
But in deep light, Tripersonally throned,
In plural Godhead His perfection holds.

So Martin Luther and Melancthon felt.
For their religion form'd no stagnant creed;
Nor were they palsied by a cold pretence
To miscall'd virtue; faith and friendship blent

Their sweetness, and together strongly grew
 In the rich soil of their communing breasts.
 And who that think, what this rare friendship did,
 And gratefully will not that MIND adore,—
 Who so ordain'd, by Counsels laid above,
 That Souls like these in place and time should meet,
 Blend their brave hearts, and with united hands
 The Fabric of the Reformation build
 In rising glory? Each that structure claim'd;
 And, as some builder, first in mind conceives
 The mansion that exterior Art reveals,
 And models only from a Type within;
 So, from His pattern of eternal thought,
 The ARCHITECT Supreme His will express'd
 In that vast Work, the Reformation rear'd;
 And, not a stone, to form that fabric rose,
 Nor human workman there his building hand
 Devoted,—but from God directly came
 The guiding Impulse. Glory, then, to HIM!
 Who thus together into oneness knit
 Two hearts distinct, as those twin leaders bore
 Who ransom'd Israel from Egyptian chains.—
 Their's was a friendship more than Nature forms,
 Fancy begets, or genial tastes preserve:
 The one like thunder!—arm'd by daring soul,
 Breathing defiance with a lion voice;
 Tempestuous often with a mental storm
 That heaved him into overflowing wrath,
 With rage unbounded!—but the other, mild
 And chasten'd, passionless and curb'd;
 A halcyon man of holiness and zeal,
 Whose heart was quiet in its zenith hour.—
 Or, thus analogy the two may type:
 Intensely burning, like a tropic noon
 In one the character of heart appears:
 The other, like a placid twilight scene,
 Bathed in serenity of softest dews,
 With stars down looking on the lovely whole.

But yet, through many a shock unshook they went,
 And stood united when all else dissolved
 Around them; 'twas The Cross, and That alone,
 That so cemented with abounding grace
 Two Hearts, that else were utterly unlike.
 Here, was a Nucleus; round this central Point
 Of God for glory, and His truth for man,
 They met, they mingled, with harmonious love
 In concord perfect: but in tones of taste
 Agreed to differ, with delightful ease.
 Contrast with them, like two magnetic poles
 Their hearts attracted, and by secret love
 Each into each with soft concernment drew
 The closer; electric their distinction proved.—
 And, more than this, may grateful wisdom find;
 For each to God's mysterious Cause supplied
 Some fitting element, a power distinct,
 That, wanting,—would have left the rest unsafe
 Or tott'ring. Thus, Melancthon's classic toils,
 And tasteful culture, met exacting Mind
 In progress! while from Luther's rushing zeal
 There went a spirit of sublime attack
 That Shook the Popedom, like a whirl-wind blast,
 Making it tremble down to superstition's depths
 Of darkness! Thus, two Hands distinct they were,
 Each for His task appointed, and prepared,
 And both by WISDOM wielded from on high.

Their work is done; their costly toil complete;
 And they are gather'd to that mystic Land
 Where all things tend, as to their final home,
 Which are in time and tendency reveal'd.
 But, is that friendship, incorrupt and bright,
 Effulging from the radiant fount of Love
 Celestial,—is it in yon Heaven absorbed,
 There swallow'd in that Infinite of bliss
 That now contains them? Are those ties of Heart
 Broken on Earth, no more in Heaven renew'd?

If here below, our fondest cravings prove.
 Affections make the vowels of the mind;
 And like a consonant, when left alone,
 Man without love, seems unpronounced and mute.
 Will yearning Manhood in the skies be lone?
 Alas! if nothing save what Earth inspires
 By us be worshipp'd;—then, as Time concludes,
 And, looming dimly from the spectral depths
 Of strange eternity, sightless Woes
 And shapeless Horrors, worse than guilt forbodes,
 Hover in view,—like flashes in the dark
 Our Friendships will at once go out
 In blackness; better had they never been!

But, when two Hearts, heroic, brave, and pure,
 Like Luther's and Melancthon's nobly throb
 Through years of trial with melodious beat
 Unfalt'ring,—can we think the upper World,
 Where men redeem'd the nearest circle form
 Of radiant Worshippers, who round THE LAMB
 Hymn golden numbers from their lyres of Light
 For ever,—can we think, that Hearts like these,
 Will ever there in single glory chant
 That song, united which on Earth they sung?
 No! from a heartless creed, so sternly cold,
 Our Dreams, our Aspirations, and our Hopes
 At once recoil, the Stoic's heaven reject,
 As unappointed, If below, the Bonds
 Of sacred amity, by grace refined,
 Mid all the waste of sin-degraded hours,
 And all the taxing selfishness that tires
 The bosom, yet themselves inviolate keep;—
 How will those Bonds, from imperfection freed,
 Gather new strength, and nobler charms enjoy
 In that blest meeting-place of Minds above!
 Then, shall that Excellence whose winning form,
 Though varied, held the Heart's accorded throne
 So firmly,—shine with far intenser ray
 Than earth experienced. Thus, our mounting soul
 May cleave the firmament on wings of faith,
 Outsoar the stars, beyond the planets rise,
 And leave creation far our flight behind;
 And there, within the Heaven of Heavens, behold
 Luther in light, and find Melancthon still,—
 Immortal FRIENDS in yon immortal Home!
 From the same Fount of never-failing Bliss
 Their Blending spirits drink responsive joy
 Unspeakable: and there, in God embower'd,
 What once made prayer is now in praise enjoy'd;
 The Past of earth, in heaven a Present forms,
 And gives eternal Consciousness a theme
 For wonder, worship, or unwearied Love.

The Sublime of History.

THERE'S nothing little in this world of ours,
 Because, whatever mocking Sense may dream,
 In nothing rarely can we act alone.
 Built like that fabled roof, where finest stones
 Each into each by interlacing art
 So exquisitely blend, with poised effect,
 That, touch but one, and lo! the fabric all
 Shakes into movement with recoiling shock:
 So is our World, ineffably arranged.
 Thus, the first glance which God's forbidden tree
 Drew from the eye of earth's frail Mother, forms
 With our last sin a fatal junction now!

No Fact is isolate, no Feeling lone;
 Entangled are we by perpetual lines
 Of moral net-work, infinitely fine,
 Like magic influence all around us drawn;
 That makes our conduct endless, by the thrill
 And tone of feeling, that it often strikes
 On the deep chord of ages yet to come.

Nothing is little where a moral work.

The last vibration of the Saviour's lip,
 Expiring, more of Deity involved
 Than all the gorgeous universe contains.
 Though mean the wood which then Messiah bore
 In bleeding glory, when the planted Cross
 Lifted Him up a sacrifice for sin
 Tremendous,—yet that wood a focus form'd,
 Where the vast riches of eternal love
 Concenter'd all the TRINITY at once
 In action! though a point in space, The Tree,
 Around it charm'd Eternity revolved;
 And from it, as a salient centre, spring
 The hopes immortal of our world redeem'd.—
 Not might of scene, not magnitude of space,
 Nor aught of majesty, that Sense admires,
 Or Time can value by his vulgar hours,
 To Truth a character, or creed a strength
 Can give: for PRINCIPLE a glory hath
 Beyond the Limits of defining man;
 High-seated, throned in empyrean calm,
 An emanation of eternal Mind,
 E'en like the ABSOLUTE of God it reigns
 And rules,—a changeless, uncondition'd THING,
 The Alpha and The Omega of all
 In Love stupendous, or in Law severe.

Thus, round that moment when the Saxon monk
 Bold as some rock that breasts the main alone,
 Lifted his brow, and faced his gather'd foes,—
 How much of Hist'ry was there then condensed,
 Of Change undreamt, of Consequence unknown!
 To eye of sense, mere spectacle it look'd,
 Where man alone with man conversed, and clash'd
 With striving words; or, where a rebel stood
 Undaunted: but ANOTHER FORM there was
 Sightless amid the loud conclave, who watch'd
 Each word that breathed, and master'd all that moved
 And thought, but was HIMSELF unseen, unheard,
 And unimagined:—lo! The SON OF MAN was there
 Supreme director of that Scene august,
 Where Luther baffled, and the Bible rear'd
 Its signal far above all Thrones of earth
 Up to the summits of creative Mind,
 Untorn, untarnish'd, and untouch'd,
 The badge of Faith, and Banner of our souls
 To be, beyond the rage of Earth, or Hell
 To baffle, or resist! And we, who gaze
 Back from the heights of purer worship now
 On that gone period, when th' imperial host
 Fierce in the hall of unforgotten Worms
 Mutter'd, and raged round Luther's dauntless form,
 May well that crisis of the world admire!
 And think, how from the crystal walls of Heaven
 Spirits were gazing; or, on balanced wing
 Hung o'er the chamber, where the host conven'd
 Viewless; and watch'd each mental shade that cross'd
 Thy features; while They drank with blissful ear
 Each tone majestic, thy unconquer'd mind
 By truth inspired, from Scripture then awoke
 To perish never!—noble-hearted monk
 Of Wittemberg! Nor, let the mocker doubt,
 His YES or NO the wheel of ages turn'd.
 He balanced Europe on a single breath;
 For what he felt the World is feeling still
 In heart eterniz'd; Luther is alive
 By influence; and each syllable of truth
 In Worms that sounded its immortal note
 Intones our Churches with its music now.

Oh! 'twas a scene, heroically great
 And unsurpass'd;—save when the fetter'd Paul
 Lifted his eyes of light and brow of truth
 Before Agrippa, till that prince of lust
 Under the sway of his tempestuous words
 And bold harangue, did tremble, like a tree
 Shook by the night-blast;—From the hills of Rome
 The Vatican in vain its thunders roll'd;

And thy huge palace, dark-wall'd Pleissenburg!
 Witnessed the brave Defender, when he fell'd
 Those Anakims of intellectual might,
 The proud Goliaths of theology.—
 But, lo! at length, the very MAN OF SIN
 (That crown'd blasphemer who travesties Christ)
 Himself upon his Throne of lies shall start
 And shiver. "Pile for pile shall kindle now,
 Bull, Law, and Canons, and Clementines, all,
 Shall in one sacrifice of flame expire!"
 So spake the Monk undaunted; and the blaze
 Redden'd and rose beside the eastern gate
 Of Wittemberg, above that papal mass
 Of Fictions mould'ring, and Impostures vile;
 While with a shout, that should for ever ring
 The heart of Europe with responsive tones,
 Applauding thousands hail'd the deed sublime
 Which kindled that protesting flame of truth,
 Whose faint reflection scorches Popedom now.

But, there He stands!—in superhuman calm
 Concenter'd, and sublime: around Him Pomp
 And Blaze imperial; haughty eyes, and tongues
 Whose tones are tyranny, in vain attempt
 The heaven-born quiet of his soul to move.
 Crown'd with the grace of everlasting truth
 A more than monarch, among Kings he stood:
 And while without, the ever-deep'ning mass
 Of murmur'ing thousands, on the windows watch'd
 The torchlight gleaming through the crimson'd glass
 Of that throng'd Hall, where TRUTH on trial was,—
 Seldom on earth, did ever Sun go down,
 Or, Evening mantle o'er a grander scene.
 There Priests and Barons, Counts and Dukes were
 met,
 Landgraves and Margraves, Earls, Electors, Knights,
 And Charles the Splendid, in the glowing pride
 Of princely youth, with Empires at his feet;
 And there—the miner's son, to match them all!
 With black robe belted round his manly waist,
 Before that Bar august he stood serene;
 By self-dominion reining down his soul.
 Melancthon wept; and Spalatinus gazed
 With breathless wonder on that wondrous Man;
 While, mute and motionless, a grim array
 Of priests and monks, in combination dire,
 On Luther fasten'd their most blood-bound gaze
 Of bigotry; but not one rippling thought disturb'd
 The calm of heaven on his commanding face.
 Meek, but majestic—simple, but sublime
 In aspect, thus he braved the wrath of Rome,
 With brow unshrinking, and with eyes that flash'd
 As if the spirit in each glance were sheath'd;—
 And then, with voice that seem'd a soul in sound
 Made audible, he pled the Almighty's cause
 In words almighty as the cause he pled,
 THE BIBLE'S!—God's religion, not the Priest's,
 By craft invented, and by Lucre saved,—
 For THIS, life, limb and liberty he vow'd
 To sacrifice; though Earth and Hell might rage,
 Not Pope, nor Canon, Council nor Decree
 Would shake him!—From the Throne of that resolve
 By Fiend nor Angel would his Heart be hurl'd;
 Truth and his Conscience would together fight,
 The World 'gainst them—and they against the World!
 And then with eyes that flash'd celestial fire,
 Full in the face of that assembly roll'd
 The fearless Monk those ever-famous WORDS—
 "GOD HELP ME! HERE I STAND ALONE. AMEN!"

And let all Ages that "AMEN" repeat,
 For it is worthy; Angels might the word
 Have welcom'd, and the eternal arches rung
 An echo as it roll'd from Luther's lip
 Solemn and deep, and with stupendous fate
 Attended,—since the truth was then uplift,
 The Cross defended, and the Bible crown'd

With vict'ry; when alone the Monk of God
Rallied his spirit into high resolve,
And 'gainst the Pope, the Devil and The World,
Terror and Time, and man's Ingratitude,—
Fearless as Stephen, like a martyr stood
Firm as THE ROCK on which his faith was built.

But not for this will Persecution's fang
Be blunted. Hark; beneath the vaulted roof
Of Worms' Cathedral, rise the chanted hymns
Round the High Altar; while pale incense-clouds
Float their soft fragrance through the aisles immense
Of that grey temple. There, at Charles's feet,
(Haughty, and with imperious rancour stung)
Vile Alexander, on his knee, presents
An EDICT, dooming Faith and Luther's soul
Together, under ban and blast to be
Unceasing:—"since the monk was fiendish man,
And all of heresies by heart conceived,
By Satan loved, or damning falsehood dreamt,
Hath Hell epitomised in him at last!"—

Now, drops the curtain on the DRAMA's view;
Strangely and suddenly the scene's o'erveil'd
By Myst'ry; human actors are withdrawn;
Inaudibly along the darken'd Stage
Of wonders, moves the lone ALMIGHTY now,
Himself evolving what His love decrees
Inscrutable, by boasting man unshared.
And, just like Philip to Azotus rapt,
Sightless, or lost, shall Luther for awhile
Appear; and safe in castled shade retire,
That God *alone* may God's true champion be;
Nor finite agency presume to claim
For effort mortal, what the Hand Divine
Alone can finish, with perfective grace.—
Yes, MAN shall vanish, that the CAUSE may rest,
Ark'd in the hollow of JEHOVAH's Hand,
Shelter'd and safe. But he, the Hope of all,
Far in the forest of Thuringa hid,
E'en in that hour, when most the dazzled scene
Had hail'd him Hero of all prayer and praise,—
At once is banish'd! There, shall Luther find
A teaching solitude, where Faith may learn
Meekly to suffer, and with Flesh contend;
Or, with some Angel of mysterious gloom
Sternly to wrestle, till the break of day,—
The morning twilight of a better mood
Dawn on his mind, in radiant peace again.
Down his own spirit he shall learn to gaze
Through many an humbling grief, and sorrowing
prayer;
And, like his LORD, that mystic Ladder climb,
Whose steps are sufferings, and whose top in Heaven
Through glory reaches!—Chasten'd thus, and calm'd,
The Monk may gather up his soul for God,
And *live* that faith he taught the world to love.

The Interlude.

THY beauty, Nature, hath a chorded spell
Responsively for tones of feeling tuned,
In moments deep of myst'ry, and of mind.
How often when the human World looks harsh
And loveless; when no eye reflects the ray
Of sorrow, beaming mildly from our own;
When, darkly girdled by a zone of thought,
Apart, and voiceless in our souls we move;—
Thy scenes of calm, thy solitudes profound,
Like mute Interpretations, seem to wear
An outward mirror of the mood we feel!
Thy very silence to the soul appeals
With more than language; thy maternal hush
Upon the heart's strange fever falls, like dew.
Sublime in thy sublimities we grow,
And lose the littleness of earthly thoughts
Amid the vastness of thy speaking Forms

Of grace, and Grandeurs which Thy throne surround.
Soon may the mind, by such entrancement, soar:
From the rank vileness of this vexing world
Awhile set free, it shares a nobler life,—
Holding dim converse with all Shapes and Hues
Which body forth the Beautiful and Bright
Within; or personate the Charms we feel.—
How eloquent the everlasting Hills
Do then appear! proclaiming with their peaks
Majestic, HIM whose fiat bade them stand
Like monuments to Ages long no more.
Or haply, in the Heart's deep-thoughted hours
Musing beside the immemorial Sea
On some poetic shore, (while wave on wave
In hollow thunder lisps th' Almighty's name,)
How strangely does electric Nature thrill
Through forms of matter, on the feeling mind!
As though the Elements, by love inspired,
Would image what our mental dream enjoys.

And did not He, a beauteous symbol trace
Between the gladness of his free-born soul
And nature's jubilee, of sun and breeze,
Heaven-guarded Luther! on his homeward track
From that proud Diet,—where a miner's son
O'erawed the princes, in their hall of pride,
And sent the arrows of resistless Truth
From God's own quiver, through the heart of Rome.
The crystal radiance of a vernal noon
Around him shined; and hark! from forest-boughs
Amid whose branches play'd the truant breeze,
A quiring populace of birds resound
Their sweet hosannahs, and their summer hymns;
And, high o'er all, th' imperial Lord of day
Eyed, like a parent, the rejoicing Earth
Reneath him basking, in a sleep of smiles.
'Twas thus the countenance of Nature gave
A beaming welcome, bright to Luther's heart.
All elements his counterpart assumed;
Meadow and tree intelligently wore
An aspect, touch'd with some respondent hue
To all within him. In that mood intense,
His rapture was religion, while the mind
Revell'd in radiance, like a lark that sings
In sunshine, or a bee that basks in bloom.

His joy was God experienced; and himself
In heart, was living Scripture, for the glow
And gladness felt were letters turn'd to *life*,
Or promises, by rich experience proved,—
In calm almighty through the bosom pour'd.
Hence his free heart, by cheering grace inspired,
Swell'd like a sail before the gallant wind;
Though papal bloodhounds for his spirit yell'd,
A peace beyond disturbing fiends to mar,
His conscience bosom'd;—though the tempest raged,
The swelling purpose of his mind, unmoved,
Rose o'er each danger; as the perill'd bark
Bounds into harbour through a battling sea,
And in calm sunshine dries its dripping sail.

Thus safe is he, against whose life abhor'd
The dooming blast of Rome's relentless ire
By fell edict was thunder'd; till at eve,
As dew-drops thicken on Thuringa's boughs,
And bird and breeze on folded wing retired,
Sit brooding,—back to Einsach's boyish scene
The monk is wending; but as near He comes,
That brave heart, softer than a willow bends
Beneath the magic of remember'd Days!
For now, that local air again he breathes,
Where once, a foodless child of wo, he fought
With iron hardship, and with cruel want,—
Bathing the crust reluctant mercy gave
With drops of anguish, from his harrow'd soul
So often wrung: But now, in dreaming calm,
How his heart echoes, what reviving hours

Are back restoring to all scenes and spots
 What once they took of character or tone,
 Of stern or mild, of melanch'ly, or strange !
 And thus full softly doth the Man subside
 Down to the Boy. For e'en as infant smiles
 Transmute the aged, till their features old
 With infantile expression learn to gleam
 In gentle answer ; so experienced Mind,
 Touch'd by the spirit of life's early scene,—
 Replies serenely to the haunting charm
 Of vernal fancies ; or of vanish'd hours
 Which waken round us, when maturer life
 Down the green windings of gone youth descends.
 Yea, all the poetry of peaceful thought
 (For men live poems in their purest hours,
 But write them when the heart-song over-flows,—)
 Becharms him, till his eye looks glist'ning prayer.
 Oh, had they seen Him in his softer mood
 Unmantled—what a loving Heart was there ;
 Guileless as that which throbb'd on Jesu's breast !—
 Those cowl'd Automatons of barren Faith,
 Whose frequent worship was but ritual wires
 In heartless, mindless, unimpassion'd play
 The man evolving,—Luther then had taught,
 By the fond gushes of this feeling hour,
 That true religion was a manifold love ;
 A godward motion of believing soul
 Panting for Heaven, but yet with Earth at peace,
 And not ashamed her ruling spell to own.

Thus, might we like the travell'd monk, return,
 And backward to the home of Childhood wend,
 How much of elemental Heart and Mind
 Would then return, to whence of old it came,
 Helping to fashion the unfolding man !
 For character is combination drawn
 From Time and Scene, from Circumstance and Spot.
 The brooks which prattled in our Boyhood's ears,
 Or, on whose wavelets sail'd our tiny boat ;
 The tree we climb'd, the path we loved to trace,
 The cowslipp'd valley, or the hawthorn bloom ;
 The widow's cottage, or some thatch'd abode
 Where dwelt the vet'ran of our native vale,
 Who smoothed our head, or tapp'd our rosy cheeks
 With ancient humour,—all, with shaping charm
 Secret but sure, that bring help to build
 Which manhood in its moral structure shows.
 For there is nothing which we feel, or see,
 Admire or welcome, but a forming power
 From them doth flow, and reach the vestal mind.
 Sunrise and Sea, and solemn-vested Night
 When mute creation God's cathedral turns
 For Nature's worship, with all social things ;—
 The Hand you grasp, the Hearts your own selects,
 The sigh you echo, or the tear you shed
 Responsive,—none wield unavailing sway ;
 But leave impression, tinge, or secret tone
 Hereafter in your complex manhood felt,
 Or found. And, like as our sepulchral dust
 Howe'er transmuted by organic change,
 Under the blast of Death's awaking trump
 Back to the Person, by attractive law
 Shall rally, and a perfect body form ;
 So, may the structure of our moral frame
 Completely from such causes manifold
 The after finish of its form educe.

But now, from scenes where childhood's dark-
 wing'd years

Had bleakly wafted his unfriended life
 Through many a storm—to Mora's rustic wild,
 Onward, behold, the dauntless trav'ler speeds.
 In that calm village where his lowly sire
 Drew the first breath, his soul partakes
 The deep o'erflowings of affection's tide,
 Tranquil as tender : placed amid kind hearts,
 That beat fond echoes to his faithful own,—

What peace he finds ! what purified repose !
 Not his the bosom cold, or shut, or stern ;
 Nor mock philanthropy ! which makes a world
 Its giant fav'rite, while domestic chords
 Are unallow'd to vibrate through the breast,
 And distant love proves mere neglect at home !—
 Fresh on his soul the dews of feeling lay
 Lovely and bright, as youth's unwither'd prime
 Had witness'd ; in The man remain'd the boy :
 And they who wonder'd, when the Hall of Worms
 Erect and moveless saw the Hero stand,
 Might here have seen him with a graceful stoop
 Bend to the lowly ; and, with winning smile
 Attractive, clasp the humblest Hand that came.
 And all his glory into shade recall.—
 Simplicity alone was Greatness here ;
 And, in the hush of this ancestral vale,
 High on the wings of meditative bliss,
 In psalms, and lyric melodies of mind
 Mounted his heart—beyond the rising gloom
 Beneath him, o'er his earthly Future spread.
 Like some sweet bird, that oft, at golden noon
 Soaring and singing, to the gates of Light
 Wings its loved way, in ecstasy and song—
 But soon as Earth's low atmosphere it tries,
 Drops the glad plume, and songless grows again.

But, this parenthesis of holy calm
 Is brief as blest ; again, his forward course
 Through the green twilight of Thuringa's woods,
 Behold the man of God in peace renew,
 Under the balmy flush of May inspired ;
 Till, lo ! at length old Glisbach's hoary fane
 Grooms on the air ; and, girt with feudal walls,
 Altenstein glimmers from its castled height
 Serene, but stern.—But see ! in golden calm
 The Day is gliding down the burning west,
 Where the red Sun his farewell pomp arrays ;
 While round about him, as for royal sheen,
 Banners of crimson lustre wave, and form,
 Till the far clouds, with sympathetic hues
 As all around in radiant sleep they lie,—
 Catch the bright meanings from his kingly face
 Reflected. Soon the forest-boughs begin,
 In the trac'd quiet of a sunset hour
 To still their waving ; for the languid breeze
 Drops its gay motion ; and the insect hum
 Low in the grass delights a pensive ear ;
 While the glad wings of home-returning birds
 Flap on the air, with audible advance,
 That bids you track them to their pine-built nest
 With eye pursuant. But amid this peace
 Of nature, deep as if with conscious depth,
 Hark ! tramp on tramp !—with ringing hoofs, which
 rend

The air before them, while the riven trees
 Tremble, as if the sudden whirlwind tore
 Their tangled umbrage,—horse and horsemen arm'd
 Plunge into view, in panoply complete,
 And mask'd : then, swift and silent, ere a thought
 Can think protection,—Luther, from his steed
 Dismounted, by some mailed horseman grasp'd
 And cloak'd, and on a charger rudely thrown,
 At once is captured,—as by magic chain'd.
 And, in a second, hark ! the sounding hoofs
 Ring the deep forest with a hollow clang ;
 Then, onward through its beechen wilds and woods,
 Plunge the mask'd riders, with a trackless speed ;
 And, Luther !—where is now thy destined home ?
 Who can forecast what God or man intends ?
 Or, tell what dungeon, stake, or crushing wrong
 Awaits thee, when at once so bright a day
 Ends in the shadow of so strange eclipse !

But Night hath gather'd ; and her palling shade
 Garments the woods, that now with blacker gloom
 The mountain-heights of lone Thuringa fringe ;

And yet, the horsemen, with a voiceless flight
Hurry their captive through untrodden paths
Till the Moon rises, and her silv'ring gleam
Pale on the fortress of the Wartburg sleeps,—
That yonder, dim and melancholy, stands,
Calm as the clear cold heavens which o'er it spread
Their arch of silence: there the horsemen pause,
Wearied and worn; and, list! the bugle sounds
A waking challenge in the warder's ear;
Drawn are the bolts, and down the drawbridge falls;
On iron hinges, ponderously slow,
Opens the gateway to the midnight troop;
And mask'd and mail'd, around thee in yon court,
High-wall'd and barricaded, there they stand,—
For, LUTHER, lo! thy Patmos greets thee now:

Deep trance of Night! a mystic power is thine,
That properties creation with a charm
Beyond what day-beams, in their brightest glow,
Can emanate, whate'er the scene may gild.
But, oh! if ever into heart of man
The Midnight, like a mute religion sent
Her spirit,—surely when the captur'd monk
Down the dim chambers of the Wartburg paced,
Thy genius, then, in solemn glory reign'd!
There, by his window'd turret, lofty, bleak,
And lone, unharm'd in holy peace he mused,
The past revolved, and o'er the future pray'd.
But there be moments, in this life of ours,
Beyond the weak apocalypse of words,
E'er to unveil; so charged with secret might,
Their master with perplexity immense,
Or into voiceless sentiment transform
Our spirit: like a cloud, we seem to float
In formless vacancy, with fruitless gloom
Begirt and blinded;—till forced nature feels
By truth replenish'd, and distinctive thoughts
Rise from the heart, pathetic, soft, profound,
Like tears of pity in a good man's eye.—
Then, all we have been, are, or hope to be,
Blends in strange climax; and the soul's o'ersway'd
With big emotion, or with breathless prayer.

All that we HAVE been—yes! the night restores:
Form after Form we loved, or knew, or fear'd,
Moves o'er the platform of the summon'd past;
While dead eyes open, and familiar smiles
Fall on our hearts; or household voices ring,
Till the soul echoes with remember'd tones
Sweeter than music in its tranced excess!—
And all we are, oh! Night can this expound;
And self to self, beyond all preachers show,
In truthful plainness;—making conscience start,
As sin on sin, which cov'ring daylight hides,
From the dim back-ground of our being comes
To awe Conception. Then, the future's doom!
Oh, how the spirit of the midnight hush
To THAT, significance and shape imparts,
As depths of possibility untold
Open beneath Imagination's eye,—
Fearful, and fathomless, and full of God!
But, then we rise ourselves beyond; and reach
The skirts and shadows of a higher state
Yet to be master'd. Or, may Thought presume
Thus to imagine,—that as embryo life
Hath latent inlets ere the breath begins,
And dormant senses undeveloped powers,
So, may our SPIRIT in the flesh perceive
Faintly and feebly, some prelusive State,
And preconceptions of HEREAFTER feel
Which antedate a nobler Life, to come!

And did not Luther, at this dreaming hour
His great heart yield to more than words depict?—
Bathed in the ether of divinest calm
As there he mused, and from his window'd tower
Greeted the heavens, with planets jewell'd bright.

A halcyon calm adown the seething depths
Of th' vex'd bosom, solemnly was breathed;
While feelings, tinged with supernat'ral awe,
But tender, round him cast their mingled spell.—
Like sunny gleams, in evanescent play,
Glances of truth upon his spirit dart
But vanish, ere a syllable can seize
Their beauty, or their brilliant charms describe.
Wordless the hour, but how intense the scene!
For never, since in Roman prison clank'd
The fetter'd Paul his honourable chain,
And haply through his grated window watch'd
The arch of midnight,—hath a finer Soul
Look'd o'er yon sky, than that which gazeth now!
Mute as a cloud, the time-worn castle stands
Of Wartburg, through the glassy moonlight rear'd
In outline black, colossal and abrupt;
Beneath him, rapt in motionless array,
Thuringa's forest spreads a gloomy wild,
Soundless; and, so becalm'd in dewy sleep
That e'en the leaflet, when some quiv'ring air
Throbs for a moment,—like a lip in dreams
It vibrates, but no vocal murmur makes.
Creation, lock'd in one expressive trance,
Comes on the soul o'erwhelmingly sublime.
From the high moon, and melancholy stars
Around her, to the stirless grass beneath,
How mute is nature, how intensely fill'd
With Life, with Meaning, and with sentient Awe!
As if the Earth were conscious that mysterious God
Commanded silence, and she felt it rise
Deeper and deeper, from creation's heart,
And all Things binding with religious spell.

But now, the glory of this midnight scene
Melts through his being; till each spirit-chord
Thrills to the magic, with responsive tone:
Lo! the large tear-drop on his eyelid hangs
And quivers, like a half-unspoken prayer
That on the balance of expression moves.
For God, and Truth, and Luther, now commune;
And Midnight hearkens, as the monk adores
The CHRIST ETERNAL, in his glory spher'd
High o'er the heavens, beyond conception raised,
And baffling all things—but believing prayer!—
Which climbs that region where His radiance dwells,
And thrills the SAVIOUR on his very throne.

Patmos.

SUBLIME of privilege!—to be alone,
And hold communion with celestial Love
In the hush'd temple of the hallow'd mind,
Where thought is worship; and religion wants
No liturgy, save what the heart inspires.—
In pensive solitude, our God unveils
Those charms almighty, which a sordid love
Of this vex'd world is all too vain to prize;
Then truth ascends our being's mental throne,
To rule and regulate the life within;
While round us shades of an hereafter steal,
Till awful Conscience, with prophetic eye,
Rehearses what the Judgment-Day will act,
When Earth's biography shall be unroll'd
Under the gaze Eternal,—read aloud
To men and angels! Now, from sense withdrawn,
The pious Soul at length presumes to gaze
Down her own deep; and there a grandeur finds
A depth in depth, unfathomably retired,
Of consciousness; which makes her more sublime
Than all the gorgeousness of glitt'ring worlds!—
A single Mind the universe outweighs;
A thought than worlds is more stupendous far;
And the proud stars, which populate the sky
In dazzling multitudes,—are less divine
Than the pale forehead of some pensive Man
Beneath them watching, from whose lifted eye

Outshines divinity at ev'ry gaze !

And this we learn, because in this we live ;
When, from the vulgar life of passion freed,
Within ourselves we dare at last descend :
There truths unsyllabled, our hearts perceive,
And dread predictions by no language shaped
Thrill through our conscience with majestic force
And hint the being men are doom'd to know.

But, solitude a softer mood enjoys ;
The past revives, the tombs of time unlocks,
And in the heart's sad resurrection calls
The dead to life—the dear to love—again !
For when this halcyon o'er the spirit broods
The chain of life, electrically touch'd,
Link after link unwinds, and leads us back
From manhood, with its false and fretting cares,
To childhood, basking in maternal smiles
Soothed into softness, now the stern can weep ;
And sham'd ambition from itself recoils,
To think how basely, on the world's false shrine
The hopes and aims which Heaven alone can meet
Our life hath squander'd, with a fruitless zeal.
Ye Dreams of virtue ! oft in vice exhaled ;
Ye Hopes of greatness ! oft in ruin sunk ;
Ye full-wing'd Energies ! which cleaved your flight
High o'er the vault of young Ambition's heaven ;
REALITY, the wren, the wintry, and the true,
To airy nought, hath frown'd ye all away !

Yet, may we profitably mourn ; and muse
Ourselves to infancy, or faith, again,
When Memory, o'er tombs of buried time
Bends her pale brow, and placidly recalls
The green existence of exulting youth.
For what, though blasting disappointment sear'd
The buds of promise on the tree of Hope ;
Though few have actualized the heart's fond dreams,
By manhood reaching what their youth conceived ;
Yet, contrast is our teacher ; and we know
The truth, by trial only as we live ;
And man who sins, by suffering must be saved ;
While God, by disappointment, makes him wise.

Then, hush'd for aye let all rebellions be ;
But welcome, Solitude ! however drear ;
And come, Reflection ! with thy charms august ;
And Mem'ry ! oft our deeper yearnings wake ;
Be to the husband, all the wife appear'd
In the chaste beauty of her spousal morn ;
Be to the orphan, what the mother was,
When by her knee he knelt, a dimpled boy
Lisping his little prayer ; or on her breast
Pillow'd his head, as if the world were peace :—
Act all within, that life without has been ;
And from the grave, where dead and dear ones lie,
People our homes with those our hearts revere !

And not unlike, in moods of thought intense
To this, was that experience, which the soul
Of Luther gather'd ; when, for ten lone months
By friendly capture, in his Patmos hid.
Here did he muse, and watch, and weep, and pray,
Plunge in himself, and down the mind's abyss
Take many a deep and undescribed gaze ;—
Till Forms of terror, Phantoms of despair,
And dread Emotions, meaningless and vast,
Throng'd into power, and haunted him like hell.

Meet was the spot for high-wrought feeling's hour :
Within were chambers, long, and large ; and roof'd
With fretted stone-work, dimly worn by years ;
Where the glad sunbeam caught a pensive tinge,
Smiling like twilight ; and the tread of feet
Fell like a sound which ought not there to be ;
While from their ancient walls the pale-brow'd dead

Looked on the living, as with sad rebuke
And silent warning. From the window-niche
The eye might witness hills of forest-wood
In green confusion, stretching far away
Into wild distance ; while to Fancy's ear
The pleased hosannahs of perpetual birds
Made the huge forest musically live.
And here, in myst'ry and in mournfulness,
Shrined in the solitude of his own soul,—
How much of Deity did Luther learn !
Ascending oft the mountain-peaks of mind,
The Alps of thought, far up the Godhead ranged,
To talk with his eternity to come.

How like a poem must his life have read ;
Where Fiction's self, by Fact had been surpass'd,
When now, by retrospection's quiet gaze
Unroll'd, and re-perused ! To boyhood's prime
And young experience, when the miner's cot
Roofed his sad hours of struggle, and of sin,
Down the strange past,—through all that Mind
endured,

Dark Conscience felt, or prescient Fancy dream'd,
Remembrance flew ; and now, in castled pomp
Behold him exiled !—far from Rome's dread eye,
That glared with hunger for his mangled form.
And well might he, when thus the Past renew'd
The Present acted, and the future brought
A thrilling influence into vivid play,—
Of cold Reality lose sight and sound ;
Till, by intensity transform'd, and fired,
Wild UNREALITIES around him throng'd,
And PHANTOMS, which derision loves to mock,
Fever'd his life with supernatural force,
Till matter's self the form of mind assumed,
And feeling suffer'd all that fancy shaped.

From hot excitement, to the heavy calm
Of this weird solitude at once transposed,—
Who wonders that reaction, like a curse
Besieged him ; or, with arid weight o'erhung
The beatings of his fine and free-born heart ?
Till, in the blank and barren waste of things
He sank, and melted into mindless tears ;
Or sighed, as if the very soul was worn
And weaken'd down to senselessness, and shame.
Oh ! there were moments, when a fiendish gloom,
A lurid darkness not of earth begot,
Enwrap'd him like a shrouding agony,—
A stifled pain, a suffocating pang,
A grief benumbing with torpedo touch
All the warm currents of the healthy blood,
Till life itself one long compunction grew !
Thus did he suffer ; till the brain o'erboil'd
With feeling, and his soul was set on fire ;
And then, rebukes from some sarcastic fiend
Would ring around him, with disdainful tone,
To mock the little, and to make it less,
Of all that He and Truth together did
When back recoil'd from their sublime assault
Popedom and Pope, with all their banded powers !
Nor let the bond-slave of the senses laugh,
Why Luther in such whirling gloom believed
That ghastly Mockers, bodiless and black,
On soundless wing, and immaterial tread,
Inaudibly around him came ; and cursed
And grin'd in all the ghastliness of hell,
To shake his spirit from that throne of trust,
The word almighty ! Yes, when rolling storms
Yell'd in loud rage ; or night-wing'd tempests burst,
And howl'd along the wind-rock'd battlements
Of Wartburg,—oft did spectral Forms appear
Shading the room with imag'ry of life
And motion ; muttering Fiends his couch besieged,
Till Luther shudder'd out his soul in prayer !
Bht e'en by day, when black depression came,
And, like the night-mare of the mind, o'erhung

All faith and reason, in one fell attack,—
No flaming death his flesh could so appal
As this dark anguish did the blood o'erpower:
The pang, without the peace, of death was there!

But, like an eagle from his chain unloosed
Darting aloft to his blue home of skies
And sunshine,—soon his panting soul escaped
From this foul bondage, into purer life.
He pray'd, and open'd heaven itself by prayer;
Attracting downward some responsive grace
Or balm, which heal'd him like the hand of God.
Or haply music, (like the lyre of old
Tuned into magic by the sweeping touch
Of David, when he charm'd the fiend from Saul,)
Besoothed the spirit; till o'er all his frame
A lulling softness exquisitely crept,
And he was cradled in the charm of sound.

His exile now no barren rock became,
Where thought must wither into wintry blight;
But rather, grew a bower of mental peace,
An isle of calm, amid the sea of life,
A Patmos, where the harbour'd soul retired
From earth's loud shock, to feel the hush of heaven.
Soon, like a giant from his sleep refresh'd,
Up rose the great Reformer! and awoke
The drooping thousands, whose dejected hearts
Pined for one accent of his cheering lips.—
But, *how* he wrought and with what noble bursts
And outbreaks high of eloquence and truth
He pour'd his spirit over Man, and Mind,
Creation's journal can alone disclose.
For souls like Luther's multiply and make
More change within, and character without,
Than dull chronology can e'er depict.
Down to the roots of conscience dived his words
With daring energy, and drew to light
Those hidden workings, and the dark unrest
Which haunt our being: or, on guilt and gloom
His flashing arrows of conviction fell,—
Cleaving the soul to penitence, and prayers.
Through all the provinces of mind he stray'd
On bold excursion's theologic wing,
And wafted light where'er his gospel came.

But, in thy castle, Wartburg, chief o'er all
The monuments which mind up-built there,
Let grateful reverence long that work admire,
O'er which a seraph's wings might shake with joy,—
By Luther, with colossal power, achieved.
There, was the WORD ALMIGHTY, from the grave
Of ancient language, into modern life
Summon'd, in sainted glory to arise,
And speak to souls what souls could understand.
Oh! to have seen him, in the toil august,
Lifting to heaven his meditative eyes
Radiant with wonder, as the deeds of Truth
Eternal gave their hoary secrets up,—
When God's own language into Luther's pass'd
With prompt transition;—till, behold! the grace
Of Jesus out of classic fetters came,
And, like its AUTHOR, to the poor man preach'd!
Noble, beyond nobility to match,
Hero of mind! was thine achievement here:
To free the BIBLE, was to throne thy God
Firm on the conscience of adoring man;
And so, by this supremacy divine
To limit tyrants, should they dare profane
That seat of awe, where none but Godhead reigns!

But intervals there came of lovely calm;
Mild as the languish of a summer even
Around the poet, by some dream entranced,
When nature, like a conscious MEANING, acts,
And through cold matter preaches grace to mind.—
For is not earth an hieroglyphic vast,

From the low insect, to the lofty star,
Where science spells God's everlasting Name?
But, in the flower, the leaflet, and the bud,
How much of deity we cannot grasp!
How much of paradox to make us pause!
Nature herself seems Athanasian oft;
In creed as difficult, in terms as dark
As aught theology can preach, or frame.
Then, student of the Spirit! walk with fear
The halls of nature; nor, with pagan eye
The meanest of Her solitudes and shrines
Inspect thou: ministries of mind are there;
And, more than mere philosophy forebodes
Fills the fine atom that a step destroys.
Angels and Spirits may unseen preside,
And nature's beauty be a seraph's work;
Behind the VEIL which meets our sensual view
Myriads of POWERS may ply Their noiseless hands,
And each live function of this breathing earth,
Serve but to type a ministry unknown.

And, not ungenial to that high-toned mood
When feeling soars, and poetry is born,—
In sun and silence Luther wander'd forth;
Perusing earth, or reading air and sky
As one great manuscript,—where God had penn'd
Some letter'd outlines of His secret NAME.
For, though creation felt the curse's fang,
And beauty from the beautiful hath fled,
And glory from the glorious,—still, the wreck
Is haunted with magnificence, and might;
Making the universe a temple seem,
Whose priestess is the God-revealing soul
Of man, which spells HIM out in earth and heaven,
Or in the stars, whose bright pulsations throb
Like thrills of glory trembling through the skies.

And deep the hour, delicious was the calm
When Luther, in some dream, would oft accost
The speaking loveliness of fruits and flowers
Around him scatter'd, o'er the castled hill.
To him they were most eloquently touch'd
With beauty; orphans of dead paradise
That smiled upon him with a mournful grace;
Till hues and harmonies of Eden throng'd
In sweetest union, round his prayerful mind:
While faith, by rapt imagination rais'd,
Already for that rich millennium pin'd,
Which God hath promised, and His poets sung;
When spousal Earth her bridegroom Lord shall greet
Returning, on creation's throne to reign,
While ev'ry atom of this world redeem'd
Blossoms in His breath, and sparkles by His smile.
But, Nature hath her sad and silent moods,
Her solemn counterparts to serious man.
And oft, at sunset, when pale autumn sigh'd
Like a lone spirit, wailing through the woods
Of Wartburg,—Luther mourn'd 'mid falling leaves
And flowers dejected, till the dew-fall 'gan
To glisten round him; and, his boding mind
Took from the season types of sadd'ning power.
And thus, at midnight, when the Moon array'd
The inspiration of her pallid beam
O'er plain and mountain, from his harrow'd sleep
The exile rose; and, through the window-grate
Of his high turret, o'er the dew-white fields
And cold earth, slumb'ring in the glassy air,
Gazed in transe'd thought, through many a tongueless
hour;
Or, rapt in dreams, the glowing heavens beheld,
That scripture bright, whose syllables are stars!
And, from those orbs, oracularly bright,
Drew meanings holy, intimations high,
And truths beyond astronomy to preach:
For in yon worlds, by POWER UNSEEN upheld,
There shined a symbol of the church secured,
In mercy shielded, yet by myst'ry saved.

The Crisis.

THE saints of thoughts, the seraphim of mind,
The sole archangels of our sinful world
Who make, or magnify the page they fill
With moral prowess,—what colossal pangs
Were theirs, and, what fierce martyrdom they faced
In bringing forth those Promethéan fires
Which lighten cent'ries, with their living ray!
But, never yet hath mind had monuments,
Whose sculptured immortalities of praise
Could half reveal, what lion hearts have braved
In the great agony of being great!
For what, though hist'ry weave its laureate words
Around some trophy of consummate toil;
Or, chant the glory of those giant thoughts
Which grasp'd all ages, with redeeming force;
Result is praised, but not the process told,
Nor the deep racking of those downcast hours
When darkness, like a fiendish nightmare, sat
Heavy upon them; till the gasping soul
Grew effortless, as if by doubt struck dumb;
While truths, that once like inspiration nerved
The heart for battle, e'en to blood and flame,—
Melt into nothing, by spiritless eclipse.

But, *when* have earth's high benefactors felt
That martyrdom, beyond all fires to make?
Not when the clash and combat fiercely rang
Around them; or the world its weapons drew
To daunt their progress or dispel their aims
For then, that eagle of unstooping mind,
Young energy!—did lift itself for flight,
And mounted bravely through the blackest cloud,
Cleaving all tempest with un baffled wing.
Danger and death were talismanic sounds,
Which from the heart drew forth a secret fire:
Effort was theirs; and masterly sublime
O'er scene and circumstance their faith evinced;
Till, lo! the perill'd cause in safety smiles,
And hist'ry for its coronation waits.

But, in the gladness and the glow immense,
When hope's millennium seems at last to bloom;
When the calm jubilee of conscience rings,
And principle its heaven-toned pæan tunes
For truth and triumph,—then, while good men pray,
And great ones in a hush of wonder, pause;
If, in such hour of golden promise, all
Fades into formless vanity, or vice,
And fell Reverse a sudden ruin frown,—
Alas! the heroes of the heart are left
Unpraised, unsooth'd, unlaurell'd, and unsung,
The rack of racks alone to face, and feel,
When Virtue's cause a suicide becomes
And stabs itself to impotence, and shame!

But, such the crisis, that with sudden might
And sweeping darkness, round great Luther's soul
Came, in the very noon of noble hopes,
When the calm future cloudlessly began
To open, and in peace and prayer to reign.—
Height after height victoriously was scaled
Of priestly bulwarks, and papistic lies;
The Bible, into living freedom loosed,
From cot to palace circulated God;
The majesties of buried mind began,
(Clothed in the radiance of regen'rate power)
The grave-clothes of the monk to throw away:
While, chief o'er all, that Mammon of the priest
The aping Mass, where bleeding Christ is mock'd
And flour burlesques the BODY of the LORD,—
Was banish'd; and THE CHRIST in truth began
As Lord of conscience, from all hearts to hurl
That crown'd Melchisedek, whom Rome anoints
Both head and front of Christendom to be!—

When, lo, at once the anarchy of change!
And Luther, palsied as by dread alarm
Around him hears fanatic Madness yell,
And, the hot Atë of excited hearts
Through flame and fury to rebellion sweep.
And *now*, the Pang!—the concentrated pang,
The dire and dark, expressionless and deep,
Heaved in no sigh and by no tear pourtray'd,—
Sank on his soul with adamantine crush.
For all seem'd ruin, and revulsion now:
While leagued rebellion, with its brazen throat,
Its blasting eye-glance, and its bloody mien,
And mingling yells all murderously loud,—
From the black forest of Thuringa raved;
While HE HIMSELF the incarnation look'd
In principle, of all perversion did,
That madness loved, or murder long'd to do!
The people cursed him,—for he cursed their cause,
And call'd rebellion but the child of hell.
The princes cursed him,—for the yoke of Rome
His arm had broken from the nation's mind.
Bereft, in solitude of soul unsoothed,
A Ruin among ruins, thus he stood
With heart all bleeding, and with spirit bare,
One living agony of gloom, and tears.
And well might Luther, like his MASTER, feel
Desertion, in that night of nights profound!
For Heaven's own cause fanatically lay
Trampled, and torn beneath a hoof of lies,
When Munzer and his host by hell inflamed,
Shouted, "THE SPIRIT!"—and to blood blasphemed
Both God and Bible, with insanest breath!
Each to himself a Holy Ghost became,
And all his madness to th' Almighty gave.
Reason was drunk; and stifled conscience gasp'd;
And HE, who was on earth th' embodied Type
Of holy Order, and consummate Law,
Both first of Subjects and the first of Kings,—
Upon the banners of rebellion found
His Cross,—a symbol of all madness made!
E'en common feeling from the roots was torn;
Till all affections, motherly and mild,
Which form sweet nature's consecrated spring,—
(Nile of the heart! whose undiscover'd source
Deep in the bosom of the Godhead lies)
Were parch'd to nothing, in that burning waste;
When heroes (for the HOLY GHOST mistook)
Mangled her thousands, by a hellish creed,
And Christen'd MURDER with the name of CHRIST!

"But fear thou not!" a Voice within him cries;
"Forward! for I am with thee, man of God!
On to the rescue of My Truth! and fight
With weapons all resistless as divine."
And forward went He; with a burst of faith
Truth from his cloud of black dejection breaks
And Luther is Himself, in soul, again!
While hope (that rainbow of the weeping mind,
The Iris out of tears of passion wove)
Smiles through the sunshine of prophetic calm,
And his heart palpitates with silent prayer.

Mental Resurrection.

TRUE liberty, O God! thy Spirit makes;
For the vast doctrine of redeeming Love,
Holds in itself, the majesties of man.
Freedom and faith our twin inspirers are,
The healthful source from which our greatness springs.
All fine immunities of sense and soul,
All deeper actings of divinest thought,
All morals, motives, aims, and bold designs,
And aspirations for the Good unseen,
In the pure conscience find their perfect root.
For liberty within, forms light without,
And grace, the spirit of salvation is.
Whate'er of polity great freedom lauds,

Whate'er of life domestic love reveres,
Whate'er of mind heroic wisdom haunts ;
Or, in the temple of essential truth
Whatever there, inviolably pure
The adorations of deep conscience find,
From grace in principle, (that teeming germ !)
By moral efflux have directly flow'd.

The reformation thus the MIND redeem'd ;
The swathing bands that superstition cast
Round the chain'd spirit, were at once dissolved ;
And, lo ! a mental resurrection smiled :
A golden dawn of intellectual day
Already round the clear'd horizon glanced,
And faintly shined on Europe's rising heart.
See Luther and Melancthon all on fire,
Ardent as eagles, in their sunward flight,
From truth to truth victoriously advance !
Instead of masses,—mark the Holy Feast,
The mystic Supper of our mighty LORD,
Dispensed with beauty, primitive and plain.
The VISIBLE its hallow'd claim advanced,
And IDEALITY a form assumed ;
While the young Church Her pristine features wore
Thus rites external, for external sense,
And truths internal, for internal soul,
Adaptingly the wants of nature met ;
And symmetries, and symbols duly ranged,
Humanity in complex-whole employed.
So CHRIST was GOD in personating Flesh
Array'd,—an INFINITE in Finite robed :
For, mere abstractions angels may perceive,
But men embodied must by *forms* be led,
And rites are reasons, when by God approved.

But, not o'er temple-rites alone was breathed
That order, Principle divinely brings ;
But, through the heart, by reformation clear'd
From papal mist, the common mind was touch'd,
And the pure founts of intellect unseal'd,
From lofty plans, see Education stoop
To ply the humblest with her lesson'd skill ;
While cloister'd Learning, from her cells escaped,
Comes to the peasant's home, the people's heart ;
Till mind is no monopoly for priests,
And classic thought in sacerdotal rust
No more lies with'ring ; but, at Luther's word,
Walks through the world of feeling, and of faith.
And ye, the symbols of our inner sense,
Types of the Beautiful, we cannot reach ;
Ye adumbrations, of diviner grace
Than ever seen, when most Invention cries
Her glad EUREKA ! round enraptured souls ;
Ye Arts ! which make Imagination's heaven,
By shape, or hue, or melody revealed,—
Ye also, from the reformation caught
A new intensity of grace, and power.
For music rose, seraphically deep,
And revelled in a paradise of sound,
To hymn the PRINCE of Glory, and of peace ;
And Painting, from Apostles imaged forth
Forms of fair virtue, in sublimest mould :
And thus, the hunger of the seeking mind
On scripture banqueted, in blissful ease ;
While piety and painting blent their powers,—
Taking a cast from beauty's very soul,
In lines of love, and lineaments of heaven.
And She, the empress of our glowing moods,
Enchantress mild of melancholy hours,
High Poetry, the heart's young priestess,—came ;
And, on the altar of melodious hours
Laid the soft incense of devoutest song.

And thus, amid the harmony of things,
Awhile, as on the brink of heaven restored,
Rejoiced the grateful Luther.—Who can tell
The Promised Land of hope's perpetual dream

How greenly bright before him, then it smiled !
The passion and the principle of song,
With full intensity his being fired :
'Twas thus, the poetry of peace and joy
Each fine pulsation of his nature thrilled ;
And all without, from life internal, took
Some answering tone of sympathetic love.
Through walks, and woods of Wittenberg he roam'd ;
Or, gave his spirit to the mountain-breeze ;
And, in the carol of rejoicing streams,
The leafy warble of the forest boughs,
Or, lyric echoes of the laughing wave,
In sound, and scene, and all which nature show'd,—
A charm responsive to himself he found.
Nature and man in fine accordance met ;
Their smiles and tones reciprocally play'd ;
Her forms of matter, to his shaping mind
Embodied meaning ; and a moral grace
From all Her symmetries appeared to flow.
Now was the halcyon of the heart ; awhile
Bosom'd in peace, the bright-soul'd monk was blest.
The past was praise, for all that vict'ry won ;
The present prayer for all that mercy gives ;
And o'er the future his prophetic heart
Glow'd with entrancement,—as Isaiah did
When his lyre trembled with exulting tones
Millennial, over crown'd MESSIAH's reign :
Till oft, in rapt imagination's dream,
Amid the universe of happy worlds,
This earth appear'd creation's loved St. John,
Safe on the bosom of redemption's LORD,
Reclining there in glory, and in rest.

And, like th' apostle of the church reform'd
Who has not, in the harmony and heaven
Of some high mood of meditative calm,
(As opes the flower its scented breast of bloom
To welcome in each beautifying ray,)
Opened his spirit with expanding joy
To nature, in her eloquence of scene,
As if to CONSCIOUSNESS, he then appealed ?
Till all Creation grew personified,
And the touch'd earth (to fancy's tender dream)
His living counterpart of joy became !

As through some harp, most exquisitely strung,
The vulgar breeze to music's voice is turn'd
When o'er its chords the airy tremor floats,
By subtle magic ; so, to mind intense,
The coarse realities of sense and time
Change, as they touch the intellectual powers,
To meanings beautiful, and mental types ;
The prose of earth to poetry of heaven
Is thus transform'd, for faith's perusal then ;
And, oh ! ye scenes, ye splendours, and ye sounds,
Like inspirations, lo ! at once ye act :
All hidden sacraments of earth, and air,
All signs and symbols of redeeming grace
Steal into view with eloquent surprise !
Till the charm'd eye of sainted thought conceives
The dust to overflow with Deity ;
While all things, into sacredness refin'd,
Make parables, to hint redemption's plan.

Thrice happy they, who thus by heav'n empower'd,
Can find a scripture in the flowers, and leaves !
Creation's book then fancy's bible forms ;
And faith poetic, by the Spirit led,
All nature calls a comment on the Cross.
In this let holy Love our teacher be !
A love perpetual,—for in *that* supreme,
The sabbath's God Himself no sabbath keeps.
And then, what great proprietors we are !
E'en on His throne THE UNCREATE is ours,
By covenant, from everlasting made ;
And *under* it, entire creation works
For good and glory, to the church redeem'd.

Many have much, but all desire a more;
 But less than Infinite, to man is nought:
 The MORE must be almighty,—or 'tis none!
 But who hath Christ, has God by God bestow'd,
 And dread eternity becomes his friend.
 Then still, thou sun! EMMANUEL'S image be,
 And like a shadow of His glory burn;
 Thou moon! his mystic bride on earth, reflect;
 Planets! that with prophetic radiance gleam;
 Thou paragon of elemental powers,
 Myst'ry of waters, never-slumbering sea!
 Impassioned orator! with lip sublime,
 Whose waves are arguments, which prove a God;
 Ye woods! that with tempestuous anthems ring;
 Ye winds! whose hallelujahs tongue the storm
 With music's deep magnificence of tone;
 Ye mountain-altars! which from earth to heaven
 Serenely lift your consecrated brows,
 While the soft grandeur of the silent hills
 Sinks on the heart, like music low and sad;—
 Long in your magic each and all abide,
 Some teaching mystery of Christ to show.
 That so, in all things, with an eye of praise
 And heart of prayer, true faith may ever find
 In nature, as in grace,—her God express'd;
 And, in the temple of creation greet
 Those solemn glories which His Name enshrine.

The Affections by the Truth made Free.

If ever, since the pulse of feeling play'd
 In the quick breast of God-created man,
 Companionless, in isolation pure
 Our Being well and wisely might have stood,—
 'Twas, when creation heard him crown'd
 Her living monarch; while the lyric stars
 Chanted a birth-day ode, and angels lined
 The silver battlements of heaven above,
 To see a masterpiece of human mould
 Divinely radiant, out of dust evoked,
 And stamp'd with spirit from the hand of God.
 Then was the hour, if ever such might dawn,
 When echoless a mortal heart might throb
 And still be happy,—in itself complete,
 By woman's smile unwelcomed, and unwe'd.
 But, not when paradise within made peace,
 And paradise without responsive joy,
 Was human loneliness by Heaven approved:
 "*It was not good that man should be alone.*"
 And thus, the female COUNTERPART was framed,
 In oneness sacramentally profound,
 From his own being moulded, and educ'd;
 And woman thus to Adam's tower was brought;
 There, the first marriage, by almighty hands
 In stainless Eden, was perform'd and seal'd.
 As the first miracle MESSIAH work'd
 To wedlock gave the glory of its power:
 So, life monastic came from man alone;
 But life domestic is from God derived.

But she, the murd'ress of emotions pure,
 The vile creatress of mistaken good;
 Both law and love in nature contravened;
 And dared, with hand of sacrilegious force,
 From the fine bosom where soft feeling dwells,
 Expunge all instinct, and the soul uproot;
 To plant, and place it in a coarser soil
 Blighted and bare, with chills unmanly curs'd.—
 But, Nature proved an unmonastic thing!
 And when in light the monk of God arose
 To stay the famine of the soul for truth,
 The HEART was hung'ring for the food of love.
 Pining, and pent, in passionless remorse
 It wither'd, by a tort'ring fetter bound
 To vow itself to suicidal gloom.
 Yet, few had fester'd in o'er-righteous chains:
 Though canons frown'd, and convent law decreed

Death to the Heart by female Heart enticed;
 Till thus, in self-revenge, the blood o'erboil'd
 In fires of feeling,—ruffian passion raged!
 And homes, which might have been like heavens of
 bliss,
 Had holy wedlock lit the vestal flame,—
 Grew hells impure, unmentionably vile,
 Where powers of darkness turned to priests of lust,
 And Satan saw himself by Rome outdone!

But he, who brought the buried scripture forth
 From tombs of silence, and monastic death,
 The bright restorer of domestic bliss
 At length, with dreadless vigour dares to be.—
 Affections are the food of hearts that feel;
 For such pined Luther; and in Ketha met,
 Fresh in her maidenhood of life and love,
 That feeling sympathy fond nature sought.
 For what, though all around grew black and drear,
 And the wild echoes of the peasant war
 Rang loud in Europe's ear; while reek'd the blood
 Of thousands, on Thuringa's hoof-worn plain:
 Yet, did the Word about him cast a shield,
 While o'er him hung the canopy of heaven.
 The God of marriage was the God of man:
 Here, on *this* rock, the thunder-blasts of Rome
 Sank powerless, as the lisp of summer winds!
 And then, though man and fiend together scoff'd,
 Better by far that flesh and blood should quail;
 Or, all creation be annull'd in gloom,
 Than ONE majestic truth of God be harm'd!—
 In heresy our God Himself we lose;
 And the big Universe a bubble seems,
 Weigh'd in the balance of a single word
 Dropt from the lips of an almighty Love!—
 But *That* was with him; sealing woman's love
 As heavenly-bright, and by the Saviour blest:
 And therefore not by this the cause sublime
 Was perill'd; nor the reformation's ark
 In danger, when the monk of Wittenberg
 Rose, in the freedom of a fervid soul,
 To rive the fetters of monastic vows
 Asunder, from his God-deliver'd mind;
 And, lifting his pure conscience in the light
 Of scripture, up to majesty and truth,
 Shined on the world,—a Husband not ashamed!

And round that scene, where his devoted heart
 The wedded Luther to his Ketha gave,
 Eternal wisdom cast approving smiles,
 And heaven its hymeneal blessings shed.
 For then, was PRIVATE LIFE from priestly lust
 Deliver'd, peace conjugal back restored,
 And wedlock, in its sainted charm enshrined;
 While Rome, another and a ruder shock
 Experienced, from the soul of Luther sent;
 For now, affections, nerved with sudden life,
 Together with deep principle combined;
 Till, both concentr'd,—back to nature gave
 A creed which conscience could avow and act;
 To guide the faith, to guard emotion pure,
 And brighten homes with honourable love,
 Where prison'd feeling, passionless and pale
 Languish'd alone; or, lewd corruption came
 To look the angel, with a demon's heart!

And thus, within the haven of a home
 Luther at length his care-toss'd spirit found,
 Anchor'd in peace, and matrimonial joy
 Secure. And where do Love's fond annals tell
 A home of heart, more exquisite than his?
 The once cowl'd monk, (who trod the cloisters dim,
 And made his melancholy footsteps ring
 With cadence long and lone,) was now become
 A glowing husband, and a gladden'd sire.
 And lovely was it, when his mind, unrobed
 Of all its panoply of public state,

Reposed in sunshine,—and, at home retired,
Sparkled and play'd around his infant boy;
Or else, in laughing sweetness echo'd back
The tones of glee, and truths of gay delight
Which Ketha, from her sunbright bosom, sent;
Or, look'd applause, to see his portrait rise,
Under the magic of embroid'ring art
Featured and form'd! And so, when sombre night
Mantled his dwelling with sabbatic peace,
Seldom have angels, as they waft their flight
From home to home, on voiceless errands wing'd,
A fairer landscape of domestic love
And life beheld, than Martin Luther made
Around him, with his wife and infant smile;
Nor, haply, upon heaven's memorial page
The meek hosannahs of more thankful minds
Have they recorded,—than the chants they heard,
When sang the great restorer of the Truth
Hymns of the heart, around his household shrine.

A monk was married!—How the priesthood raved!
But God was with him; and His word approved
A deed that shook all Popedom to the base,
The convents oped, the Vatican alarm'd,
And push'd the world, by matrimonial law,
A cent'ry forward, into fearless paths
Of light, of liberty, and spousal love!
All scripture canonized the act: but Powers
In nature also, with approval smiled;
For imaged wedlock, in the vital bonds,
The unions pure, the harmonies profound,
The loving sense and sympathy of things,—
His fancy by poetic vision, saw.

And let the hard utilitarian smile;
Whose creed is chiefly by the palate form'd,
Building religion on a sensual base.
For ever,—thanks to minds of heavenly mould,
A faith there is, which, like to Luther's, loves
The adumbrations of a deeper life
Beyond the sense,—in matter's self to trace.
CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH; for these the world was
framed;

And thus to them, with eye divine endow'd
The SPIRIT'S KINGDOM on this earth to see,
Creation teems with poetry for Christ,
By forms of matter unto faith reveal'd.
All pangs, all pleasures, faculties, and powers,
The souls of God's elected race can find
Or feel, or suffer,—may from nature draw
Tones of respect, and touches of regard,
And something that resembles sympathy.

Nor, let the worshippers of clay alone,
Pronounce this pure Imagination's dream;
For haply, thus the myst'ry may unwind,
And what the poet sings, the saint admire.
When this fair world to conscious being rose
With beauty eloquently garb'd, and bright,
Why were her forms, her symmetries, and scenes,
Touch'd by a spell that can envisage mind,
And, like a glassing metaphor,—reflect
An image dim, but exquisitely deep,
Of much our mental universe combines?
The forms of nature with the facts of grace,
Why do they so responsively apply,
That each with each, in harmony coheres?
Or, in that region where the feelings dwell,
Why does our spirit from the sounds and scenes
Of nature, catch a mute intelligence,
As if with consciousness of Man and Mind
The speaking magic of her aspect smil'd?
The festive jubilee of summer winds,
The soothing descant of a far-off sea,
The storm's loud wail, the ocean's sullen roar,
Noon with its sun and midnight with the stars,
The Spring, with her sweet family of flowers,

Or widow'd Autumn, with consumptive leaves,
And pale faced Winter with a frozen vest,—
Why do they all, intelligibly bring
Hints to the heart, and harmonies for mind?
Is this reply, which all creation gives
To mortal feeling, but the fancy's mock?
Or, is not earth a PARABLE DIVINE?
And poets, when their witching eyes discern
Meanings that flow from matter into mind,
Priests of THE SPIRIT, in creation are?
For THOU, O CHRIST! art universal KING:
By Thee, and for Thee, were not all things made?
So, when the SPIRIT on the mass new-born
Of nature brooded, then, with mystic SEAL,
All matter, for THY Glory, was impress'd
With types peculiar, with expressive laws;
Thy church to show, thy symbols to expound,
And thus preach GOSPEL to our very sense;
Till Nature acts the orator for Grace,
And all Creation's one gigantic type
For Christ, and christianity arranged.

And such the creed imagination holds,
When the proud beauties of this earth appear
But shadows, from the Saviour's glory cast.
And seldom hath th' electric blood of man
Rippled with sense more rapturously keen
Of BEAUTY, than did Luther's,—when he pour'd
High feeling out, with passionate excess
Of sympathy, for all that lived, or look'd
Into his heart with nature's eye of love!
But moods of preternat'ral calm there came,
With might of thought, and majesty of dreams
And a deep awe beyond all words to voice,
Under the mute and melancholy heavens
As oft he worshipp'd, in his window-shade
At starry moonlight. Then, th' unpillar'd vault,
By viewless ENERGY for aye upheld,
Harangued him, like a holy sign,—which spake
How like that arch of glory God sustains
The church elect, by bleeding merit won.
Or, when the moon through some black cloud
emerged,

In radiant vict'ry from a brief eclipse,
To him a symbol of refulgent grace
It shined, of how the reformation's cause
From the fell darkness of imperial frowns
At length would glide to glory, and to peace.

Yet, not from nature, solitude, or night,
Nor wedded life, with all its household sweets,
Its sober quiet, and its sterling joys,—
A force to grapple with infernal Arms,
Wisdom to guard, or prudence to restrain
The lawless plunges of impassion'd will,
The brave reformer drew: below the skies
There dwelt no Charm which could have moulded
Him:

From ONE high source both cause and courage sprang,
And that divine!—from spirit-breathing prayer,
Hour after hour communing with his God.

He loved the bible,—and he lived it, too;
Till each bright promise to experience turn'd
By faith transmuted, or by love enjoy'd.
The source of Luther was a strength of PRAYER;
Frequent, and full, and fervidly inspired,
As oft the castled gloom of Coburg heard.
Though loud the reformation's battle grew,
And empires, as with moral earthquake heaved,
Throned was his spirit in elysian calm!
But where man wonders, faith can all explain:
'Twas God WITHIN made Luther great without;
Whether against that triple-crown'd Pretence,
The mitred Antichrist of Rome, he hurl'd
His thunders; or, on sacerdotal crimes
Pour'd the fine vengeance of his free-born words.

In truths, which burned with majesty, and mind;
Prayer was the panoply, the shield and strength
That arm'd him for the fight, and kept him there.
With this, the world, the arch-fiend and the flesh
Combined, he nobly fought and bravely fell'd.
And we inherit what his prayers procured:
For light in conscience, liberty in creed,
And the pure freedom of our British faith,
How much to blessings drawn by Luther's voice
From the high sanctuary of heaven, they owe!
Yea, half the glory living empires boast
Shines with the mercy which the Monk procured,
When GODHEAD listen'd to a Luther's prayer!

And round a privilege, augustly dear
Like this, no language save inspired, can twine
The wreath, (how due!) of evangelic praise.
Prayer from eternity true riches gains
To make the poverty of time, less poor;
Heaven down to earth, and earth to heaven it brings,
While dust with Deity by faith confers:
And, mark! through nature, providence, and grace,
What miracles hath mighty prayer achieved!
The kingly Elements their thrones have left
To bow before it, and obey (though vast)
Its high dominion: Flood, and Sea, and Fire,
Have soften'd their severity of force,
Suspended by it; Sun and Moon have paused
In wonder, on their cars of wheeling flame,—
As if arrested by the Almighty's touch;
And the wild brute, which not a world could tame,
Meek as a lamb, before a saint has crouch'd,
Harmless and mute, when it beheld him pray!
Heroes in heart, in principle, or power,
Hath prayer alone with high perfection crown'd:
While saints and martyrs, and the men of old,
Giants in grace, who grappled with the fiend,
Or threw him bravely in the spirit's fight,
By valiant prayer their elevation reach'd.
And earth's EMMANUEL, in His day of flesh
Outwatch'd the midnight with His mountain prayer;
And, from the reservoir of Godhead drew
His faith intense, his fortitude divine:
And all, who love the cause eternal, have
Like their pure MASTER, fought the world with
prayer,
And strike for God, by God himself inspired!

A Landscape of Domestic Life.

FROM out the bosom of paternal bliss
When came the SECOND of th' almighty THREE,
And God (in human image bodied forth,)
Alighted on this orb of graves and gloom,
As Prince of peace and Purchaser of life,—
How lived, how spake, this archetype of all
Consummate manhood at its height, approves?
E'en like his PERSON, did his life appear
Divinely human with coequal grace:
In Godhead,—never sunk the God beneath;
In Manhood,—never raised the man above;
To each extreme symmetrically just.
Believer! here thine own EMMANUEL hail!

How awful was He, when the cloud of flesh
Gleam'd with the lustre of indwelling God!
Thy fixities, vast nature! from the sleep
Of twice two thousand years, by HIM were moved;
For all thy laws by His deposing lip
Their changeless glory to his changing will
Yielded, like vassals by their king o'erawed.
He look'd—creation at his glance was thrill'd;
He spake—the Elements each tone obey'd;
Earth, Sea, and Air their royal sceptres threw
Down at His feet, and fell before their LORD;
While shrinking, (as with conscious dread commov'd,)
Back from his word the rushing storm recoil'd,

Sooth'd its mad roar, and like an infant smiled
Itself to sunshine, and soft peace again!
Blindness, at His command, the sun beheld,
And Deafness heard Him, when the fiat came;
Disease was Health; and Lameness felt her limbs
With miracles of energy to move;
And the dead body from the bier uprose
Beneath the resurrection of His word!

And awful was He!—when the curse was borne,
While his bow'd head was crimson'd o'er with blood;
Then shook the Earth, and shudder'd as the groan
Of Christ appall'd her; and a deep eclipse
Dropt like an eyelid o'er the flaming sun,
(Dreading to gaze on God incarnadined!)
But, in that syncope of mortal hopes,
That pause tremendous in our human fate,
When sepulchred MESSIAH, cold and pale,
Seal'd in the rock a dead Redeemer lay,
While nature seem'd as if with stern revenge
To triumph o'er Her pallid victor there,—
How awful was He when His grave-clothes stirr'd!
When the rock trembled with an earthquake pant,
Till the stone, radiant with angelic touch,
Roll'd from His sepulchre; and, rising up
In all his majesty of might, behold
The Saviour gather'd to a God again—
Martyr, at once, and master of the tomb!

But gentle was He! with all grace of man
Completely as with charms of Godhead crown'd;
For He who came, by love eterne inspired,
From heights celestial, with a pitying stoop
The low horizon of our world to meet,—
Not in the costume of exterior flesh
Alone was found; but, FELLOWSHIP with man
The life of JESUS bodied forth, and breathed;
The accent of created love He caught;
The sunshine of created joy He shared;
The sorrow of terrestrial sighs he heaved;
And, with the tenderness of mortal tears
Moisten'd His eyelids, when a sister wept.
His form was human, and His feelings too;
Thus, manhood there, in archetype may see
Each moral landscape which a life presents
When holy; where affections crowd the scene,
And heart and home a mingled Eden make,
While virtue follows where the Saviour went,
Through haunts of love, and bowers of social bloom.

And thus, religion, like her Master, glides
With touching beauty, or with tender grace
O'er devious walks of life's diurnal round.
For while, on wing celestial, faith can waft
Up to the THRONE a meditative soul;
Down to the actual, with adaptive love,
Where broad humanity in humble guise
The man develops,—it can safely come
And o'er it cast a consecrating smile.
So, from the gaze of public life retired
'Mong shades domestic, where affection blooms,
And feeling all its happy foliage sheds,—
Behold the man, whom death nor dungeon awed,
Serene and simple as a peasant live:
No airs heroic in dramatic style:
No sickly vapours of abstracted thought;
No lofty, loveless, and disdainful looks
Around him here, severest judgment finds.
But, plainly bold, with apostolic mien,
And full-toned manhood in a freeborn style,—
A husband, in the great reformer see,
Like Martin Luther, and like nothing more!
No big pretension, with its saintly pomp,
The actor made him. In the walks of home
Lord of himself, His individual mind
Free from the fetters of o'er-mastering fame
He kept; his life was freedom to the last,

Stamp'd in the mould simplicity admires.
 The MAN was never in his NAME absorb'd,
 Chain'd like a captive to his own renown.
 Framed in the homeliness of cottage worth,—
 A racy humour, and a rough disdain
 For mock supremacies, for mean effect,
 For little greatness, and for large pretence,
 Were his; and he, who held all Rome at bay
 And bulwark'd Europe by his brave appeals,
 Looks he less lofty, to the hearts which love
 The sterling and the true,—when playful seen
 In the mild sunshine of a married state?
 There could he sparkle round the social board,
 As romp'd the infant on his rocking knee;
 While the glad mother, sat with glowing face
 And bathed her feelings in the father's smile!

Yes! beautiful behind the scenes to gaze,
 And there no mock attempt, whose aping pride
 Would play the hero in ascetic gloom,
 To witness; but, the solid worth of sense
 And healthful sanctity, whose fervid power
 The fire and fulness of o'erflowing heart
 Betoken'd. Lofty in his bosom beat
 The pulse of principle, and great design:
 But not alone, or frowningly aloof,
 A frigid, stern and adamant Thing,
 Whose life (in passionless contempt retired
 From warm reality's most welcome hour)
 Freezes away, unloving and unloved,—
 Not thus, the avenger of the bible lived:
 In faith a hero, but in heart a man,
 With him, the simple with the great combined,
 And both together made that blending charm
 Beyond the drama of affected life
 To feel,—though play'd with art's consummate guile.

But nature, with her typing glass, reflects
 A soul like Luther's, of sweet majesty.—
 Expressive mountains! from whose massive forms
 The dread Almighty speaks Himself to man
 By syllables which hearing mind translates,
 And conscience, with believing joy adores,—
 How often, underneath your shades august,
 Or, in the hollows of your green descent,
 The tiny flowers in tenderness and bloom
 Wave their young beauty!—or, infantile plants
 Bow to the breeze their unresisting heads,
 While the faint lip of dropping leaves returns
 A murmur'd echo to the rippling stream
 That runs beside them, with loquacious play.
 And thus, methinks, beneath that mental shade
 The tow'ring giants of the mind produce,—
 Simplicity in loving calm delights
 To watch the flowerets of affection bloom:
 And see those lilies of the heart arise
 Which make the garden of our spirit green,
 And breathe a fragrance o'er affection's world.

And so admire we with revering gaze
 True greatness, when it lays all thunder by,
 Till the soft childhood of the heart returns;
 And solemn wisdom, sparkling into wit,
 Can gild the heights of intellect with smiles.
 But chief from music, came the master-spell
 Which Luther, like a spirit's echo, loved!
 To him it seem'd a charm divinely framed,
 An earthless magic, out of myst'ry born,
 A SOMETHING from immediate Godhead sprung;
 And so with heaven intoned, that Satan fled
 When melody its subtle might array'd;
 Or, sank o'er passion, like a healing dew
 Pure from the fount of freshness in the skies.

'Twas thus the poetry of private life
 Around him, with an unresisted reign
 Gather'd its tones. But, oh! ye quiet fields,

Where, lost in sunshine, soar'd the lyric birds
 In wing'd delight, and ever-warbling song,
 How would he listen to your choral joy,
 Till the gay summer of his spirit smiled
 With answer'ing lightness to the scene it loved!
 And often, when the fever, hot and harsh
 From human outrage, parch'd him into pangs
 And weary anguish, till the spirit wept,—
 Didst thou, meek Nature! with maternal smile
 Look through his soul, and laugh the cloud away.
 To him thy shrines, thy solitudes profound,
 Thy hues and shades, and harmonies perceiv'd
 Brought more than feeling to his heart of faith.
 And so, the very flowers to him could plead,
 And, by their aspect of persuasive bloom,
 Remind him oft of Eden, long no more;
 Or, bid him muse on what the world will be,
 When second paradise again shall bloom:
 Since ALL that fell, by Adam's guilty fall,
 From outward glory into penal gloom,
 And all of kingship which the soul enjoy'd
 When man, as monarch of creation ruled,
 And, as anointed priest of paradise, became
 The mouth of Nature, and her mute delights,—
 To pristine splendour shall once more arise,
 Till crownless manhood wear a crown again;
 And earth redeem'd, Messiah's palace be,
 To shine, as round his central throne it rolls,
 The loved metropolis of sunless worlds.

And who, amid some trance of thought sublime,
 On destin'd man, as prophet, priest, and king,
 Hath ever mused, or imaged how the soul
 In the bright mould of innocence was stamp'd,
 When, lord and master of this living world
 The ancestor of human kind was crown'd?
 Who hath not ponder'd, or profoundly sigh'd
 In the deep hush of some diviner mood,
 O'er the dead glories of that primal scene
 When all creation, christen'd by his lip,—
 Look'd in his face as KING on nature's throne?
 For what is science, but a shadow cast
 From the pure substance of primeval mind?
 A haunting dim, indefinite and deep,
 Of LIGHT departed, in the gloom of sin?
 Or, what is justice, but our priesthood felt,
 The moral echo of supreme desire
 That God and conscience may in one combine?
 Or, what this appetite for boundless sway,
 This hunger of the heart to rule and reign,—
 But, sense of kingship in our soul alive,
 A regal longing for a vanished crown?

By law of mild association led
 From nature's step-stones, to ethereal heights
 Of things that *shall* be,—thus the heart ascends.
 A mute theology all nature makes;
 The very ground no vain religion breathes,
 Where thorn and thistle, blent with fruit and flower,
 Both cross and curse by intimation teach.
 But when from feeling, unto faith we mount,
 What fine accordance doth redemption show
 Between the ruin and the rise of man!
 For, in thy PERSON and thy SPIRIT, Lord,
 A re-production of those TRINAL POWERS
 (That threefold state of majesty entire,
 When priesthood prophecy and kingship crown'd
 The MAN consummate,) faith's adoring eye
 In dim rehearsal, or in dawning grace
 May witness.—Hence, our being, at the best,
 Is but an embryo of the life to be.
 Philosophy a mere precursor looks;
 All high attainments but its preludes are;
 And science but presentiment appears
 Of all which manhood, when redemption brings
 The primal glories of our birthright back,
 In full millennium shall at length enjoy.

Behold a centre ! where our yearnings meet,
That oneness, where all aspirations blend
When o'er the ruins of ourselves we roam ;
And not from nature *up* to nature's God,
But *down* from nature's God,—look nature through.
'Tis here, the meaning of their mystic strife
Passion and principle alone explain.
The hell we merit, or the heaven we make,
The poet's Eden and the painter's dream,
With whatso'er magnetic genius cites
By shaping vision from her scenic world ;
Together, with all temples and all shrines
The ritual heart instinctively erects,—
These, (in their secret unison of aim),
In blind concurrence to one centre tend ;
E'en to REGAIN what sin's vast forfeit took
From earth of beauty, or from man of bliss.

And, what an income to poetic mind
The *dædal* earth by sight and sound affords !
Oh, wise beyond the learning of all books,
And learn'd beyond the learning of the schools,
And rich beyond creation's gold to give,—
The man, who thus by deep communion binds
His heart with nature's, in maternal bonds !
A great proprietor of glories he !
Monarch of each mild happiness at home,
And with the universe a sharer deep
In all the march and movements of a LIFE
Without embodied, or within inspired.

And what, though Age, with shaded brow and cheek,
And eye made solemn by a sense of death,
No longer, in the wild and wild ring glow
Of new-born passion, looks on nature's scene,
As once impassion'd boyhood loved to do ;
Gay as the sunbeam gambling at his side,
And headlong as the breeze that round him play'd ;
Still, not the less, may life's autumnal dreams
Be fed with beauty ; and, not seldom find
Meanings that melt, and mysteries that thrill
Those lesson'd hearts which nature's lovers keep.—
By earth and ocean, sky and breathing air,
The ever ancient and the ever young
Creation, with expansive charms appeals
To youth and age, intelligibly loud ;
And, by unceasing laws a symbol gives
To fleeting life, of permanence and power ;
Till haply, in the hush of higher moods,
We mount aloft on meditation's wing
To HIM, THE CHANGELESS !—in whose eye alone
Both past and present make perpetual now,
And all the ages of unreckon'd time
Are but the pulses of eternity.

The Catechism.

FAR as Imagination's wing can roam,
Or, free conception take its daring flight,
We love to mirror the ALMIGHTY's power
In folding boundlessness, with Life and Love
For ever. Throned in secrecies of awe,
Unfathomably within Himself retired,—
We vision worlds, as creatures of His will
Around HIM summon'd : but, the stooping grace
Of love creative, when it moulds a flower,
Or makes an insect happy,—thrills the heart
Like tearful music, and attunes within
Anthems of silent wonder. While the great
In Godhead, magnifies adoring mind,
In His minuteness, how we greet His name !
For, in the circle of an atom's range
Dwell the *same* attributes as made and move
A universe, with all its breathing worlds !—
If God in great things be supremely great,
To feeling, looks He greater still in small :
For when the WORKER and His work appear,

To our perception, all divinely fit,
Religion then, is reason at its height :
Then, parallel with HIM the platform lies,
And our imagined infinite is graded
With attributes most infinitely meet.—
But, when some particle, or pulse, contains
The MIND which makes eternity its home ;
And through the chambers of immensity
Walks to and fro, creatively divine ;—
Then, dazzled reason into faith absorb'd,
Worships the myst'ry ; and, with wonder glows
To watch the working of our God complete,
In all things center'd—nowhere circumscrib'd !
Yes, while he wheels ten thousand worlds along,
In the same instant, lo ! he stoops to count
The tiny populace a sunbeam holds,
Time the quick beating of an insect's heart,
Or close the eyelids of a babe for rest.
As if nought else eternal thought embraced,
Each atom holds a concentrated God ;
While our protection, by its grandeur proves
All mercies waft th' Almighty on their wings !

And thus, (if bold analogy may dare
The human with divine to parallel,)
Most touchingly the moral sight appeals
To saintly virtue in the heart enshrined ;
When He, who thunder'd with alarming roar
Round the vile Papedom, till its pillars shook,—
Sank to the level of a simple child,
And won frail childhood to the creed he framed.
The son of thunder, soften'd to a breeze,—
Behold him shroud the lightning of his soul
In shading meekness ; while the hand which hurl'd
The false decretals to devouring fire
Plies o'er some little book, or teaching page,
Where infancy may learn the name to lisp
Of JESUS ; or the budding mind unfold
In faith and freshness, to the call of heaven.

His was the heart, that glow'd with all that grace
Of pure compassion for the spirit breathes,
ONE living soul, from sin and hell redeem'd,—
He weigh'd it in the balance of That BLOOD
Whose ev'ry drop with Deity was priced !
And thus, behold him, with paternal smile,
And graceful stoop of his gigantic mind
Bow to his task, a creed for youth condense
In language artless, as the lisping mouth
Of childhood could pronounce, or read, or pray.
While reason's light through fancy's prism falls
In lines of error in the proud man's view,—
Luther, himself a child, with children knelt
That Cross beneath, where nature must again
Be born. He felt, to *know* he nothing knew
Was knowledge passing what the world calls wise :
And so, if myst'ries, like the mountains, cast
A shadow deep'ning as their tops advance
Nearer and nearer to the soundless heaven,—
He left them in the glory of their gloom,
Untouch'd by reason with its carnal gaze,
Unmarr'd by guess-work from the schools derived,
Unmock'd by mind, with meaningless assault
Presuming through the HOLIEST to rush,
Where God in darkness rears His throne and—thinks !

And, like him, may we learn to pause, and pray,
Nor argue down the glory we deny.
When God is speaking, 'tis for dust to hear,
And learn to reverence more than mind can reach :
For God unmantled, would be God no more ;
Remove the myst'ry—and th' Almighty's gone !

Conflict with the God of this World.

Oh, how religious is the reign of night !
When earth entranc'd, and heaven ethereal grows,

And yon bright worlds, with their orac'lar beams
 Like shining language to the soul address
 Their sacred beauty; while the loving stars
 Unseal their eyelids, and with lustrous gaze
 This world salute, till our attracted souls
 Responsively their looks of love return.
 'Tis then the mounting energies of mind escape
 From sordid fetters; and like eagles sweep
 The dazzling firmament of thought divine,
 Sparkling with truths, unnumber'd as unnam'd;
 Till, earthward dropping on exhausted plume,
 Like the awed Psalmist of the night, they feel
 A soft religion from the sky descend,—
 A charm'd humility, that preaches thus:
 "Say, what is man, when paragon'd with worlds?
 How mean a speck, how miserably small,
 Minute beyond minuteness to pourtray
 Creation where he walks, and weeps, and dies!
 And HE the ARCHITECT, whose fiat call'd
 And will'd this universe of worlds abroad,
 Where is the temple that can hold His praise,
 Or, mind created, which can shadow HIM?—
 Whose throne is BEING, trackless and untold,
 And, from whose glory not one ray would melt
 Were all this bright magnificence and mass
 Fell'd by His frown,—to perish and to fall!
 For, if deep ocean, with her sunless waves,
 Not less in majesty of water rolls
 If haply some expiring billow sink;
 Or forest huge, whose patriarchal trees
 Their wild luxuriance to the winds present,
 Not less o'erawes us, though some leaflet die:
 Then, would no countless throng of worlds, though dead,
 Or stricken by some everlasting blight,
 One shade on His supernal glory cast;
 Who makes and unmakes, moulds and masters all,
 But in Himself consummate God abides."

And, may not thus our lesson'd being lie
 Low at the footstool of this felt IMENSE,
 To learn humility from all it finds?
 A contrast wise, comparison profound
 Nocturnal splendours may they not inspire?
 When, from the fever of his day-worn life
 At length escaping, pensively alone,
 Thus may the mystic of the heart delight
 To soothe excitement, in the sainted calm
 Breathed from thy presence, oh, ambrosial night
 Of solitude, serenity, and stars!
 Thine is the hour for poetry, and prayer;
 Searchings how deep, and soarings how divine
 Are then experienced!—Time and earth depart;
 The shadows of exterior life recede,
 Like cloud-mist from a morning vale uproll'd;
 And through the infinite we seem to gaze.
 'Tis thus, beneath the sacramental heavens
 Man sinks to nothing; and his world becomes
 An atom, twinkling in eternity;
 And life,—the scintillation of a soul
 Radiant and restless, with its tiny gleam,
 That sparkles into suffering, and expires!

But here perversion with its mildew breath
 Would damp humility with chills of doubt,
 And Christ from out His own creation drive
 By logic, from our littleness educed,
 And call'd transcendent:—"Can this puny ball
 Of nature, this revolving speck of earth,
 Seen like a glow-worm 'mid the gorgeous blaze
 Of suns and systems, form a proper world
 For Deity in flesh to seek and save?"

But see, how this base argument, and blind,
 Philosophy and faith at once o'erthrow
 With swift prostration. Pause, thou sceptic,—think!
 Or ever thus from orphan'd earth thou take
 Redemption; and in nature's volume read

Thy refutation, thy intense rebuke.
 Bend to the dust thy microscopic gaze,
 There, God in atoms, e'en as God in worlds
 Witness, and worship with believing awe.
 To HIM, no magnitude as great appears,
 And no minuteness, as the small can be;
 Gradations all, in Godhead are absorb'd
 And vanish; languor cannot HIM relax,
 Nor low, nor lofty, vast nor various, bring
 Distraction o'er HIM. Thus we hail him, God,
 Alike in worlds immeasurably great,
 Up to the climax of creation's scenes;
 And downward,—far as piercing eye can gaze
 Behold Him, in each full perfection shrined.
 For, in the polish of an insect's wing,
 As in the symmetry of shapely worlds
 The traces of consummate MIND appear.
 But, might the sceptic from His heart expunge
 Such fatherhood Divine,—oh! could we feel
 That melting softness which so moves the mind,
 To learn, how good and tender God at once
 Can be? Who (while all heaven His word upholds,
 And life and matter, motion, space and time
 Form but the channels where His will evolves,)
 Can note and number all our orb contains!
 Observe the insects, that on summer eve
 Within the palace of a sunbeam play;
 Robe the soft leaf, the transient air attune,
 Direct a sunbeam to its shining toil,
 Or, guard an infant on its tott'ring feet
 From death or danger; or, at balmy night
 The silken eyelids of young sleep bedew
 With slumber, watching o'er unconscious breath!

Thus may Philosophy and Faith sincere
 Their creed unite; and when on high we view
 Yon great epiphany of glorious worlds;
 Or, listen with the ear of thought within,
 To all that liturgy of rolling stars
 Whereby creation, with mysterious note
 Prolongs for ever the Almighty's praise,—
 We sink not, by immensity appall'd;
 But, in the sacred glory of our creed
 Can call our LORD, the MASTER of it all!
 Moreover, God-reflecting MIND is ours
 Though faint and feeble; nor can man deny,
 A single thought more deity involves
 Than all the beauty of your blazing orbs,
 If mind be absent. Therefore, while we own
 The sad Palmyra of our ruin'd state,
 And what a Tadmor in the desert soul
 Humanity on this soil'd earth presents;—
 Yet hither, from the heavens all heavens above
 Descended (by paternal Glory sent),
 Divine EMMANUEL! Here His feet have trod;
 Around His awful head our sun hath shined;
 This air His breath of purity inspired,
 And here, the music of His lips was pour'd
 In speech and doctrine, miracles illumed
 His mission, and each element confess'd
 The bleeding glory of that Saviour's wounds
 Whose heart for sin on Calv'ry bled, and broke!
 And thus, not all unfelt, nor all unknown
 This orb minute, by God in flesh redeem'd,
 In time or in eternity can be.
 Rather may reason, when by faith enlarged,
 The charter'd empress of all worlds pronounce
 An earth so ransom'd, with such BLOOD restored.
 For, lo! the INCARNATION's act immense,
 Where God, Himself in man's own image makes,
 Hath made its inorganic dust sublime,
 And link'd our clay to being's endless chain!

Hence wisdom does not back with doubt recoil,
 (By reason's name made reasonlessly proud,)—
 When told, that each a mystic platform makes
 Where clashing angels, for contested souls,

With or against the dread Almighty fight.
 Here attributes eterne their cause have staked ;
 Here character divine itself unfolds ;
 While *from* it men and angels wisdom draw.—
 And high o'er space, chronology, and time
 All principles of truth themselves enthroned :
 In cloudless ether of unchanging law
 With all the sacredness of God they shine ;—
 Who might, if thus He will'd Himself to show,
 Round the mere centre of an atom cause
 Thy majesties, eternity! to move.

Thus from that book, where heaven-taught
 science learns

All facts, whose summits reach the Trinity ;
 Pavilion'd where in syllables profound
 The mind and mercy of the Spirit dwell,—
 Luther, and all like him by faith transform'd,
 The true position of our earth obtain'd.
 For, though embedded in a brilliant mass
 Of worlds on worlds incalculably ranged,
 Like a mean province, (where ephemer'd dust,
 Shaped into men, to nothing hourly dies,)
 It hardly glimmers ;—yet, to ranks on high,
 Who from evolving God alone extract
 The rapt elixir of celestial joy,—
 E'en They, can here arresting grandeurs find
 Which blazon Godhead out from world to world !
 Yes! Love and Law, harmoniously complete,
 To them by cross and crucifixion gave
 A new APOCALYPSE, which threw them down
 Amazed!—and into adoration thrill'd,
 To view this vast IDEA newly rise,
 Radiant from deeps of uncreated mind !
 Thus, they who once unblotted Eden walked
 With man, a human paradise to share,
 Now, when the banner of a fiend has waved
 Defiance, yet on our dismantled earth
 Of sin and treason, cast a yearning gaze ;
 And watch and wonder, worship and admire
 Th' unfolded secrets of forgiving Love
 Developed here. And, when a lurid gleam
 Lighted perchance the features of the damn'd
 Archangel, with a hope that ruin'd man
 With God unreconciled must ever be,
 And all His attributes to crisis brought,
 How did their wings ecstatically wave,
 And loud their endless gratulations sweep
 The arches of eternity with praise,—
 God's masterpiece of mighty GRACE to hail !
 While He, their paradox and problem, sank
 To plot in darkness for his own despair.

Thus fiends against, but angels for, our souls
 Are now contending : on the cross sublime
 Their fix'd and fascinated eyes they bend,
 That glisten o'er its glories ; while they cry,
 " Depth within depth, O God! how deep art Thou,
 Ark'd in THYSELF, all secret and unshared !"
 The hidings of divinity they feel,
 But fathom not ; yet such revealings flow
 From our EMMANUEL, that this world becomes
 A focus, where redemptive Godhead brought
 The burning fulness of His love to bear,
 And taught the seraphim a song, how new !

But while angelic bosoms heave with love,
 And Watchers bright, from heavenly mansions glide
 Down to this earth, the prodigal of worlds !
 And, with the elder love of sinless truth
 Bend o'er our doom, with ever-breathing care
 Of pure compassion, are we not beset
 By fatal opposites ?—by fiendish hosts,
 Curtained in secrecy of hate and hell ?
 Shapeless and sightless, round all Hearts and hours
 Inaudibly they steal ; in joy or gloom
 Present alike, to poison or pollute

Man's being. Sin their fascination forms ;
 And hell in man, for their lost heaven atones :
 So deep the horrors of infernal hate !

And, what experience have the fiendish band
 Who haunt creation with their spells accursed,
 From human mind and misery derived,
 As, age on age, to murder souls they watch
 And dog them to the very gates of heaven !
 Six thousand years of study and of sin
 Have deeply, through the labyrinthine heart
 Instructed Satan how to wend his way,
 Unfelt, unfear'd, deceiving as he goes.—
 Him Luther imaged, with an awe-struck mind,
 As GOD OF THIS WORLD, (howsoever disguised,)
 In moments shaded with satanic gloom,
 Or hours of heavy darkness, when the blood
 Ran wildly, and his heated brain was worn
 By feverish over-task. And is the FRIEND
 A Thing impersonal, by shapeless awe
 Summon'd around us, when the soul is weak ?
 But he, whose prototype was Paul sublime,
 Did, like his pattern, make high reason bow
 Before the majesties of truth inspired,—
 Believing firmly what the Bible spake.
 As fact to thought, or law to will is framed,
 So scripture, to his faith a reason was :
 And he, who never shrunk from face of dust,
 Mitred or sceptred, but, by zeal inflamed,
 High o'er the heavens had pitched his dreadless flight,
 To scorch the angels with a scathing curse
 If other than the gospel truth they preach'd !—
 To fight the devil, God's own armour took :
 Mail'd with the Spirit's panoply of prayer,
 Thus was he taught with ghastly fiends to fight,
 Weapon'd by hell to lead infernal war.

And was he feeble, while his faith was strong ?
 Or, rather, from his creed colossal might
 Derived he not ? Simplicity was strength
 Here in that myst'ry,—whose untravell'd glooms
 And paths untrod do mock adventurous mind.
 Here, God is reason to Himself alone ;
 To us, mere revelation, and no more
 He deigns to be. Still, o'er forbidden ways,
 By Him foreclosed, its undisturbed flight
 The pride of Reason, in her pagan dreams,
 Presumes to wing ; but drops abash'd, at length,
 Down to th' horizon whence conceit arose.

Oh, for a heart as docile and as deep
 In things divine as that immortal show'd—
 Whose genius round the sun, and mystic stars,
 And through the Cycles of immensity
 The march and movement of eternal laws
 Interpreted ; and track'd each orb'd maze ;
 And, like a priest o'er planetary lore
 Presiding, taught us how the spheres revolve
 In woven splendours !—But the mind that read
 Creation's secrets, with untroubled eye ;
 The light anatomized to separate hues
 By clear dissection ; while with steady hand
 He felt the heaving of great Ocean's heart,
 Throbbing for ever with a billowy pulse,
 Sat like a pupil down to Nature's page ;
 And from her canons, all that creed educed
 That makes him seem a miracle of mind
 Unmatch'd : who like th' apocalyptic saint
 Of Patmos, hath for earthly science shown
 What he for heavenly—God BEHIND the veil !

And let the worshippers of bright result
 Forget not, thus impassioned Luther won
 The bloodless laurels his brave memory wears,—
 E'en by adherence to substantial FAITH.
 Simple as Newton, (who could soar and pray,
 Building philosophy on facts alone,)

Luther, in faith could Luther's SELF renounce,
Sit like the scholar of the HOLY GHOST,
And learn his lesson from the lips of God.

And, deep the knowledge which his spirit drew
From heaven's own page, of devils and of men.
A stern arena, where a sightless crowd
Of fiends and angels do incessant fight;
A battle-scene, where strangely awful Powers
Must mingle, and their arms unsheath
For good or evil,—did our world become
To him, who saw it in th' eternal light.
For, just as when some Empire's outraged heart,
Big with emotion, swells with surging zeal,
If but a subject, by his slaughter'd life
For Her, be fallen; and around his grave
Pours the rich life-blood of her dearest sons,—
So is our earth, though dismal and depraved,
And darkly mean, (with vaster worlds compared,)
A centre, where the chivalries of heaven
Marshal Their forces and with fiends engage.
The terror of Their arms, eye cannot see,
The rushing of their plumes, we do not hear,
Nor view the motions of their mystic fight:
But yet, the contest is for countless souls!
And for the royalties of heaven they strike.
And who, (save those who fetter with the bonds
Of clay all faculties of finer scope,)
In some rapt hour, when mind is half unearth'd
Like Luther's,—have not felt the fight unseen,
And through the dim transparency of sense,
Vision'd the battle, that surrounds the soul?

So felt the man, whom Superstition fear'd,
Whom Satan ever, with a savage watch
Haunted, and down to his own hell did long
By black temptation of his soul, to bring.
And hence to him, thus tempted, tried and torn,
No thin abstraction, impotently vain;
No mere creation of monastic gloom
The arch-Fiend was; nor, to his hell confined;
But here on earth, in dark unrest employ'd,
And round the axis of infernal guile
Revolving ceaselessly his cruel plans,
Luther beheld him:—such as God asserts,
By will, and intellect, and power endow'd,
In living personality array'd;
A BEING ACTUAL; head of all the damn'd,
Maker of death, and monarch of despair;
Who would the universe to cinders blast,
Baffle JEHOVAH, and His mercies blight,
Yea, all things into hellish rack dissolve,
To make eternity a pang immense,
And hear his music in creation's groan!

And dare we, to some lacerating dream
Such agonies as rent th' undreading heart
Of Luther—dare we thus, the whole refer?
Was it with phantoms of a brain diseased,
Or fictions, out of gloomy thought evoked
Fanatical and false,—that saints of old
Contended? Or, with dismal cloud oppress'd
Did prophets only with their air contend?
Were brave apostles, when their spirits bled,
By Satans of the mind alone convulsed?
Or, did the GOD-MAN (in his day of flesh
Tempted like man) no thrilling combat face;
But simply, by stupendous vision rapt,
Fight with black nothing, and baptize it, fiend?
Let dread Gethsemane to this reply!
There, where the bloody sweat from Christ was
 wrung,
As round Him, in his human weakness, rush'd
With eyes that hunger'd on his pangs to feed,
And wings that flutter'd with a fiendish joy
The hosts of darkness,—let the sceptic ask
If *That* be air, which made EMMANUEL shake!

They mock the Devil who obey him most:
But, hearts made simple by a strength divine,
Believe the combat, and partake it too.—
The friend of sinners was the foe of sin,
And therefore saints with Satan must contend,
As did their Captain, for his cross and crown.
Such was the creed our Saxon hero held.
Yes! the brave spirit who in public shined
Clear like the sun of Righteousness he loved;
Who calmly watch'd the papal furnace heat,
Prepared to battle with its sevenfold fires,—
Prostrate and pale, with agonizing tears
Bound in the blackness of temptation's night,
Behold him, like a reed of sorrow now!
And they, whose wisdom faith and fear produce,
Touch'd by no common awe, will come to view
A martyrdom, beyond what fire inflicts
In the torn depths of Luther's tortured breast,
When Satan fell'd him; and the shades of hell
Frown'd on his heart their horrible dismay!
Oh! there were moments when th' Almighty seem'd
Extinguish'd by the scripture which he penn'd;
When Sinai over Calvary hung its cloud,
Till legal thunders struck the gospel dumb!
Then, Christ did vanish into viewless air,
And pardon'd sin unpardon'd aspect took;
While conscience, like a scowling demon, lower'd
Full on the past! and e'en the bible lost
Its music; and the melody of truth
Turn'd to strange discord, where no tones of grace
Or God were found. Then fiend on fiend began
Between the Saviour and his soul to rush,
In raging darkness; till, at times, he shook
In fancy o'er the flaming deep of hell,
And hover'd, as by grasping demons held!

But he, who bled beneath satanic blows,
Hereafter kiss'd the rod his heart endured;
When to his pangs, th' Almighty's purpose link'd
And saw them, gild'd with a father's smile.—
For, need there was of educating woes
To pierce him to the centre; till he pray'd,
And the great Luther grew a little child,
Safe in the hands of his almighty Sire.
Since much of darkness in his light remain'd,
And much terrene with his celestial mix'd,
And much of Adam with his Christ there blent;—
Say, what but wisdom, in the Godhead found,
Knew how to build a perill'd Luther up?
So, not a pang his inner being tore
Which was not needed; and by heaven o'eruled,
To tame that temper, whose volcanic fires
So often rent him with outbursting rage;
Or, soothe a Prejudice, a Pride allay,
And hush the loudness of his hostile tones.
Luther was great—and God would keep him so,
By proving, in HIMSELF all greatness lay;
And *there* alone the reformation stood!

Reader! the combat rages darkly still
Around thee; though an unrent cloud of flesh
Shut from thy soul their movement and their march,
And the dread soldiery by hell array'd;
Yet, in the midst of Satan's host art thou
Contending:—were thy veiling flesh withdrawn,
Full on thy spirit, what a battle-field
Where all the chivalries of heaven contend,
And all the sympathies of darkness fight
For souls immortal—would at once outflame!
But, not with garments roll'd in blood, or death;
And, not with weapons which our eyes perceive;
But sightless, do th' unbodied host engage;
And therefore, Satan is the sense's mock,
The sneer of science, and the scorn of fools.
But thy revealings, Faith! are ever true
And most tremendous, when the most denied.
A Devil doubted, ends in God disown'd,—

*Till the first glance, a disembodied mind
Takes of the truth behind the veil disclosed,
Falls on the fiend, who made himself a lie,
To rock the sinner into damning rest.*

Reader! believe, the combat rages still;
No pause, and no parenthesis of love
Or pity for our world, the fiend allows.
Darkness his throne, destruction his delight!
Ruin and ravage his dominion make,
And earthquakes seem the echoes of his tramp.
But chief, to battle with the sainted host,
Fighting beneath the banner of their King
Crimson'd with blood, and blazon'd by his cross
Redemptive,—does the prince of hell advance.
Thus Luther felt: and thus shall ever feel
And, like him, in the spirit's fight contend
E'en to the gasp and agony of faith,—
The heirs of Light, and heroes of our God.

"The serpent's head the woman's seed shall bruise!"
So spake the lip almighty; and to man
Revolted, then the INCARNATION preach'd
In promise; thus, by grasp prophetic, spann'd
Ages of conflict in the church to come,
Till time's worn clock his closing hour shall strike;
And this phantasmal scene where Satan fights,—
This whited sepulchre of sin and wo,
This prison-house where dungeon'd Nature pines
For purity in renovated bloom,—
A thousand years of hallow'd rest shall have
In one long sabbath of millennial peace!
But, not till hurl'd by thunder-blasts divine
Down to his pit, in chaining darkness bound,
The mystic Dragon will from earth withdraw:
But fiercely to the last, a fight maintain
Implacable, against all truth array'd.
So, from the first, imperial Rome he fired
With pagan fury; and when that flame was quenched
By blood of martyrs—lo! the Arian creed
Flooded the church with desolating tide;
And when they ceased, Platonic visions came
And round the Cross a dazzling falsehood wreathed;
Till papistry in full-blown horror rose—
The last perfection of satanic lies!

Perpetual motion of the moral vile
He was, and is, and shall for ever be,
The prince of darkness—from his throne of death
Dispensing ruin. Who his sway can meet,
Or stretch the word, to where his sceptre waves
O'er time, and scene, and universal man!—
For every wheat he sows a rival tare
In the vast field, where faith and virtue thrive.
Each ward of intricate self he knows;
And so for each, some fitting key he finds
Wherewith to enter, and the heart possess.
And, let the mockers of the World unseen,
The solemn findings of th' experienced heart
In this believe—that, like the Saxon Monk's,
The life of faith is one long battle now,
Beyond the passion of exceeding words
To syllable, with him who haunts the soul.
As conscience preaches, so temptation tries
By him directed; hence, no mood is safe,
Nor scenes are shelter'd, and no hours secure
From art infernal.—Ask the thoughtful mind
How often, when th' inflated world hath shrunk
With all its forms, its follies and its fears
Down to a shade, before the solid truths
And substance of eternity believed;
How often then, when resolution winds
Our being up by tension most sublime,
To heaven's pursuit, and its majestic toils,—
Back to the low and little we are lured!
Fever'd as ever, and with fretting pangs
And noisome cares inextricably close,

Again involved: as if this earth were home,
And immortality *below* the skies!

Nor height in God, nor depth in man, forbids
Our dread assaulter. ATTRIBUTES divine
How oft he covers with deforming shade,
Darkens for dread, or deepens for despair,
Or softens down to sin's presuming dream,—
Till God a SENTIMENT almighty seems,
And nothing stronger!—Or the LAW he wields,
Fangs its dread curse with everlasting fire,
And, on the gibbet of tormenting doubt
Hangs the pale conscience, in perpetual gloom.—
For though in health, when light the blood appears,
And all looks bland that in Jehovah dwells,
Then, sin a trifle of the past becomes,
A vacant nothing, with a sounding name!
But, when the dampness of the tomb bechills
Our nature; when some retribution frowns
Black on the spirit, from the bar of God;
Then sin, which once a moral pigmy seem'd
But scarce apparent,—like a giant swells
Upward to heaven, and with some horrid shade
Beclouds the INFINITE on Whom it falls!

And more than this, the arch deceiver dares;
For he eternity to time contracts,
And time to false eternity dilates,
When cheated fancy to his wand replies
And, not *one* grace THE SPIRIT'S hand bestows,
For which no counterpart in passion finds
This dreadful Parodist of God, to man!
But chief that BOOK, where inspirations breathe,
How would he poison, like a Pope of Hell!
Fain would he hurl it from the bounds of thought;
Or, make it echo all his heart conceives.

But, praise to God! His heroes do not fight
In this fell combat, by their faith alone.
THE LORD THE SPIRIT leads them to the field:
And none can perish, o'er whose shielded heads
Waves His pure banner of protecting grace.
Safely through HIM, they grapple with the Foe
By brave endurance, till the field is won;
When angels, with a battle-shout of praise
Welcome to glory those heroic saints
Who cut their way unwounded, to the skies!
And thus, what girded Luther for the fight
Doth each bold Gideon in the cause of heaven
Accoutre now,—an armour Spirit-proof,
Burnish'd and bright, like that our CAPTAIN wore,
When HE and Satan for creation fought.

Eternal FORMER of the holy mind!
VICAR of Christ! who art, to men redeem'd,
Soul of their souls, and light of light within,
Vast in thy sway, and viewless in thy strength,—
How full, how free, unfathom'd, undefined
Yet *felt* art THOU, in purity and power!
Thou o'er the chaos of the earth new-born
Didst move, and print it with Thy plastic seal
And inspiration. Beauty hence began,
Order, and shape and symmetries arose;
For Thou of all the CONSUMMATOR art,
In the green earth or garnish'd heaven display'd;
And Nature still is but THINE organ,—moved
Responsive to the impulse of Thy power.
Her laws, her lineaments, and loveliness
Are but expressions of Thy shaping will,
The outward index to THINE inward hand
Creative: beauty is Thy vest terrene,
Grandeur and grace thine imitations are,
And second causes, form but stepping-stones
O'er which Thou marchest to Thy works, and ways.
And o'er the waters of our human world,
The ruder chaos of revolted hearts,
Still art THOU brooding, with thy halcyon calm.

For never, since pollution's blight commenced,
From man (the savage of the senses made)
One sigh or tear, or tone of sacredness
To heaven had risen, or God's welcome sought,
But for thy grace, O SPIRIT; pledged and priced,
And by the blood of earth's GREAT MARTYR bought.
E'en the pure MAN-GOD, as to breath and blood
By Thee was fashion'd, in the Virgin's womb;
From whom His *finite* all its unction drew
With Hell to combat or for Earth to bleed.

Then, are we lonely in the war of life
Terrestrial? Strengthless are we doom'd to strive
With foes of darkness, and with fiends of death,
Who round the heart, and in the heart contend?
Perish the thought! The grace which Luther felt,
Soldier of faith, is prompt to succour thee:
Here is the haven for each surging wo
That maddens;—port of sabbath peace to souls,
When the loud billows of temptation rise,
And the heart trembles at their sullen roar.

Oh! for a language out of sunbeams made,
In syllables of light Thy power to praise
HELPER and HEALER of the heart, alone,
SUSTAINER truly of the sinking mind,
Sole PARACLETE of all, for sin who weep!
Descend, and with the dewfall of Thy grace
The world refresh, the wither'd church revive,
And the hot fever of our thirsting hearts
With healing balm of blessedness, allay!
For thee without, our God denuded seems,
The CHRIST is charmless, and the Bible mute
To conscience, though to mental power it speak;
While all in morals, or in motive,—forms
But heathen polish, with a purer name.

And where the shrine, the palace, or the throne
From whence Thy secrets, and Thy splendours flow!
Where shall our hearts those inspirations seek
Which make all Christians, echoes of their CHRIST,
Down from the full-toned holiness of heaven,
To feeblest notes, that yet from earth arise?—
Wherever man and mind, and scene and space
Can meet or mingle,—there, O SPIRIT! Thou
To solemn fellowship the soul mayst charm.
What, though the herald stars no longer glide
To light the Magi; though no mystic Bush
Burn with divinity, in speaking fire;
And, by no miracle made bare or bright
The ARM ETERNAL, out of Heaven is waved;
Though shut the Vision, and the Witness seal'd,
Nor Voice, nor Thunder out of glory rolls
This earth to waken,—still thy love abides;
For the hush'd presence of the HOLY ONE
No bounds can limit, and no laws can bind
From hearts that seek Him, in the tempted hour.
In cities loud, amid the hum of men
He walketh; or, in loved and lonely haunts
Shaded and secret, where Reflection hies;
On mountain heights, by musing poets traced,
In vales withdrawn, by melancholy shores
Lash'd by the billow in eternal beat,—
In each and all God's whisper may be heard,
And still small Voice through listening conscience
steal.—

Yea, heaven with all its sacredness of stars,
Earth with its majesties of scene or might,
Home with its magic, infant's guileless laugh,
And mother's glowing smile,—a path may prove
Or channel, where His secrets may descend
In solemn gushes through the spirit's depth.

But in Christ's temple—there thy palace is
SPIRIT DIVINE! from whom our glories come.
There prayer and praise, and ordinance sublime,
Symbols and sacraments, and ritual signs,

Anthems august, and hallelujahs deep
Attend thee, and thy ministries attest.
But, oh, we bless thee for the God-breath'd word,
Making our chamber like a temple glow
With life celestial, when by faith perused,—
THE BIBLE! there we hail THEE on Thy Throne,
The URIM and the THUMMIM of Thy power.

READER! thyself a GOD is reading now,
While thus the question of all questions peals,
Art thou, like Luther, by the Spirit led,
Or, art thou by the silent fiend seduced?
Whoe'er thou art, this truth take home, and THINK!
Two Spirits only, for thy soul contend,
The Good and Bad,—but now alone is GRACE
Imparted; soon thy final sands will fall,
And thou, in moral nakedness shalt be
To Devil, or to Deity assign'd
Through endless ages!—Oh, that truth immense,
This mortal immortality shall wear!
The pulse of mind can never cease to play;
By God awaken'd, it for ever throbs,
Eternal as HIS own eternity!
Above the angels, or below the fiends,
To mount in glory, or in shame descend,
Mankind are destined by resistless doom.
A soul may *perish* but it cannot *die*;
Immortal ESSENCE, 'tis from Godhead drawn,
And, like that SOURCE, unquenchable, endures.
Then, do Thou, SPIRIT of celestial truth!
That essence sanctify, refine, and save,
And so renew it, till, resembling Thee,
Its heaven commences ere its earth be past.

The Destinies of Rome.

THREE hundred years of beatific life
Unbodied, Luther's living soul hath breathed,
Since the last thunder-bolt of truth he hurl'd
With hand, how fearless!—at the heart of Rome.
There in that world, where ransom'd minds repose,
Where priests, and prophets, and the kings of faith
Are gather'd into glory, and await
The pealing life-blast that shall rouse the dead,
The monk of Wittenberg his Master sees
And worships, waiting for his destined crown.
But, hath the world from sacerdotal chains
Itself unfetter'd? Is her faith the free
And pure, and prompted by the SPIRIT's love
And guidance,—soul and spring of saving truth,
Light of all churches, and the Bible's LORD?
Alas! we slumber; and our carnal rest
Calmly around it lets the chain of Rome
Wind its dark coil, with most infernal ease
And falsehood. Drunken with our self-esteem,
Gorged with our vanities, and proud with vice,
Rapt in fond dreams of intellectual might,
At ease in Zion are we; while a foe
Remorseless, dragon-eyed, and slyly fierce,
Wakeful as ever,—watches for the prey
Apostate weakness for her fang prepares.

Oh! for a Luther, with his dreadless eye,
And voice, by Scripture eloquently loud,
To front the brazen Antichrist, and face
The Vatican with all its veil'd array,
Its marshall'd doctrines, and its muster'd lies
By jargon polish'd, and by Jesuits plann'd!
So might we bare the heart of blushless Rome,
And, rouse brave England's execrating voice
Till back the priesthood to her dens recoil'd;
While pope and pop'ry, with a palsy smit,
And scared by Scripture,—might for ever shrink
To coward gloom, to convents, and to cells,
Hooted by nature, and by freemen hurl'd
At once from virtue's, and from reason's throne.
Oh! that our protest were as bravely pure,

As saints and martyrs sent in olden time
 From their deep hearts against the MAN OF SIN,—
 Mockers of Christ, and murderer of souls!
 Oh, that in light, from flames where Ridley died,
 Or Crammer suffer'd his immortal death,
 The Church of England would her hist'ry read,
 And ponder as she read, with eye of prayer;
 Till, in that light her lethargy awoke,
 And rising, like a giant from his sleep
 Enchanted,—back the Romish chain would fall
 Dissever'd, from her limbs of glory dash'd
 In horror! Then, again that trumpet-cry
 That battle-voice magnanimously bold,
 The tocsin of a nation's truthful mind
 By Heaven excited,—would once more be heard
 Like moral thunder, round the seven-hill'd seat
 Of Antichrist, in peals of dauntless power,
 "NO PEACE WITH ROME, TILL ROME MAKES PEACE
 WITH GOD!"

But that bold spirit, which in martyrs blazed
 For truth and freedom, and our Britain's name
 Laurell'd with ever-blooming praises,—sleeps
 In dormancy most fatal. Thus, the BEAST
 Apocalyptic, once again his head
 Of treason, and his horns of vengeance lifts,
 To smite the nations, and the church eclipse
 With papal midnight. But, his outward mien
 Is stern no longer; smoothened by modern hands
 To winning gentleness, his ruffled hairs relax;
 No savag'ry his watching eye reveals,
 And all his claws of cruelty are cut,—
 And yet, the BEAST is changeless; for his heart
 Uncultured burns with blackest hate within,
 Deadly and dire, as in the days of blood.
 For, well the Mother of all guile can suit
 Her face, her features, and exterior form
 Chameleon, as the atmosphere requires.
 And now, when learning, science, and the mind,
 From dismal orthodoxy's bulls of death,
 And blasts of excommunicating ire
 Shrink with disgust, why, Rome the hint receives!
 Till, like the echo of *all* wants and wills
 Behold her!—with the freeman talking free,
 With tyrants, she at once can tyrant act,
 And for idolaters an idol form
 In saint, or Virgin! Whatsoe'er the creed
 Politic, she can yield responsive tones,
 Can flatter each with some obliging key;
 And thus, opinion, passion, low desire,
 All tempers, dreams, imaginations, thoughts,
 All moods and minds,—whate'er the wish of man
 In learning, morals, or in life be found,
 To each and all, see Romanistic craft
 A seeming counterpart affect, or frame;
 But, deep at centre, antichristian still!
 Thus works the myst'ry, and the world is won,
 And, aspect changed, for principle reform'd
 Is now mistaken. Thus, for time prepared,
 Rome meets all pressure from without enforced,
 By powers elastically prompt within;—
 Responsive always to each varied call
 From creeds that dare, or crisis that demands
 Her weapon'd skill, her wisdom, and her guile.

"And, why hath God, the merciful and great,
 All true, all wondrous, and all free, whose power
 And will are colleagues in resistless love,
 Rome's vile burlesque of Calvary allowed?"
 But here may silence our religion make;
 Nor dare we, with inflated mind, presume
 JEHOVAH thus to catechize, in vain.
 Yet, what if CONTRAST earth's great teacher prove?
 And thus, when man and world have both been taught
 Their impotence,—when art, and lore, and skill
 Their powers have tried, all moral engines used
 To lift our nature from the gulf of sin,

And tried in vain;—when thus mankind have learn'd
 That not refinement, in theatric dress,
 Nor giant intellect, with all its grace,
 Nor high philosophy, with deeper spell,
 The plaguing leprosy of sin can heal;
 Thus, when the CREATURE all its vileness knows,
 Shall MERCY in meridian blaze be crown'd
 Man's only helper: GOD will ALL in ALL
 O'er men, o'er angels, and o'er demons shine
 Consummate!—So, shall creatures gain in time
 Lessons that through eternity will last:
 That man in glory, may be humble kept,
 And mindful, though with bliss immortal crown'd,
 How black on earth his human heart hath been!

So, from the first, eternal war hath raged
 Against the Woman, and her seed elect;
 While each high plan supernal Wisdom chose
 Hath Satan, by some counterplot, o'ertook,
 Aping JEHOVAH with a mimic guile
 And art stupendous. But, the all unmatch'd,
 The dread hyperbole of daring skill,
 That great conception where his glory shines
 With blasting lustre,—is the Roman mock!
 There, falsehood in the garb of truth is found,
 There darkness in a dress of light appears,
 And all the many-chamber'd mind can hold
 Of lies which lull, or sophistries which please,
 Is met, and answer'd by some prompt reply.
 No! not a tone that character can sound
 Through the strange gamut of the varied mind,—
 Without an echo, from some chord of lies
 Play'd by the master-hand of popish art!
 Oh, 'tis a counterfeit where Satan, veil'd,
 Hath mimicked CHRIST, and made His gospel turn
 Round on itself, with suicidal hand;
 Till, that which blood and burning could not do,
 (When heathen Rome and Arian butchers tried
 The Church to mangle, and her creed to mar,)
 This arch defection, in canonic guise
 By him erected,—hath for cent'ries done!
 No partial error, out of reason framed,
 Nor falsehood from licentious will begot
 Hath Satan in the Man of Sin, achieved;
 But, one great bondage for essential MIND!
 A ritual net-work, where the soul is caught,
 And co-extensive with its ev'ry power.
 Thus, all of tendencies, or truths which rise,
 By man or time fermented into play,
 These, by a process of absorbing guile,
 Rome with herself by soft alliance blends;
 Can with her cause incorporate and mix,
 And so transmute them out of hostile forms
 To fine activities, whose friendly sway
 Is won, and wielded for her *own* at last.

But, whence the MODEL for this curse immense,
 This boundless magic of a baseless creed,
 For ages, like an incubus of Hell
 O'er human spirit brooding? Whence the power
 Bewitching, far beyond destruction's range?
 Why, 'tis a counterpart,—a church reversed,
 A mock of Satan, by a man inform'd,
 A mimic SHOW of what in very life
 And lustre, form and glory, *should* the CHURCH
 As ground and pillar of the truth,—have been.
 For, had she constant to her FIRST LOVE proved,
 (In faith concentred, as in form compact,
 Binding on earth what God in heaven has bound,)
 And witness'd boldly for her absent KING,
 Bedeck'd and bright with apostolic charms
 And robe apparent,—then, had sensual earth
 And falsehood, from her hallow'd mien recoil'd
 Self-blasted; then, this world had wondering seen
 (What never yet her carnal eye hath view'd)
 Christ's mystic BODY, arm'd with sacred powers,
 Mitred, and crown'd with majesties august,—

A ROYAL PRIESTESS, on whose light and laws
The radiant IMAGE of her LORD had shined.

But, Satan copies, where he cannot change;
And thus a parody in Popes contrived,
The LORD forestalling; thus the fiend has framed
A pageant hollow, where his plot can hide
And act himself beneath the SAVIOUR's name.
For all and more than Rome *assumes* to be
By heaven empower'd, in privilege and grace
Imperial, must the gospel church have *been*,—
If holiness with apostolic light
Her Shrines, her Altars, and her Sacraments
Her ministers and members, all had crown'd,—
Creation's priestess would the Church have proved;
And from the Urim of her spirit roll'd
Pure oracles, from CHRIST above inspired,
Guiding all hearts to glory, and to God.

And here, (as ever,) from the plan divine,
In building up his Babylonian pile
Of mock'ries dire, and machinations dark,—
The lost Archangel hath, with fiendish craft,
Directive elements of wisdom drawn.
His model was JUDAIC: thence he stole
Some armour; thence his cunning weapons forged
Effective; and, in archetypal mould,
Fine adaptations for the sensuous mind
He view'd there,—organized in typic forms;
Myst'ries and rites, and ceremonial awe,
Splendours and shades, and meanings darkly clothed,
And ritual pomps magnificently veil'd,
He found prevailing; these he studied well,
Then caught the genius of the mighty whole,
And made a copy for the Church of Rome,
Which pope and priest, levitically blind,
Hath used for ages, and transcribeth now.
Thus the dead carcass of mosaic form
(By God deserted, when by Christ fulfill'd,)
Satan himself hath repossess'd, and ruled
And quicken'd. Here, the Roman platform see,
Where man travesties what Messiah did,
And writes UNFINISH'D o'er His perfect Cross!

But can our age, though clad with self-conceit,
And helmeted with intellectual powers,
Push from her pedestal of priestly strength
This fell Colossus, which the soul bestrides,—
This giantess of papal craft, and crime?
Where is the David, whose predestined hand,
With sling of Scripture, and with stone of truth
Well aim'd, her brazen forehead can indent,
Blasting her glory with a righteous blow
To darken'd ruin, or abhorr'd decay?
And, where the signs, the symptoms of her fall?
Where be the weapons, which our arms can wield
Wherewith the triple Crown to pluck, and dash
Her high pretensions into baseless dust?—
Alas! our locks of strength are almost shorn;
Distracted counsels, and divided aims
Impede fair union; and that mystic ROBE
(That all unrent, while on his gory Cross
The Martyr of creation hung, remain'd,)
Is torn to tatters, underneath His throne
By hands and hearts schismatically wild!
Is *this* an attitude for deeds sublime?
With masters many, while our Lord is one,
Our cold negations can no church evince
In act embodying, what our creed affirms
Of ONENESS vast, and visibly array'd,—
Say can we thus with uncompacted powers,
And mere abstractions, depthless, dim, and faint,
Battle with Rome, or keep her priests at bay?

Alas, expediency our Molock was;
And at her feet our ancient glories fell
Dishonour'd!—Mute that mighty PROTEST, now,

Which once did thunder, like a voice from Heaven,
"COME OUT FROM HER, MY PEOPLE! QUICKLY COME!"
For base CONCESSION legalized her guile,
And, lo! the Land whose soil with martyrs' blood
Is hallow'd; where burnt Hooper's ashes sleep;
Where lived the lion-hearted men, whose tongues
Shook the rous'd empire with their shout for God,
For faith, and freedom!—there, the Papal BEAST
Again is lodged, and in his den of lies
Can whelp, by principle unwatch'd at last!

But, to and fro, behold! the many run,
And knowledge, as by Seers foretold, increase.
But, what though ocean, air, and matter seem
A university for Mind become,
Where sense can study, science take degrees,
And Comfort all her sensual dreams enjoy,—
Is *this* protection from the spells of Rome?
Oh, not in culture where no sacred germs
Are planted; not by knowledge where no peace,
No pardon, and no purity abound
In conscience,—not by these are empires great,
A people glorious, or their welfare sure.
Knowledge brings power, but FAITH beyond it works,
Forming our manhood to its finest mould
And stature; fetches out of heaven a means
Of mercy, where alone true wisdom grows;
Till, through the heart's regenerated depths
The mind it reach, and make it holy too.—
To catalogue creation; or the tides
To balance; all the stars to read; or scan
The secrecies unveiling science loves;
This may enlarge, but not ennoble MAN,
If man be measured by his noblest scale,—
By will, by conscience, and by perfect love;
Love that is heavenly, and by God *begun*;
For thus, philosophy divine asserts,
We find the lovely, and that thing we love;
But what God loves, He thereby lovely makes.

In these alone, pre-eminent abound
Those elements, which make our being great,
Our manhood perfect, and its wisdom pure.
But THINGS to master, all their names to know,
Their use, their natures, and their powers to wield,—
Can make the income of the senses rich;
They serve the Body, not the Soul refine
Or chasten. Thus, in vain doth modern light
Itself forever idolize, and dream;
For life exterior forms its sway alone.
But, where the palms by princely genius pluck'd
In times of taste ethereal, when the truth
Descended to the awful springs of MIND
Interior, reason's dread foundation scann'd,
And fathom'd conscience to its very core?
Where be our priests, and patriarchs of soul,
The poets high, who prophesied for Heaven,
Who sang of beauty's archetypal forms,
And cast eternity in moulds of time?

But ne'er can mind, at best, a bulwark frame
To fence corruption from the inner soul.
In central likeness all men meet at last;
For, there is conscience in the vilest left,
With immortality in all presumed;
And this great vicar of the sleepless ONE
Wakens at times, to vindicate His truth,
And preaches on eternity and doom
Sermons, that sound like arguments from God,
Dreadful and deep, in syllables divine!
And *then*, religion, forced, or felt, or feign'd,
The heart's convulsion and its craven guilt
Alike demand: and, where can earth produce
A creed so organized with subtle craft,
To soothe the guilty, but retain the guilt,
As the mock creed of pharisaic Rome?
And though at times, pure reason may rebel,

(Shock'd into shame by fell imposture's lie,
Reason is bribed, and understanding bought
When lust is flatter'd; and the conscience freed
From loading guilt, from darkness and despair.

Thus, no mechanics from the sensual mind,
No arguments by haughty science ranged
The MAN OF SIN can weaken, or o'erwhelm;
Rome laughs at these, and she has laugh'd before,
Melting them into nothingness, or names;
And ev'ry realm progressive science haunts,
Pre-occupies, and masters at her will.
But, what a paradox of wondrous crime,
What myst'ry dark of permanence and power
To men and angels, must her history be!—
For, though a slaughter-house for souls she made
The Church for ages,—still, without a blush
She lifts her forehead in the light of Heaven!
And though, full often have the pent-up fires
Of wrath around her, hot with ruin, flamed;
And Power hath tried, and Policy assail'd
Her bulwarks; battles and rebellions leagu'd,
Tyrants and victors have besieged her walls,
While reason hath anatomized her well
And wisely; truth and science both, have hurl'd
The thunderbolts of their denouncing ban;
Though Ridicule, with her sarcastic ray
Hath sear'd her, flashing with severest fire;
And, (more than all) most eloquently strong,
From the deep bosom of the soul hath swell'd
Time after time, humanity's appeal
Big with the wrong of ages,—to condemn
The blackest outrage that can e'er abase
Morals and mind, and all which man should be;
And yet, the HARLOT, on her seven-hill'd throne
Array'd in pomp, and theocratic pride
Reigns, like a Priestess of the spirit still
O'er crouching millions,—in their souls struck blind!
But, find we not a symbol in the fate
Of Rome the city, how the Romish creed
All time would master, and their devastating tides
O'er that famed city, where the Cæsars ruled
In blood, or baseness; Babylon hath sunk
Beneath the blast prophetic, and become
A den of ruin; Nineveh is nought;
The Persian perish'd in his pride of arms;
Assyria's dead, and Macedon no more;
The daughter-islands of the ancient deep
Once free and faithful, in their noon of fame;
With Tyre and Sidon, and the classic isles
Of Greece and glory, are but sunken things;
And Palestine, (th' Almighty's home!) remains
E'en like a mother, for her children dead
Wasted and weeping, in mysterious woe;
But, ROME is mighty in her magic still!
The Ark of ages, in stern glory there
Like man's eternity, by stone express'd,
Behold her fated for a future doom
When deeds, by prophet's sung, shall there arrange
A destined platform. Well may wand'ers trace
In wonder, how august she yet remains!
With fountains, baths, and famous aqueducts,
Arches and catacombs and hoary shrines;
While all the genius of dead ages haunts
Her soil with shadows, and her scene with spells
That speak, though silent!—Past and Present meet
In high communion; and historic dreams
Her tombs unlock, till all the marble streets
Move with her heroes!—whose eternal Minds
Yet walk the world with intellectual sway,
Reigning like monarchs on our mental throne,
Tyrants at once, and teachers of the soul.

And as the City, so the creed endures
Deathless in might, immortally depraved!
Her aspect alters—when her power is weak;
Her plans are soften'd—when her foes are strong;

Her practice gentle—when the age requires;
But Rome, IN PRINCIPLE, is Roman still,
The changeless ever! for her creed is ONE;
And that is,—to absorb the world in power,
And on HERSELF a faith almighty found
Resistless, dread, infallibly divine!

And, what a miracle of witching force
She wielded, when the craven soul had sunk
Down to that level which her creed demands!
Like to some vision of unearthly gloom
Shaped in the midnight of a dreaming brain
By horror featured, doth her sway emerge
From the gone ages, when Barbaric Mind
Bow'd at her footstool—for the throne of God!
Two worlds she claim'd; o'er both presumed to cast
The priestly shadows of her sceptred power,
Moulding eternity, and mast'ring time!
Till, in the climax of presumption's dream
Her mitred Autocrat of creed and cross
A mortal copy of Jehovah call'd
Himself, and aped the dread Omnipotence!
God's attributes, in libell'd form a man
Did thus array; and when his frown grew black,
It shaded all things with submissive awe
And silence; on his lip creation hung;
The elements from him their course derived,
And plague and pestilence his law obey'd!
His names were natures; and whose natures all
Ambition wanted, or his will decreed.
But, when his arm of excommunicating ire
Was lifted,—Heaven itself that arm revered!
And Hell, with all its agonies and glooms,
Its motion watch'd: but when indeed it fell,
Empires turn'd pale, and palsied kings recoil'd,
And half the world did vibrate with the blow!

But, had this tyrant but the body cursed,
Made cities tremble, or a province poor;
Or, tax'd the passions for an income base,
Mankind were left some virtue still to save;
But NATURE, in her sacred ark of strength,
Where man is man, when all besides decays,
This did the Pope with dreadless lie profane
And plunder: there was sacrilege endured
Where the deep power of self-dominion dwells.
And, dreader far than famine, fire, or sword,
Dungeons and deaths, with all that martyr'd flesh
Can suffer,—what an outraged CONSCIENCE feels
When, like a moral suicide, the man
Himself must abdicate in law and will:
Then rots the mind in servitude, and shame,
The faculty august of reason fades,
And blinded nature grows a base machine
By craft inspired, to work a despot's will.

But, sheathed for ever is th' avenging sword
Of Godhead? Will it ne'er on Roman crimes
And cruelty with flashing ire descend,
To cleave her bulwarks to their very base,
Dark Mother of all simulations dire!
Oh! dare we think that all the mangled host
On Alpine mountains hunted, spiked, or slain
By thousands, or by Marian hell-hounds torn
To bleeding fragments,—have in vain their voice
Heroic peal'd along the heaven of heavens,
Startling the angels on their golden thrones,
When the loud rapture of their dying lips
Came up before them? Fruitless have they lived,
Or preach'd, or felt, or suffer'd, who of old
Gave to the world the glory of their death
By wheel, or gibbet, rack or fiery stake,
In vaulted cells of subterranean gloom
By death-lamps lighted,—where the lurid beam
Faintly along some victim's quiv'ring flesh
Glimmer'd, and lit the harrow'd features up?
Far otherwise may thoughtful bosoms feel,

When grateful Hist'ry to their shrines of death
 Restoreth, as to oracles of Time.
 The living dead ones are they, and their words
 Ring round the heart like tones that never die.
 Beyond their sermons, preach their sorrows still !
 Their anguish is our glory ; for we feel,
 Who died for principle, for God yet lives
 To perish never ! Where they bled, or burn'd,
 Corded or chain'd, or rent by racking fires,
 Devils were taught what man's victorious mind
 Can master, when by prompting Grace inspired.
 And therefore, martyrs of our peerless church,
 Thou ancient plant of apostolic seed,
 Sacred and sound, from Christ himself deduced,—
 We laud, and love ye with no cold delight,
 Who bled for conscience, and to Britain left
 A creed untouched—like Cranmer's heart entire !
 E'en from your tombs, an eloquence there rolls
 Which champions ages to repeat your worth ;
 And never from our venerating hearts
 The deeds ye dared, the majesty ye showed,
 Yea, all the anguish of your godlike souls
 Shall die ! All time your holy debtor is ;
 And, long as in our church's veins there runs
 The precious life-blood of protesting truth,
 Never can England from her mindful soul
 Cancel the debt her glories owe to you !
 Your pangs have her inheritance become,
 That made her rich beyond what gold effects :
 Ye gave THE BIBLE, which your tortures won ;
 And shame terrific on our head alight !
 If what the blood of martyrdom bequeath'd
 In black ingratitude we basely yield.
 Ye gave THE BIBLE !—and that book ye gave
 Our blessings *all* in germ at once bestow'd.
 For, what is Science in her purest flights,
 With all the blending harmonies that rise
 From social nature,—but the mind evolved ?
 But, both the moral and the mental roots
 Of human nature, with transmuting sway
 The scriptures reach ; and thus, with latent force
 And vigour, *these* the heart of Britain cleansed,—
 Making her land the miracle of isles.

Then, not in vain, though Rome be blushless still,
 And round her creed a Trentine darkness casts
 Cruel as ever, have the martyr'd hosts
 And hecatombs of peerless saints, who bled
 For truth,—to God against their murd'ress cried.
 Beneath the ALTAR rise their mystic wails
 And enter, not unfelt, the ear of Heaven :
 Since, ev'ry drop their costly veins effused,
 With every pang their burning limbs endured,
 Have bright memorial in the LAMB'S own book ;
 And shall be answer'd—when that hour decreed
 Shall darken forth, with dismal terrors big.
 Then shall the LORD, in robe of fire descend,
 And with the breathing of His mouth shall smite,
 And with the brightness of His coming blast,
 And into cinders by His curse consume
 Earth's second Babel—Antichristian ROME !

Meanwhile, inventive man would fain achieve
 What scripture to TH' ETERNAL gives
 In plan and purpose, for his crowning work.
 Thus, all are prophets to themselves at least,
 And preach perfection possible below.
 But, can corruption to *itself* be cure ?
 Yet still it tries, nor will heaven's cure allow,
 Nor dip in Jordan till Abana fails !
 But man is ruin ; if rebuilt he rise,
 'Tis not by rubbish from himself begot,
 But by a means transcendently divine.
 The creed *within* forms character without,
 And God alone can educate the will ;
 But will makes MAN, in all essential powers ;
 And therefore must he, by omnific GRACE

Beyond himself through heavenly love be raised ;
 Or, still be changeless in his moral core.
 Yes, to the last, the leper will remain ;
 The skin may whiten,—but the blood is black,
 And burns in secret with a plague-spot, there !

But, yet 'tis written with a pen of light
 That Rome shall wither, and the Earth rejoice
 In the rich beauty of her bridal robes
 Apparell'd ; and beneath her reigning LORD
 Keep the long sabbath of a thousand years.
 And, so millennial is the heart of man,
 (As if 'twere haunted by some primal grace
 Of vanish'd Eden, when the world was young,
 Sinless and bright without one scalding tear
 To wet her eyelids or her cheek to stain ;)
 Creation groans for her sabbatic peace ;
 And echoing mind in ever age of thought
 Repeats the longing.—This the poet's lyre
 Hath warbled, in prophetic strains of song,
 Caught from the harp of Scripture ; and the creed
 Of aspirations, as they rise and reach
 Their zenith, does with this high faith accord,—
 That earth *shall* bloom with paradise regain'd,
 And, be unweeded of her thorny woes
 And thistles ; and our age itself, is big
 With expectation of some golden dawn
 Of peaceful glories. But, alas ! for earth
 If no millennium save what science brings,
 Await her ! if those moral TRUTHS sublime,
 That touch the EVERLASTINGNESS of man,
 To which the great diploma of our God
 Precedence noble in the scale of mind
 Hath granted,—find no room for reigning here :
 For, sooner may the hand of science think
 To bale the ocean from its boundless depths,
 Than drain corruption from the soul of man !

But, so empiric vanity presumes,
 By plasters, which philosophy invents,
 To heal our NATURE and her wounds repress.
 Beyond it, can satanic falsehood soar ?
 And yet there be in camp, and court, and school,
 In pulpit, platform and Athenian hall,
 Who thus perfection out of man derive,
 Politely bow apostles to the door,
 And gently hint the Bible may be wrong !
 Beyond the Daniels of the church to dream,
 Thus can they think decrepit Rome shall fall,
 Her head diminish'd in despair shall hide ;
 Her creed be crush'd, her rites to nothing scoff'd ;
 Her priestly Bridewell (where the soul is whipp'd
 To virtues, and corrected vices feel
 More shame in fire than ever flesh endured,)
 Accomplish'd mind shall into phantoms mock
 And banish !—*More* than Bibles yet have done ;
 Beyond what Luther in his daring tried,
 Philosophy by magic force shall do,
 And reason triumph where religion fail'd !

'Tis here the pagans of this mind presume
 Low at the footstool of themselves to fall,
 And worship, at the shrine her hands erect.
 For carnal knowledge to herself is true
 And constant ever !—back from God recoils
 Behind the tree, to gorge forbidden fruit,
 Lurking like Adam in a guilty shade.
 But, oh ! thou spirit of celestial life
 And wisdom, teach them *first* THYSELF to know,
 And, knowing THEE, themselves to feel, and find
 That man, when Christless, is embodied sin ;
 And, though embellished, and by art embossed,
 But veil'd corruptions all his virtues form,
 Till faith can touch them with a spell divine.
 Oh, for a science such as Heaven can teach
 And love can master—that conceited Dust
 Within itself may learn to look, and mourn !

So would our leprous heart its plague deplore;
And intellect from sky, and sea, and air
Would soon avert its overweening gaze;
And more discoveries in our moral depths
Than Matter catechized will ever yield,—
Might then be master'd. Such refinement needs;
For many compass huge creation round
Who will not round themselves presume to sail.
What isles of vanity, what creeks of vice
Would then be charted,—if 'twere wisely done!
What continents of sin and self appear,
What strange geography the heart would prove,
That, unexplored, till now remain'd unknown!

But there be prophets who for Rome predict
A downfall, not by arms of earthly might,
Nor yet by reason, howsoever its powers expand.
Far humbler they: in things divinely deep,
JEHOVAH is their reason; and they bow
With faith compliant at that mental shrine
Where Deity in human words unfolds
The future, and HIMSELF to soul expounds.
And thus convinced, and by the SPIRIT taught
That man with man can never right be made,
Till right with Godhead will and worship be—
Our true advancement by preventive grace
Alone they augur. Well their natures know,
That as the Sun with *his* bright rays we see,
The living God with *His* own love we love,
And so, beneath the lightning of the truth,
They love to imagine how great Rome shall fade
Before the GOSPEL!—in millennial reign
And coronation. How their faith exults
From the rich organ voice, and rolling chants,
And strains profound by rapt Isaiah pour'd
Down many a chapter of stupendous pomp,—
To catch the music of Messiah's reign
That in them warbles! But a *WAIL* there is,
Or ever thus the gladden'd earth shall lift
Her choral triumphs, yet from man to rise:
From seers august, from Enoch's olden time
To him of Patmos,—all their voice unite
In diapason terribly distinct;
Denouncing woes, beyond what time hath seen
Or this world suffer'd, ere apostate Rome
Be ruin'd, or Millennial splendours reign.
And though, by ardency of hope inspired,
Along the heights of prophecy we look
Enraptured, and their sun-gilt peaks admire
Deck'd with the radiance of a blissful dawn;
Just as the mountains of our world appear
In the blue distance, lined in lofty range
And harmonized by one unbroken swell,
With no dark gulf *between*,—so, doth hope
Too often on the heights prophetic gaze,
And merge and melt them in soft unity;
Though black the gloom, and dreadful the abyss
Of wrath and judgment that *between* them frowns.

The bridge of ages in prophetic time
Our dispensation is by heaven decreed:
Inclusively, between those seers 'tis rank'd
Who first Emmanuel in His veiling flesh
Predicted,—stricken, cursed, and crucified
For our acquittal; and then,—Christ to come,
Crown'd with the royalties of reigning pomp
As PRINCE of souls, and PARAGON of worlds
To be enthroned, A CRISIS thus there stands
'Tween second Advent, and that Gentile church
Which now rehearses it, with glowing mind.
And, 'tis the zenith of all dreams inspired,
The sounding climax of predictive song,
The chant of martyrs, and the cry of saints!
And, in the gamut of successive times
Whose chords are eras,—have divinest prayers
Risen for ever, with augmenting swell,
To see this fated consummation shine!

Yet dare we not, by holy raptures fired,
Forget that PENAL CUP the church must drink,
By wrath and judgment to the brim o'erflow'd!

And hence the past, analogously dread,
That doom confirms, the voice of God reveals.
There, as we ponder, lo! each perish'd age
Dark'ning and dark'ning as it died away
From deep apostasies, to deeper still,
And deeper yet again,—our *OWN* instructs;
That not from bright to brighter shall we speed
In truths and tendencies, till thus we glide
Softly and sweetly to those golden times,
That shine so brilliant in the bardic chants
Of God's own poets, by His praise inspired;
But rather will our Gentile sun go down
A bloody occident, in wrath and gloom!

And, what a warning, (would our ears attend,
Nor deaf as adders from the charming voice
Avert them!)—do the ever-fam'd scenes
Where churches once, which miracles endow'd,
Apostles watered, and the SPIRIT'S grace
Divinely freshen'd with celestial dews,—
Preach to the haughty age we honour now!
Where are they gone, those Daughters of the sea,
Smyrna and Sardis, and the SISTERS five
Whose Angels once the loved disciple taught?
And by the shores, where oriental waves
Chime their lone music to the Afric blast,
How perish'd all, Tertullian's page unfolds
When Carthage made his apostolic crown,
Or martyr'd Cyprian into glory died!
While Hippo, where sublime Augustine mused,
And wrote his immortalities of truth,
Hath melted down to miserable nought!
These give dread warning, if we wisely make
The past a preacher to our present, be.
But sick at heart, and in the head unsound,
And sleek, and satisfied with all we do,—
The mountain of our majesty appears
Immovable; our age, Augustan call'd,
Our arts advanced, our science most complete,
Our wealth enormous, and our wisdom vast,
On land victorior, and by sea the same,
While on our empire sinks no travell'd sun,—
'Tis thus, by self-appreciation deck'd
And privileged beyond the past, we seem
Perpetual glory for our doom to boast
Above destruction, and beyond decay.

But where, amid this age of haughty mind,
Our weapon'd arguments of well-aim'd power
To baffle Rome, and keep her force in awe?
Alas! too often do our trumpets give
A sound uncertain; creeds are battle-words;
Some churches,—temples where Religion yawns;
While hosts who hate the Cross, its name profess,
And love the preacher while the Lord they shun.

A CHURCH elected, not a WORLD renew'd,
Here is the centre, for united aims;
And faithful round it (touch'd by solemn awe)
Meekly and firmly may we watch; and wait
Th' unfolding drama of that hour decreed
For vengeance, when the scarlet BEAST shall fall;
When He, in whom *all* types of terror blend
And blacken into one colossal Form;
The dread fulfiller of prophetic woes
And wailings,—shall at last Himself reveal;
The sin of AGES into ONE condensed,
Shall then be acted; then the church endure
That Fiend in flesh, of whom all scripture gives
Faint antichrists,—that fling their shades before
The coming substance of infernal might
By Daniel vision'd, and by David sung
In song terrific. Then, a day of blood,

Of burning deaths, of blackness and despair.
All creeds shall test, all living churches try,—
Purging the faithful till their dross they lose,
And purified, from out the flames they rise
In radiant beauty; and by love bedeck'd
With bridal vesture, to receive their LORD.

And signs there are, and symptoms which escape
All but the souls who see with scripture's eye,
Prophetical of that dark crisis,—doom'd
The Gentile churches to dissolve, and end
Amid the crash of kingdoms! Far and wide
From Thames to Tiber, throng the shadows thick
Of terrors, which predict those latter times
Ripe for the harvest of almighty wrath,
When God for glory reaps His vengeance due.
Look where we may, the boding mind discerns
No sackcloth'd empire on its knees at prayer,
No kingdoms bow'd in penitence, and tears;
But all is headstrong, haughty, and unchanged
As ever. Vainly have revolving years
Dread sermons preach'd on anarchy and crime
To banded nations, or benighted men:
For, black with hate to holiness and heaven
In both alike, the heart, is heaving still;
And though earth rocks, and nature's footsteps reel,
Full on the buckler of JEHOVAH's wrath
The age is rushing,—gainst His bosses dread
To dash its forehead, and endure the death
Of treason! Soon, perchance, may come
That dark catastrophe which closeth all
The fearful drama which this fallen world
Is now enacting, on the stage of sin.
The ancient Dotard of the triple crown
Is yet a mocker, and the Bible hoots
Madly as ever; while absorbing Rome
Beneath the banner of her witchcraft draws
All opposites, in creed that rise
To swell her potency, and aid her charms.
Discord, and crime, and brutal passions rage;
And lust and rapine, in delirium steep'd,
Loosen all truths, and let all lies abroad
In lawless havoc over hearts and homes!

And thus there rally, from the regions where
Disturbing elements of mind can mix,
All powers and principles, to final war.
And by such phalanx, which a fiend might lead
To battle,—when the world is well prepared,
And leaven'd to the core with lying spells;
When Faith (the bond of all cementing bliss
'Tween man and man) her social life withdraws;
And no religion to the THRONE eterne
Binds with a golden chain this earth below;
Then, may the hour, by Luther's prescient eye
Foreshadow'd, and by tragic seers foretold,
Come to a head,—and ANTICHRIST be scorch'd
To cinders, by the thunder-blast of God!
The VIALS six have all been emptied now;
The TRUMPETS six their peals of woe have blown;
And of the SEALS apocalyptic, six
Their fated truths have each unfolded and fulfill'd:
But when that VIAL, for the seventh decreed,
Its curse shall empty; when the closing TRUMP
Hurles its thunder through the mystic heaven,
Then, may this world some INCARNATION see
Infernal;—such as never from the deeps
Of burning darkness hath permissive God
Allow'd, upon our palsied earth to stand;
And act the climax where all horrors blend!

But, whatsoe'er this shape of hell appears,
As WICKED, WILFUL, or the LAWLESS one,
MYST'RY in flesh, or MAN with fiend combined,
Papist or Heathen, Jew or Pagan he;
If not in name in nature he shall prove
SON OF PERDITION,—who himself shall dare

To magnify beyond all worshipp'd God,
Or Saint, or Angel, on his temple throne;
And rob THE INFINITE of glory due
By lying wonders. Come, whate'er he may
In form or fashion, faith in this exults,
That in the wine-press of almighty wrath,
Trampled and torn beneath avenging CHRIST
The final ANTICHRIST is doom'd to fall!
For when awhile, on Satan's seven-hill'd seat,
The nameless ANARCH hath his wine-cup drugg'd,
And crush'd his compeers; till beneath his flag
All shapes of evil shall themselves enlist,
Dilated, darken'd, and by deep excess
Made terrible, beyond what terrors dream;
When thus fell ANTICHRIST himself shall vaunt
A new ALMIGHTY on creation's throne!
Then shall that FIGHT, whose dismal pomp arrays
Full many a vision with prophetic awe,
And many a promise with its glory fills,
And many a verse with battle-music lines,—
Be hasten'd. Lo! the bright AVENGER comes
In panoply of dreadful glory sheathed,
And blasting; and the disenchanted earth
Again shall smile, and with responsive joy
Partake millennium in the church's peace.

But who can gaze, with spirit unappall'd,
On the vast outlines of this coming doom
When all, that now in prophecy looks dead,
Leaps into life and acts the part sublime!
But, the great BATTLE of ALMIGHTY GOD,
By visions pictured, and by prophets sung,
And with whose muffled roar the Bible rings,
Who shall presume its awfulness to paint?
Then, the LAST HEAD of desolated Rome
Under his banner, with his kingdoms ten,
And rebel nations rallied at his cry,
Shall front to front the God eternal meet
For battle; and beneath the blast divine
Down the deep hell of darkness and dismay
Descend for ever, to his doom accursed!

Thought cannot think, nor tongue of flesh describe
What yet is vision'd, that our souls may learn
The consummation of this hour decreed!
But come He must—the FAITHFUL and the TRUE,
To reap the harvest of that holy wrath
By him of Patmos fearfully pourtray'd.
Oh! tells he not of that tremendous WORD
Whose NAME is written, but to man unknown;
Whose eye flames lightning; on Whose awful head
Were many crowns; and through the opening heavens
While paws the white horse his portentous way,
Lo! how the wavings of that blood-dyed vest
Symbol the Lord himself—a MAN OF WAR!
Of these, oh, tells he not, the loved St. John,
And writes a, *Blessed!* on the faith that hears,
Believes, and watches, for this end decreed.

Then may we dare, one gaze of awe to send
Down that red lake of ever-living fire,
Where BEAST and PROPHET by the LORD are hurl'd
Aye in the burnings of unquenched wrath
To welter!—never more on earth to rise,
(Or witch with sorceries our world again.
Thy truth, O Christ! be magnified with fear,
Thy work with conqu'ring majesty be crown'd;
For now the installation of Thy power
Approaches.—Lo, the SEALS are open'd all,
The VIALS emptied, and the TRUMPETS blown:
And there, within unfathom'd depths of fire
Burned and blasted,—lie all foes of truth,
All shapes of error, and all forms of sin
Which time hath marshall'd, or that Satan took!
Tyrants, and all the hell-hounds who have torn
The church to ruin, or her creed defiled
With falsehood,—sunk and scatter'd are they now.

Extinct, and sepulchred in endless shame;
 But THOU, O KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords!
 The lyric chant of sempiternal love
 And wonder, let our hearts to THEE uplift
 Incessant: join we, though with erring strain,
 Those minstrelsies, like many waters loud,
 That round about THY radiant throne resound
 From saints and elders, in their white array,
 The deathless thunder of a deep "AMEN!"
 And "ALLELUIAH! for the LORD doth reign."

Thus, link'd with terrors, and with truths sublime
 As Hebrew prophet on his watch-tower shaped
 Or shadow'd when the future's pall was lift
 And summon'd ages gave their secrets up
 Before him,—is the fall of papal Rome
 Predestined: gulf'd within a dread abyss
 Of ruin, 'mid the shock of shaking thrones,
 Empires and principles and banded powers,
 Th' abominatress of the soul will sink
 To black perdition.—But a scene, array'd
 With grandeurs, more horrifically touch'd
 By truth inspired, than Armageddon's fight,
 E'en like an epilogue of closing awe
 The Seer of Patmos now angustly brings,
 For faith to witness.—While the lake of doom
 Ruffles its blazing surges of revenge,
 O'er all the slain and sunken of the foes
 Infernal, see! from out yon cloven heavens
 In dazzling outbursts, like a lightning-break
 Flashing at midnight through the ebon vault,
 A dreadless Minister,—from God dismiss'd
 On errand, from the bright-winged Host on high:
 And, down on earth the flaming herald comes;
 In one hand, like the janitor of hell,
 That key which locks the everlasting pit
 Holding; but in the other, hark! the chain
 Of darkness clanks its adamantine links
 Resoundingly; and lo! the DRAGON old,
 The ARCH-DECEIVER, whose traducing lie
 Murder'd at once a world of priceless souls,
 And libell'd Godhead,—trembles in the grasp
 Angelic: captive, chain'd, subdued and bound,
 Hell's roaring LION is arrested now;
 For him the angel, with stupendous force
 Grapples; and, like a thunderbolt when dash'd
 Through the rent ocean in her raging might,
 Hurls him at once with archangelic speed
 Down the deep pit of bottomless despair,
 That burns and blackens, to receive his fall!

Dungeon'd in darkness, for a thousand years
 There shall he writhe; and, in the raking curse
 Of judgment holy, shut and seal'd by wrath
 Resistless, magnify the Son of God.
 For, though on earth the conqu'ring blow was struck,
 And Satan wounded, when the CHRIST was spear'd,
 While death in grasping at the GOD-MAN died
 In prelude; here, the radiance of far richer proof
 How Christ hath conquer'd, terrible will show!
 And tell it out to Systems, Souls, and Worlds
 How much of DEICIDE in sin there dwells.—
 For, upward, when with God in contrast placed,
 In principle, 'tis infinitely vile;
 Though downward view'd, the act but finite be.
 And hence, no pang, but INFINITE, could pay
 The debt unbounded to JEHOVAH due.

And ye, fair Spirits! who did faithful stand
 When he, the primest of your splendours once,
 Fell in proud treason,—by confirming grace
 In heaven to worship and on earth to wait
 Yourselves are strengthen'd, through th' upholding
 Christ.

Bright angels! though all passionless and pure,
 The peerless glory of the cross ye praise;
 And, with the saved and sanctified above

Circle the LAMB; while from celestial harps,
 Your choral strains around His MERIT ring
 Raptures, which make eternity to thrill
 With truths, that tell the mystic FIGHT is o'er,
 And CHRIST and CHURCH o'er chain'd Abaddon reign!

But now, as one from fever-dreams awakes
 Haunted by shades and shadows undefined
 Yet fearful, making pale imagination shrink;
 Once more to look upon the lustrous moon
 Through the high lattice beaming, and to bathe
 His wearied temples in the fresh-wing'd air
 Exulting;—so, from those stupendous glooms
 And themes of awe, where reason stands abash'd
 To take the soundings of eternal mind,—
 Back to the brightness of our earth we speed
 Delighted! Here, what living glories blaze,
 Above, below, what thronging splendours wait
 Prophetic numbers might indeed rehearse;
 And vision scenes, o'er which the harping Seers
 Enchanted roll'd their richest strains of song;
 And in the lulling dream of latter days
 For this world destined,—feel what Luther felt
 On Pisgah heights prophetically rapt,
 As oft he mused, and hail'd millennial times.

But all expressionless the heart recoils,
 Under a weight of glory melt all words
 To muteness, when that imaged KINGDOM comes
 On earth to be, what now the Bible types,
 And tells of Purity's celestial reign.
 Then shall indeed redemption's work respond,
 And reach to ALL that revelation sings
 In forms of matter, or in facts of mind
 Yet to evolve. Creation's groan shall cease,
 And life, and sense, and earth, and air, and sky
 The coronation of our CHRIST reflect,
 By the felt magic of His reign inspired
 And hallow'd. Glory in the sun will beam
 With seven-fold brilliance; and the placid moon
 Glide through the mazes of the moving stars
 With lustre deeper than rapt David saw,
 By midnight harping; not a fruit or flower
 That bares its beauty to the prying breeze,
 That will not, in th' o'erflowing love and light
 Of earth's millennial consummation share.
 For dust itself with DERRY combined
 In Christ's own PERSON, doth Redemption prove;
 And when He reigns, shall more than Adam saw,
 Of brightness bloom and blessedness reveal.
 But, oh! if MATTER thus resplendent be,
 Who can portray unadorned MIND
 By CHRIST install'd, beneath his sceptre rank'd
 Vicegerent,—under HIM perchance to rule!
 And like as now THE CHURCH instructs the world
 Though in her weakness; so, when thus complete,
 And train'd to heights of intellectual Truth
 By moral powers expansively sublime,—
 Entire creation from THAT CHURCH may learn
 A pure instruction in the things profound
 Of God: so will vast resemblance bind
 Creation, Church, and Christ in one
 Divine analogy of deepest awe.
 For, e'en as CHRIST by mystic suffering grew
 Up to the heights of his predestin'd rank
 Official; so, will God's elect advance
 By faint reflections of His threefold sway,
 As Prophets, Priests, and Kings of other worlds
 And systems; and this inorganic earth
 A PLATFORM of material splendours prove,
 Where beauty visible its throne shall set;
 And o'er all worlds our own as model shine,
 Where Matter triumph'd, and where Mind was train'd.

But whatsoever such thoughts be named,
 On the sure footing of the word inspired
 Our hope we plant, and there this promise find—

The Antichrist before the scorching blast
 Of throned EMMANUEL shall to death consume !
 The Jew shall yet his bright Jerus'lem see,
 And draw salvation from the Sides he pierced
 When CHRIST on Calv'ry bore the bitter Cross;
 While ransom'd Gentiles their hosannahs join
 The LAMB around; and resurrection-saints
 Call'd from the dust to greet their living Lord,
 A thousand years of coronation joy
 With Christ in glory, shall on earth partake.
 Till when at last, o'er sin, and Satan's host,
 And earth rebellious, final judgment sets
 That Seal tremendous, which for ever shuts
 The perish'd in their prison-house of wo
 And wrath unutter'd,—earth and heaven shall reach
 A beauty endless, by baptismal fires
 Recast; and clad with more celestial bloom
 Than Sense can dream, or Inspiration tells!

Thus, all creation will MESSIAH bring
 To full perfection, in its brightest form;
 And back restore it to the heart of God
 From whence it wander'd. There, His kingdom ends,
 And Mediation down its sceptre lays,
 For nought *between* us and the GODHEAD acts
 Official. Face to face will Finite meet
 The INFINITE; nor means nor modes he used,
 Nor Sacraments, nor teaching Symbols cast
 'Tween God and Soul their intervening shade.
 Jehovah's SELF will man's religion be,
 His ATTRIBUTES our only Temple prove:
 For, deep within their unimagined blaze
 Enshrined for ever will our Spirit dwell;
 And ALL in ALL direct JEHOVAH reign
 SOUL of our Souls, ineffably intense;
 Till God in mind the mind of God begets,
 And life Eternal be,—HIMSELF enjoy'd!

Farewell to Time.

BETWEEN the living and the dead, our life
 Throbs like a brief vibration; and how soon
 This pendulum of anxious being stops!
 E'en in a moment, by some touch or tone
 Arrested, lo, the life of sense concludes,
 And we are launch'd beyond the tracking eye
 To follow—by the INFINITE absorb'd,
 And in the secret of eternity!

But yet, as though REALITY were here
 Alone authentic, how the hollow show
 Of things which eye, or ear can apprehend,
 O'ercomes, and with monopolizing charm
 The cheated mind attracts; and blunts the edge
 Of fine perception, for the spirit's world
 To come! And, oh, how rarely hoping youth
 Turns to the future a prophetic gaze
 Beyond this earth of shadows! 'Tomb on tomb
 O'er life's descending pathway flings a shade;
 And many a heart-ache to some feverish dream
 Must pay sad homage, ere the mocks of time
 Be scatter'd, and our nobler dreams of soul
 Their reign commence, and teach the gay to think,—
 Shaping a destiny beyond the bounds
 And mean horizon of this mournful world.
 Then throbs the immortality of thought
 Within us! Then adown the gulf unknown
 Of being infinite, but undefined,
 Our spirit looks with introverted eye,
 By faith made holy; while we learn to feel,
 That Body forms the prison-house of Soul,
 And out of it the dead indeed are free.

And these are round us in ethereal hours
 When earth recedes, and through the rents of time
 Beyond the visible we dare to gaze,
 And gather wisdom from a world unseen,

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But not unshadow'd, by prophetic mind.
 Then do all clouds of Sadducæan tinge
 Dissolve; and placidly our dreams recall
 And the loved features of our dead recast!
 For they are round us in our moods enapt:
 By lonely shores, by melancholy seas,
 At moonlight's trance, or sunset's dreamy close,
 Down vaulted aisles or churchyard's cypress gloom
 Slow pacing; or, beneath some pictured face
 That *looks* our mem'ry into mourning sighs,—
 How often bend we o'er some form beloved!
 Or, by that resurrection which the heart
 Rehearseth, we can bid their cherish'd tones
 To wake, and hear their wonted footsteps glide!

But deep the thought, momentarily sublime,
 To think that not one pulse of conscious mind
 That WILL DIVINE hath ever cause to play
 In human being,—hath a single rest
 Experienced, since the primal throb began!
 The spirit-people of the LAND UNSEEN,
 Millions on millions though the number be,
 Are conscious,—more than when by flesh encased,
 And clogg'd in action: not a soul's extinct!
 Still Adam thinks, still Alexander feels,
 Cæsar hath being, Cleopatra lives,
 And those crown'd butchers whom the world calls
 brave,
 Are feeling more than when they battles fought:
 Yes, all who *have* been great, or good, or vile,
 Patriarchs, prophets, and the lords of mind,
 Heroes and warriors, and those laurel'd priests
 Of truth, the poets of eternity,
 All are a living, though a sightless race;
 Each in *himself* a hell, or heaven, become!
 For MIND is everlasting; and the MAN
 Is there in essence, when all adjuncts fail.
 Thus may the dead a more than sermon preach
 To awe the living, and this truth impress,—
 That *as* we die, for ever we endure!
 The same in principle the heart abides:
 For MORALS in their root continue ONE
 And changeless, though the soul hath taken wing.

Two worlds thus claim us, by a sleepless law;
 But one moves round us, palpably instinct
 With life and passion; and, alas! absorbs
 In the wild vortex of its vain delight
 What to the other, (though unseen) we owe
 Of faith and conscience. Thus, *for* time we live
 As well as in it; thus our hearts deny
 Eternity that waits behind the VEIL,
 And when the living from our gaze retire,
 We talk as though they *lived* not; but were quite
 From BEING parted, as to sight no more!
 But, this is madness in the garb of sense;
 The blinding mock of Epicurean dreams,
 Dilating time into eternity,
 And which eternity to time contracts.
 For faith and reason round this truth converge,—
 The dead are living; but, this life unheard,
 Unfelt, unknown, beyond our dreams to shape,
 Or thought to model, can but little move
 Man, by the flesh imbruted and enslaved.

Yet, be there moments when the heart exclaims,
 Where are the DEAD? the MINDS who once look'd
 forth
 In light from eyes, in language from kind lips,
 And by the daring of immortal deeds,
 Breathed on our own, like inspiration? Where,
 Where be the SPIRITS, who once felt, and fear'd,
 Who dream'd, desired, and acted like ourselves?
 Where have they fled? In blank absorption, lost?
 Merged in the infinite, engulf'd, or gone?
 Melted to nothingness? Is *this* their doom?
 Oh! wait awhile: for, e'en as wintry earth

By the green outburst of her glorious spring,
 Hidings of heavenly power in nature's breast
 Infolded, proves—so this material scene
 Of earthly visible and sensual vain,
 With hidden radiance of celestial life
 Our God will garment ; for the reign of saints
 Shall yet be witness'd, shining over all
 Conspicuous, with a glory undescribed ;
 The shell of matter shall at once remove,
 Like a strange dream the visible depart,
 And, lo, at once the quick on earth will stand
 By angels circled, and by saints enthron'd,
 And in the midst,—CHRIST paramount appear !

Meanwhile the bodiless in secret live
 Till all be rife, for this revealing act
 Of sudden, swift, and strange apocalypse.
 HOLY OF HOLIES ! in thy shrine august
 High o'er all heavens, ethereally removed
 From man's conception,—dwell the dead redeem'd.
 There, the saved myriads of the seal'd first-born
 Present with CHRIST, from Him perchance acquire
 (As to and fro the beatific host
 He moves, and ministers the food of thought)
 Truths which on earth experience did not gain.
 Patriarchs who dimly on the distant CHRIST
 Gazed in a promise, now with clearness look
 On HIM they long'd to worship ! prophets, too,
 The meaning and the majesty of strains
 Mysterious,—these by ACTUAL Christ expound ;
 Types are resolved, and shadowy rites unveil'd ;
 The mystic LAMB on typing altars laid,
 And gospel, by Aaronic priesthood taught,
 The great ORIGINAL doth here unfold,
 And proves HIMSELF sole archetype of all.
 While they who died in dimness, or dismay,
 (Haunted by fears, and harrow'd to the last
 By many a tremour,) in restoring beams
 Of comfort, look upon their LORD, and live.
 And there, is CONCORD !—all those hostile notes
 Of human dissonance, which now destroy
 The solemn harmonies of sainted Minds,
 These doth the LORD by melodizing grace
 Attune to oneness, till all souls agree.
 Thus may that world where parted spirits meet,
 A school of saintship for the church elect
 Be found : there may Christ his priesthood act,
 And God's magnificence of truth unveil ;
 Or, more and more the MERIT of His blood
 Teach to the Spirits, who around Him throng.
 And, bound they not with throbs of burning joy
 Their hearts within them, while th' INCARNATE shows
 His wounds, how deep ! His mercy, how divine !
 Till round that SAVIOUR rapt hosannahs rise,
 And, in the minstrelsy of heaven, we hear,
 " WORTHY THE LAMB ! FOR HE WAS SLAIN FOR US,"
 Down the deep ages of eternity
 Roll like a torrent of melodious praise.

And to this world, around whose vision'd scene
 Our thoughts have trembled, Luther's wearied soul
 Advances ; soon will that tried heart repose
 In peace, beyond the loudest blast of time
 To ruffle.—Twice some thirty years have delved
 Deep on his open brow their wrinkling trace ;
 And often hath he died in thought, and pray'd
 At home with Jesus in the heavenly clime
 'To have his welcome ! Hopes beyond this world
 To wither, far above the earth have borne
 His spirit ; in the balance of the truth
 Its visions and its vanities he weigh'd,
 And,—found them wanting ! Warn'd by heaven, he
 waits
 A kind dismissal to his last long home.
 For *there*, how many have before him fled,
 And seem to hail him from their thrones of grace
 Celestial ! 'Tis not that proud murmurs rise

From out that noble spirit ; but the hue
 Of life's pale sunset, (whose foreboding charm
 So often doth our parting hour predict,)
 O'ershades the present with a holy gloom.
 Youth with the *living* loves gay converse bright ;
 Age with the *dead* can high communion hold ;
 Nor calls it mournful, when the graves unclose
 Their treasures, when departed friendship rise,
 While votive mem'ry drops the valued tear
 Which feeling gathers in some aged eye.

And such, perchance, within the pensive gaze
 Of Luther glisten'd, when in hoary eld,
 Bowed with care, and pierced with many a pang
 Increasing,—in that very home of youth
 Again he enters, where a foodless boy,
 Through Eisleben from house to house he sang
 For bread ! and dropt unseen the bitter tear
 That moisten'd it, when cast from churlish hands.
 There at his window, on the wintry heavens
 Bleak with the blast, and white with flaking snow,
 Dejectedly his deep-set gaze he fix'd ;
 While heaved his spirit with a swell of prayer
 How richly grateful !—On his frame oppress'd
 Chill age was falling ; and both languid nerves
 And feeble sense, a boding symptom gave
 That soon with him the silver cord would loose,
 And bowl be broken at the fountain head !
 But not for this repined he ;—for THE CHURCH
 He mourn'd ; and sighingly her doom forecast
 That now was shadow'd in the stormful creeds
 Around him raging. Thus, an autumn tinge
 Sadden'd the future with prophetic shades
 Of wo, and weakness ; till at times he long'd
 Like Simeon,—now in solemn peace to part,
 And on the bosom of his Lord expire.
 His work is done, his warfare is complete ;
 And from eternity there seem'd to sound
 A bugle-note, that challenged his retreat
 Home to the heaven salvation's CAPTAIN won !

But, what a throng of thoughts, unheard, unknown,
 That moment of mysterious calm besieged !
 There, in the centre of all boyish dreams
 And hours departed,—there he mused, and pray'd ;
 Or, the long windings of his wondrous life
 Haply with tears retraced, with sighs renew'd,
 And God in shade and sunshine equal saw,—
 Guardian, and guide and glory of his days
 Perpetual ! Like a fated life had been
 The vast experience of his varied course,
 From lowly nothing to that Alpine height
 Of fame and influence, where his manhood climb'd
 And age was resting : scarce had patriarch's dream
 Or prophet's vision, more of strange and stern
 And deeply awful, in the things of God beheld
 Or suffer'd than the Saxon Monk endured,—
 From faithful Enoch down to fearless Paul !
 For, when had GOD HIS IMPRIMATUR put
 With brighter proof, that on the boundless WORK
 Than now o'er kings and kingdoms, man and mind
 Breathed of brave Luther, wheresoe'er it came ?
 Sinful, indeed, before THAT EYE he felt
 In whose bright ray the heavens unclean appear ;
 But faithful to his Christ, and creed, and cause
 Mercy had kept him,—and to THAT he gave
 The crowning merit of the mighty whole.

Around the axle-tree of TRUTH alone
 He well remember'd that his life revolved ;
 And THAT, is moveless ! 'mid the mightiest whirl
 Of vexing circumstance, or varied scene.
 'Twas thus a power of retrospective peace
 Besooth'd him, when he felt no black reproach
 From craft, or compromise, could blast him now ;
 Or round his death-couch bring one dismal shade.
 Firm had he lived, and faithful would he die ;

In life unblemish'd, and in death the same!

And if the chamber where the humblest yield
The burden of this being up to God,
Down to the roots of tenderness awakes
Affection's nature; if the feeblest mind
That hovers on the precipice of time,—
When beetling o'er INFINITY below
Takes to itself some attributes, which speak
Of awe and grandeur; can we gather round
That bed of glory where a Luther dies,
Nor feel an inspiration? Can we mark
That eagle spirit, from its chain unbound,
In light and liberty from this dim world
Escaping,—nor, a solemn thrill partake
Speechless, but how expressive! There he lies,
Pale in the swoon of swift-approaching death:
But mind is yet majestic; and his brilliant eyes
From the black lustre of their mental fire
Alive with feeling,—look forth prayer, and shine
Conscious and clear as ever! while the lips
Move with the verse, that on MESSIAH'S once
Quiver'd in peace,—when David's words of faith
Wing'd his worn spirit to the breast of God.

Deeper and deeper do the shades of death
Around him close, while drop the fainting lids
O'er his sunk eyeballs; thickly heave and fall
Those panting breath-gasps; while the ear of love
Drinks with delight some shatter'd tones, or sighs
Of Bible promise, or some falter'd notes
Of faith, which tell the spirit's life within.
The strife is mortal, but the strength divine
That meets it! Death, all stinging, and the law,
All dreadful,—neither can from Luther's heart
Hurl the high confidence, a Christian seats
There on the throne of evangelic truth.
Around him friends and mourners, each with sobs
Half stifled, and with tears that hang unshed
On the still'd eyelids of revering love,
Are group'd; while bands of waiting angels watch
The mighty spirit into glory pass!
Cold is the damp that dews his whit'ning brow,
And pains convulse him with continuous rack;
But underneath that palpitating flesh
Calm lies the soul!—in peace celestial bathed,
Though clay and spirit sunder. Hark! again
The last weak cry of ling'ring nature lifts
A dying homage to the truth divine;
And then, on yonder kneeling forms and friends
Before him, falls one faint and farewell gaze,
And,—all is over! while his features fix
Their pale expression into placid trance.
No sigh is heard, no groan, nor shudder comes;
But speechless, and with hands devoutly lock'd,
And mute as monumental prayer, he lies
A dead IMMORTAL, deep in glory now!

How hush'd, how holy, how intensely rapt,
As though the blood would listen as it flow'd,
Till the brain rocks, and check'd emotion reels,
That moment is, when first mysterious DEATH
In full development his form unshrouds
Solemn and stern!—And there, yon reft ones bend
Moveless, and pale, like shapes of sculptured wo
O'er breathless Luther:—each, by curb of thought,
The big sensation from outbursting cry
Restraining; not a tone of anguish breaks
The silence; wordless on his brow they gaze;
So still, that breath doth audibly intrude,
And loudly strange their living heart-beats play
O'er THAT beneath them—pulseless and at peace.

Behind our veiling drapery of sense
Baffled we are from darting forth one glance
Of mental knowledge; or the heart, methinks,
Might dream,—when Luther's disembodied soul

Pass'd from the flesh, to join the spirit-throng,
Eternity a fine impression felt;
And the high dead, instinctively commov'd,
Did welcome him to glory, as he took
His throne among them,—like a sainted King!

Oh! 'twas an hour, that in itself an age
Condenseth; for untold sensations vast
From deep infinity came struggling up!
Shadows of soul, and shapes which conscience eyes,
From moral depths which seldom are disclosed
Emerge, and to and fro the spirit's hall
Glide,—like the ghosts of awful THINGS to come;
Till, lo, their buried pang itself untombs
In language; and their load of stifled grief
Rolls from the heart,—to be unloosed in tears.

And let them fall; their tributary flow
Is nature's litany of weeping hearts.
For there th' ELIJAH of the GOSPEL lies!
And rarely to the spirit's home hath fled
From this low earth, a loftier SOUL than he
The lion-hearted Luther! Never more
That princely mind with gen'rous pang shall bleed:
He sleeps in Jesus, but he wakes to God,
Chanting in heaven the song on earth he sung,
"Worthy the Lamb! for HE was slain for me!"
The race is o'er, the goal immortal reach'd;
Servant of Light, and vassal of its Lord,
Him hath THE MASTER with the host above
United, call'd, rewarded,—and resumed
Back to THE BOSOM whence his graces flow'd.
And let the pope and priest their victor scorn,
Each fault reveal, each imperfection scan,
And by their fell anatomy of hate
His life dissect, with satire's keenest edge,—
And yet may Luther with his mighty heart
Defy their malice, though it breathe of hell!
If soul majestic, and a dauntless mien;
If faith colossal, o'er all fiends and frowns
Erect; if energy that never slack'd,
With all that galaxy of graces bright
Which stud the firmament of christian mind;
If these be noble,—with a zeal conjoin'd
That made his life one liturgy of love,
Then may the Saxon, from his death-couch send
A dreadless answer that refutes all foes
Who dwarf his merit, or his creed revile
With falsehood. Far beyond them soars the soul
They slander; from his tomb there still comes forth
A Magic that appals them by its power;
And the brave monk who made the Popedom rock,
Champions a world to show his equal yet!

Luther is dead!—and, like the CHURCH'S knell
Booms the sad tale in Europe's startled ear:
Princes are struck with consternation's chill,
And trembles now the Reformation's ark!
But, turn we most to see Melancthon's tear,
Sacred as ever dropp'd from friendship's eye.
Nations alone the great REFORMER knew,
But he the MAN had loved, and mourn'd him now
As David over Jonathan bemoan'd,—
Passing the grief of woman! 'Twas th' eclipse
Of earth's best sunshine, when his Luther died:
For, years had tried them with severest test,
And at each close, more fervidly in faith
Had left them; therefore, what but soothing Heaven
The acting tumult of his harrow'd mind
Can hush, and soften into sacred calm?
Theirs was a friendship, which no earthly soil
Can prosper; out of heavenly seed it sprang,
And bloom'd unwither'd, 'mid the blight and blast
Of cold earth's changes. Each to each a grace
Imparted, which apart they did not wield;
Their light was varied, but their love was one;
And the mild discord of commingled souls

In friendship made the harmony more sweet;
While o'er the failings of their mutual hearts
The garment of sweet charity was thrown,
And hid them. Thus, not Luther in his mood
Tempestuous, when the lawless rage ran high,
From Mild Melancthon forced one bitter tone;
For, soon that tempest of a moment sank
To loving silence; forth the rainbow smiled!
And rich good humour cast its rosy gleam
O'er the brief gloom a frowning word begot.
And thus 'twill ever be, when hearts are true
As tender; frankly bold and freely plain,
'Tis not in nature, when by Christ attuned,
A smile forgiving from a fault confest
To darken: love is here our safest creed;
For kindness forms the talismanic key,
Opening the heart well-lock'd to all beside.

Luther is dead; and lone Melancthon weeps;
And, reader! hast *thou* no responsive tear
With his to mingle? Is thy gone career
'Tombless? And over no departed friend
Heaves the green turf? And is thy present hung
With no sad cypress, over perish'd joys,
Or faded dear ones into dust relapsed?
Alas; the heart's Necropolis is filled
With many a tomb by mem'ry's votive hand:
And where is he, that miracle of joy,
In age partaking all his childhood had
Of household blessing, or parental bliss?
Oh! long ere wintry years the head have hoar'd;
Or, thoughts their furrows in the forehead plough'd,
Eternity with time, at least divides
Our friendships. Heaven has oft the better half
Of hopes that brighten'd, or of hearts that blest
Our life's fair-morning! Soon the world grows strange;
And bleak, and barren do our pathways grow
As more and more they wind us to the grave!
And well, if friendship only be the loss
We suffer; oft, alas! our feelings too
Are petrified to apathetic frost;
The heart is bankrupt, though the head be rich;
While all those young simplicities of soul
That lay on character's expanding buds,
Like drops of morning, in their freshness bright,—
Exhale, and leave an autumn-waste behind.

Not such were thine, Melancthon! Round thy grief
A radiant hope of sweet re-union shined,
In that high world of fearlessness and truth,
Where all of heavenly that on earth we lose
Again shall greet us; and a glory wear
Perfect and bright, beyond our purest mind
Below to witness. There, shall friend with friend,
And babe with mother, son with sire, renew
In blest revival, unforgetten love.
Partings below will soon to meetings turn,
And serve as foils to set their gladness off
Hereafter, when the soul's embraces blend!
And there are moments, mystically deep,
When time anticipates eternity,
Making the Easter of our mem'ry bright
Rise on the heart, with resurrection's bloom.
Bodied, and bodiless, can thus converge,
Whene'er to worship at the THRONE we bow,
Or sigh, or speak some lonely prayer of love,
Soothed by soft dreams of well-remember'd times.
There, round that CENTRE of our common LORD
The dear and dead ones of the heart revive;
Inhale together one surpassing peace,
And bathe their spirits in one blended joy
Supernal:—friendships, thus in soul, remain
When tombs have swallow'd all the senses clasp'd.
So can the living with the dead commune,
And cheat the grave of half its vict'ry here;
While love in Christ, divinely thus will prove
On earth the brightest, as in heaven the best.

The Poet's Retrospect, and Patriot's Conclusion.

NATURE alone, is universal want;
But *how* to fill it, man can never find,
Till heaven instruct him. Sin a gap hath made,
Which all the glory that below the skies
Our dreams can image, or some vast desire
In deeds embody, cannot ever close.
The happy are the holy; none besides!
But, God in man plants holiness complete:
Life from THE SPIRIT, by His word imbreathed,
Like to a soul within a soul must reign,
Or, at the best, humanity is base;
Her lights are cold, her attributes eclipsed,
And all her high prerogatives a cheat!

Yet, man himself a moral Cræsus thinks,
And from *his* power perfected being longs
To frame, or fashion Hence, the world has tried
The hunger of the heart with food to feed,—
Drawn from the depths of that presumed supply
It seems to master. But the effort fails;
And time recorded but repeats the tale
Of mutual wants, by mutual pride befooled
With false supplies, which took the name of good
But never reach'd its nature! till at length,
Giants in faith, (by God himself equipp'd)
With mental grasp magnificently wide
And wondrous, on the stage of manhood rise;
And these at once, like INCARNATIONS seem;
Of all that Cent'ries in their sighs invoked,
Or truth had vision'd as the master-shape
In which to cast our virtues. What was once
An aimless yearning, or a blind desire
Haunting the heart with perturbation wild,
Is now personified by form express
And open; want hath now a PRIEST obtain'd
To vent the truth, to give abstraction voice,
And body forth, intelligibly plain,
Sorrows which pleading ages have deplored.

And such was Luther, when the clock of time
Sounded the hour for his decreed approach:
He was the MOUTHPIECE of oppress'd mankind,
A great INTERPRETER of tongueless wants
And pains, that lack'd an intellectual power
Their own profundity to tell, or prove.
Yet, PRELUDES were there, which portended change;
Some dawning heralds of a deeper life,
Diviner morals, and a purer creed,
Ere the lone Monk from out his convent peal'd
Those thunder-claps of theologic truth,—
That startled Leo from a sensual trance;
And shook the Vatican, with such a force
That yet its walls do vibrate with the shock
They gave them! though three hundred years
Have swept their wings o'er Martin Luther's grave.
There was a ripple in the mental tide
Awaken'd; streams of holier thought began
With sudden freshness and more sweeping force,
Heavenward and onward through the heart to roll:
Till lo! at length, a MASTER-Mind proceeds
Forth from the seceracies of convent-life,
In whom the SPIRIT of the age can find
An INCARNATION of itself prepar'd
Its mind to utter, and its motion wield.

And we, who now the Reformation scan
Mellow'd by time, and by experience tried,
No random impulse, no erratic move
Aimless and blind,—in that achievement hail;
But rather a MOMENTUM, pure and deep,
From DEITY Himself directly sent
To nature,—that her inmost heart might wake!
Reason and Man were agencies alone;
They acted nought but instrumental parts:
One GREAT DIRECTOR did o'er all preside;

But yet invisible, behind the veil
 Of mental drapery, His guiding hand
 Arrested, moved, and modified the work
 With sacred watch incessant. Hence the Cause,
 (Beyond the creed of calculating souls,)
 So often grew mysteriously begirt,
 And mantled round with difficulties that mock'd
 All human gazers; hence the high result
 Proved not indeed what Romish annals feign—
 Mere anarchy from man's revolted mind,
 Heady and proud, by lawless will inspired:
 Nor was it but the negative excess
 Of haughty reason, with disdainful ire
 All ritual forms, time-hallow'd and adored,
 Trampling to dust: for then, the WORK had died
 E'en in its birth, as imposition blind
 As baseless; founded in no faith or law,
 And tinged with nothing but sectarian hues
 Petty and partial.—No, THE TRUTH was there!
 And from that centre, like a script'ral heart,
 Recover'd GRACE with throbs of doctrine sent
 A gospel life-blood through the gen'rous whole.
 And thus, th' Almighty did HIMSELF inspire
 The Reformation; though unheard, unseen
 And unimagined, in the midst He moved,
 While Luther was the mental HAND that made
 The outward INDEX of His secret will.
 And what makes hist'ry, but that WILL evolv'd,
 In fact embodied, or in form contain'd?
 When thus perused, the page historic glows
 With life intelligent, with force divine;
 But, when *apart* from Heaven's presumed DECREE
 The glooms or glories of the world we scan,
 Our creeds must be confusion: then the Church
 Matter and Mind alone can e're display
 To faith or feeling. Hist'ry's life is God:
 All second causes are the first disguised;
 And great RESULTS, though man sole master seem,
 Are but mere echoes which His WILL repeat.

And oh, how thrilling! touch'd with solemn awe,
 Or pregnant with philosophy how deep
 Are Time's events,—when thus divinely read!
 Here is the harmony of things obtain'd,
 When from the Cross pure explanations flow;
 For here a PRINCIPLE itself reveals
 Ethereal, pure, magnificent, and plain,
 That binds with concord and embraces all
 That else looks chaos, in the life of things.
 Yea, such the homage to a God believed
 Empires and nations in His hand to hide,
 That pagan Instinct canonized the creed,
 Ere God in gospel to the earth came down
 His heart revealing.—Never yet hath man
 A wisdom high, or greatness holy sought,
 But claim'd he kindred with celestial LAW,
 And by DIVINITY himself explained.
 Thus, truth in time shall magnify the Cross,
 Until the breast of God-revering man
 Echo on earth the chant by angels sung
 In glory,—“KING OF KINGS! and LORD OF LORDS!
 In Thee and For Thee, do all things consist
 In souls or systems, or stupendous worlds!”

VINE OF THE CHURCH, whose mystic branches are
 The host elect of sanctified and seal'd
 Immortals,—even so, as CHRIST is own'd,
 Our light is safe, our liberty secure.
 But when to human from divine we turn
 With homage baseless; and to mortal breath
 A blind religion blinder incense pays,—
 Our brightest health is but consumption's bloom!
 Faithful, or faithless to her Lord as HEAD
 And true SENSORIUM of all living grace,
 E'en thus, as our beleagu'ring CHURCH hath stood,
 Sublime in gifts or sunken into shame,
 The bride of Jesus hath on earth display'd

Both form and features. To a threefold spring
 Religion only can for creed, or forms
 Betake her: and that triple source all time
 Illustrates,—Man, or God, or Priest alone;
 As is each master, so her fate hath been.
 But when the priest his sacerdotal chains
 (Forged from the links of apostolic truth
 Perverted) round about pale conscience wove;
 When man, unexcept'd of his kingly mind,
 A mere automaton for ritual springs
 To pull or play, as guile or gain inspired
 Their priestly mover; when to such
 The Esau of the soul their birthright gave
 Of faith, and freedom in salvation's gift,
 Religion was the JAILER of mankind,
 And bound the spirit in a rotting gloom
 Of Christless errors. But when God appears
 Again refulgent on a Throne of grace,
 Revival wakens!—and the truth reform'd
 By monk or martyr, is but Christ unveil'd:
 PROPHET, and PRIEST, and KING of souls redeem'd
 The church adores him. Then, her powers expand,
 Her symbols preach, her sacraments revive;
 Her truths HUMANITY contain and clasp
 With fine embraces of effective law
 And love, commingled; then indeed, a GROUND
 And PILLAR of the TRUTH she stands and pleads:
 Angels admire, and Devils cannot pluck
 One ray of beauty from her righteous crown!
 For then, AMBASSADRESS from heaven to earth,
 Glad tidings brings she on her mitred brow,
 And with her full-toned GOSPEL: then erect,
 In high pre-eminence o'er heart and head
 She holds the SAVIOUR, crucified and crown'd.
 Sinner and sin, for each her creed presents
 Befitting argument, both for God and man,
 There, one is pardon'd—Mercy be adored!
 The other, punish'd,—Justice own the doom!
 So in twin glory, Love and Law complete
 Their vast expression; thus alike can LAW
 Glare from the Cross a dreadful verdict down
 On sin, on conscience and on coming doom;
 While LOVE o'er all eclipsing radiance pours,
 And MERCY in its rapt meridian shines!

But art thou not thus venerably graced,
 Founded in CHRIST, and by apostles formed,
 GLORY OF ENGLAND!—oh, my Mother Church,
 Hoary with time, but all untouched in creed?
 Firm to thy MASTER, with as fond a grasp
 Of faith as Luther, with his free-born mind
 Clung to EMMANUEL,—doth thy soul remain.
 But yet around thee scowls a fierce array
 Of foes, and falsehoods; must'ring each their powers,
 And all prepared, their hallelujahs base
 Or bloody, o'er thy fallen towers to lift
 Triumphant. And well may thoughtful hearts
 Heave with foreboding swell, and heavy fears
 To mark, how mad opinion doth infect
 Thy children; how thine apostolic claims
 And love maternal, are regarded now
 By creedless vanity, or careless vice.
 For time there was, when peerless Hooker wrote
 And deep soul'd Bacon taught the world to think,
 When THOU wert paramount,—thy cause sublime!
 And in thy life, all polity and powers
 The Throne securing, or in law enshrined,
 With all estates our balanced Realm contains,—
 In thee supreme, a master-virtue own'd
 And honour'd. Church and State could then co-work
 Like soul and body in one breathing form
 Distinct, but undivided; each with rule
 Essential to the kingdom's healthful frame,
 Yet both, in unity august and good
 Together, under CHRIST their living HEAD
 A hallow'd COMMONWEALTH of powers achieved.
 But now in evil times, sectarian will

Would split the **BODY**, and to **SECTS** reduce
 Our sainted Mother of th' imperial isles,
 That have for ages from her bosom drank
 Those truths immortal, life and conscience need.
 But never may th' indignities of hearts
 Self-blinded; or the autocratic pride
 Of reason, by no hallowing faith subdued,
 One lock of glory from her rev'rend head
 Succeed in plucking: **LOVE** and **AWE** and **TRUTH**
 Her doctrines preach with apostolic force;
 Her creed is **UNITY**, her **HEAD** is **Christ**,
 Her forms primeval, and her creed divine,
 And **CATHOLIC**, that crowning name she wears,—
 In heaven revered, though unadmired below;
 For **God** is catholic in love and law,
 While man in both would mere sectarian prove,
 And down the deeps of individual **SELF**
 Would **Christ**, and **Creed**, and **Calvary** absorb!

And signs there be of more stupendous gloom,
 Frowning vast bodements over faith and forms
 That once intact, by sanctity begirt,
 O'erawed betrayal! For a fitful heave,
 A restless panting for the **UNATTAIN'D**
 And **UNDESCRIBED**, both church and world betray.
 Knowledge alone, from **FAITH's** protective law
 Divorced, must now sole educatrix be;
 While the dread universe itself is tax'd
 For sensual income, through its living range!
 Down from yon palace where the sun-king reigns,
 Throng'd by his court of seasons, to the dust
 Existence crumbles on her daily rounds,
 All is for **PROFIT**!—money makes the man,
 And man the money. **Gold** is **England's God**,
 While brute **SENSATION** forms the people's Lord;
 And men are mechanized to flesh-machines
 For grinding incomes out of earth, and stones;
 Till glorious **NATURE**, (once by feeling thought
 Creation's **URIM**, where young dreams consult,
 And **Thummim**, whence poetic fancy drew
 Replies unsyllabled, yet full of speech,)
 Turns a mere platform,—whence our food is drawn,
 And sense may batten! Thus depraved and sunk,
 Our Cains in creed, our Deicides in mind
 Who murder Godhead with their secret thought;
 Or live as though his Attributes were dead,
 Disarmed, or paralysed,—religion hoot;
 Scouting the **FUTURE** as the fancy's mock,
 A poet's fiction, or a priest-born lie,
 Veneal as groundless! Thus dare men conceive
 That cash may do, what creeds have never done;
 Till conscience is at length by lust betray'd,
 And man,—a moral ruin! base and blind,
 Anarchic passion, and bereft despair.
 Myriads be such whom sensual knowledge cheats,
 And depthless minds with most despotic craft
 Beleague, and govern. But, amid this whirl
 Of things; when all by ancient creed admired,
 And called immortal, waxes dim and pale;
 When law is weak, and legislation blind;
 When guess-work dares all principle decry,
 And time-hoared **VERITIES**, by heaven approved,
 As props and pillars of a nation's weal,
 Uprooted lie, by violation's grasp;
 And **SELF** alone our practice **BIBLE** grows:
 Lo! in the midst of this spasmodic change
 The **CHURCH OF ENGLAND**, like a bastion fronts
 The warring elements, which round her rise!
 Secure, unbroken, unalarmed and calm:
 And haply, if ordaining heaven decree,
 The spirit's **ORGAN**, for restoring life
 To **Virtues** dead, and **Morals** half extinct.

For, gather'd into one expressive whole,
 If language could articulate the mind,
 What is the spring, the primal and profound
 Of all commotion,—strange, or deep, or strong?

What is it, but the hunger of the **HEART**,
 The moral famine of the foodless mind
 For **GOOD**?—a thirst beyond all worlds to soothe,
 And all the cisterns of created joy
 To quench! But in the **INFINITE** of truth,
 There may the intellect its rest attain;
 And in the **INFINITE** of love, the **Will**
 Responsive adequacy alone can find.
 But save in **Christ**, the **RESERVOIR** of souls
 Believing,—save in **Him**, the **GREAT RELIEF**,
 Where can th' unresting heart repose enjoy?
 For here, all aspirations can their echo meet,
 Centre in calm, and reach consummate bliss.
 But if that **Christ** in **England's Church** be found,
 In pulpit, sacrament and prayer enshrined,
 Her Priesthood faithful, and her Powers express'd
 With order'd grace, and discipline revered;
 Then, in the hands of her o'erwatching **LORD**,
 Yet may she bring to **European heart**
 And spirit,—that supply of nurt'ring truth
 They need, but cannot name. And signs there be
 Which stamp her, with significant effect
TEACHER of nations,—fated yet to draw
 The future round her, as a central Ark,
 Where light, and liberty, and law secrete
 Their saving essence, to conserve the world.
 For 'mid her faults of sin, and tottering faith,
 Her stoops of weakness, and her starts of pride
 Terrestrial,—in her heart there nobly beat
 The truths august protesting **Luther** voiced,
 Like battle-tones, before the ear of kings!
 And what, if thus by fav'ring heaven endow'd,
 The high deposit of the **Faith** she hold
 Untarnish'd? Trial then may glory prove;
 Safety and splendour may her conflicts crown:
 And what to mere arithmetic of sense
 A future charged with blackest wo appears,—
 A true arena, where our church may stand
 Fighting the battles of primeval faith
 May be; and grateful empires call her blest!

And lo! what symptomatic meanings throng
 Round all who gaze intelligently calm
 On men, or nations. Sign which preach with **power**
 The sermons deep of Providence to time!
 See, **Population**, with enormous swell,
 Increase a thousand ere the sun decline
 Day after day; while space and time depart
 Before the miracles, by modern speed
 Enacted! Elements our vassals make;
 And, like a war-steed harness'd and controll'd
 Rein'd by proud science,—lo, the bridled deep
 Commerce to all her thousand ports conveys,
 Rapid as winds can waft, or waters roll!
 Empires with empires thus new contact form,
 Powers with fresh powers, and minds with minds
 embrace,
 For vice or virtue; all in fusion meet
 And mingle,—ready to ignite, and blaze
 Heavenward or Hellward, as the truth prevails
 Or falters: while around this huge ferment,
 Mark legislation to the lowest brink
 Of sad humanity, her code direct;
 While wisdom pores, with speculation deep,
 Round planes and prospects, where the mind may grow
 And learn to build a moral being up.

Here be the portents, which predict a change,
 And solemn crisis; while the dormant east
 (That home of apathy and ancient pride)
 Wakes from her torpor, with mysterious life
 And motion. What shall then the issue be,
 When the world labours with some big **EVENT**
 Radiant with bliss, or black with dreadful crime?
 To **God** we leave it; but *this* may truth pronounce,
 That **Hell** is forming, where **His** grace breathes *not*!
 And let but once thy spark, rebellion! fall

Down on the mass of unconverted minds,
By treason moulded, and by anarchs led
To lawless triumph,—and the World must bear
Suff'rings untold, and horribly intense
Beyond what hist'ry hath in dread pourtray'd.
Then earth a pandemonium would present
Raging with lust, and reeking with revenge;
Till by her blood incarnadined,—the World
Would be as godless as the fiend requires!

But this, in mercy, may our God forbid;
Nor leave the world a dungeon of despair.
And may our Church (by gracious heaven revived)
Hallow'd by love, her apostolic rank
Resume and dignify;—and so present
Her mitred forehead, and her saintly mien
Untarnish'd, unattainted; safe alike
From popish rancour, and schismatic rent.
For in her shrine ETERNAL MORALS dwell;
And through her sacraments and creeds there flow,
As golden conduit-pipes of grace ordain'd,
Streams of high influence,—fresh from heaven con-
vey'd.

But could the Mammons of our day succeed,
Unchurch the nation, prayer and praise destroy,
Silence the pulpit, and all means of grace
Baffle or blight,—soon would Hell on earth
A more than rival in debasement, hail!
For soul itself would putrify in sin;
Or wither down to senselessness, and shame;
While MANHOOD, which the eye of faith declares
A true Shechinah where a shadow'd God
Dimly HIMSELF through mortal haze unfolds,—
A mere hypothesis of breath and brain
Would be; a Paradox, in flesh array'd,
A baseless something, now baptized a Man!

But in thy heart, heroic England! long
May Luther's voice and Luther's spirit live
Unsilenced, and unshamed. Thou peerless home
Of liberty and laws, of arts and arms,
Of learning, love, and eloquence divine,
Where Shakspeare dreamt, and sightless Milton
soar'd,
Where heroes bled, and martyrs for the truth
Have died the burning death—without a groan;
Land of the beautiful, the brave, the free!
Never, oh never! round thy yielded soul
May damning popery its rust-worn chain
Of darkness rivet; in the might of heaven
Awake!—and, back to Rome's vile dungeon, hurl
Her shackles base and slavery abhor'd!
Without the Bible, Britain's life-blood chills
And curdles; *in* that book, and *by* that book
Almighty,—freedom can alone be kept
From age to age, in unison with heaven.
Without it, life is but a ling'ring death,
A false existence that begets decay,
Or fevers only into restless life
Whose blood is madness, and whose breath despair!
For not philosophy, with Attic grace
Bedeck'd, and dazzling; nor can science deep,
Sounding with searchful eye the vast abyss
Of things created; nor politic weal,
Transcending all that earthly patriot dreams
Of pure, and perfect—our great country guard:
And though our banners on the four winds waft
Defiance, in the face of this huge world;
Our swords flash vict'ry, and our commerce vie
With more than Tyre, upon her throne of waves
Once free and famous,—till our country prove
The banking-centre of all climes and creeds,—
Reft of her Bible, not a drop remains
Of holy life-blood in the nation's heart!

LAND OF THE LORD! my own maternal isle!
Still in the noontide of celestial love

Basking, beneath the cross of Christ adored;
How bounds the heart with patriotic throb
Devoted, till each pulse a prayer becomes,
When oft upon thy sea-dash'd cliff we stand,
While ships by thousands haunt thy favour'd shores,
And in their bosom half the world discharge
Of riches and of splendour!—God is thine
My country! faithful unto death be thou;
For He has made and magnified thy strength,
E'en like a SECOND PALESTINE, to prove
The Ark of scripture, where a Christless world
May find the truth that makes her spirit free!
Thy bulwark is the Bible, in the heart
Of Britain, like a second heart enshrined
For inspiration, purity and power:
And, long o'er principle, and law and weal,
O'er public virtue and o'er private life
May SCRIPTURE be sole paramount, and test;
The source and standard of majestic faith,
Where morals form, and whence our motives flow.
And thus, brave empire! if thy church beloved
Firm to the truths the Saxon Paul restored
Tenaciously through blood and fire, remain;
Then, long as guardian waves begirt
Thy shores, or sunbeams o'er thy cornfields play;
While thy large soul with liberty exults
And brightens; will that CHURCH uninjured stand,
Saintly and solemn, by the wise revered,
By great men hallowed and by good ones blest.
And never may thy touching sabbath-bells
No echo in thy children's hearts awake;
When pealing softly with a pensive chime,
Or deep-toned cadence o'er thy hills and dales,
Cities and towns and hamlets far away,—
They bid us feel what Luther's genius won;
Who pluck'd our Sabbaths out of papal mire,
And gave to myriads, God's own day of rest,—
Pure as the one my page shall vision now.

For, see! from out the radiant east, that blooms
As if with blossoms of carnation'd light,
The rose of morning blushes into hues
Of purpling splendour,—till the arch of heaven
Serenely mantled with one glow immense
Of opal lustre, tells that day is born,
And that, a sabbath; sacred be its dawn!
To all who welcome with accorded rites
Its high mementos, and its claims august.
And, oh, how numb'd with earth's torpedo sway
The minds that will not, in the saintly prime,
Of this rapt morning—feel how God hath framed
The world *without* intelligibly fit,
By living concord, to the world *within*!
Now, matter seems a paraphrase on mind!
We pour our spirit into sounds and scenes,—
Greeting creation, like an echo'd self
In forms repeated, for poetic eyes
Or hearts of high-strain'd purity, to hail,
And now most delicate, from out the spirit's depths
Unsyllabled imaginations rise,
With thoughts, that in their trepid beauty hang
Faintly and freshly on the virgin mind,
From whence we know not.—Sacramental hour,
Hail to thy glories! for the Lord is thine,
And all things of his plastic SPIRIT breathe.
The very sunbeams do their sabbath keep;
So hush'd and holy is the bright-hair'd morn,
While balm and beauty through creation's breast
Are now prevailing! Nature's typical calm
To sabbath-keeping hearts it thus presents;
Who early at the grave of Jesus watch
Like Mary, to behold her rising LORD.
We call it fancy, but it comes like fact
Full on our spirits with seductive power,
That nature's heart sabbatically greets
The day in seven, which tones the other six
With virtue,—e'en as man is wont to do.

Now melt the heavens, magnificently soft,
Through the deep eye that loves to drink their hues
Like draughts of lustre; till the flooded gaze
Overflows with splendour, and grows dim with light;
The larks renew their matins; while the humbler
birds

Send hallelujahs to the King of morn
Tiny and broken, but replete with praise;
Who, now uprising from his throne of clouds,
Bares his red forehead to the greeting world!
The viewless finger of the fairy wind
Wanders about, and with a dimpling touch
Ripples a stream; or tunes the air to song,
Till like an anthem by the breezes sung
Fancy admires it; but for this,—all earth
Is cover'd o'er with meditation's calm,
Solemn as in some hoary minster dwells;
And if no waving elegance of trees
With falt'ring motion; nor, the lisp'ing talk
Of flowers wind-ruffled; nor the mellow tones
Of gliding waters, in their graceful flow
Broke the blest calm,—'twere all a perfect trance
In sweetest emblem of this hallow'd morn.
But if from rustic solitude we turn
To where, through parted hills old Ocean bares
His breast of waters to the mantling sun,
Thou hast no sabbath, ever-rolling sea!
At once 'tis witness'd; but methinks thy waves
Pant like the hearings of a heart, that swells
And pulses heavenward with unspoken prayer.

But day advances: hark! from tower and spire,
Pointing the soul like principles to Heaven
And happiness—what many-voic'd bells
Peel their high summons, which invite the world
To meet her **MAKER**, in His temple shrined
Waiting due worship. Oh, ethereal Day,
Beyond the grossness of barbaric sense
Rightly to value; what a blighted scene,
Yea, what a prison-vault of petty cares,
Polluted dreams, and unbaptized joys
Would earth, if sabbathness,—at once become!
For if throughout infinity we feel
And act, by conscious glory to our God
Conjoin'd; or, of divinity amerced
The gnawing worm of conscience must endure,—
Then, priceless is the Sabbath! and we hail
The soul of six days in the seventh divine.

To let th' Eternal o'er the temp'ral cast
A shading awe, that bids this world away;
And Earth to Heaven by aspiration's wing
To lift; by symbols and by signs to charm
Cold nature, and imagination feed
With rites that nourish for ennobling growth
Its being; then, by combination due
Of epochs high, traditions pure, and faith
Unblemish'd from a gospel-fountain drawn,—
Here is the function which a sabbath fills:
Together with appliances devout
Of praise, confession, penitence, and prayer
That bathes the conscience in the crimson blood
Of **JESUS**,—who can such a day blaspheme,
Thus propertied with those divinest powers
That, to the roots of all which makes
A people holy, or an empire wise,—
Sends a live influence from religion's heart?

'Tis chiefly by this institute sublime,
Sanction'd by God, and by **HIMSELF** first kept,
The **SOUL's** position in the truth appears
E'en as it is,—before Omniscient Mind.
Now are we taught, by rites and facts reveal'd;
Or by appeals, whose virtue is **THY** pang
EMMANUEL! by a hidden grace applied,—
A truth which humbles, yet with holy might
Meetens and melts the heart to bear the doom

Celestial;—e'en this truth, of all the base
In moral code or creed religious found
"That God *made* man, but man himself *unmade*;"
And now is fallen from supernal heights
Of being, into curs'd and carnal depths
Apostate,—helpless, hopeless, and impure,
And having nothing but a guilt,—his own!
Oh verity! beyond our solving minds
To master, but by all things sign'd, and seal'd;
For nature, providence and grace combine
Their witness, and authenticate the **FALL**:
Explaining much, itself is unexplain'd;
Remains a mystery, but all mysteries lights
With radiance, pure as reason's eye approves.
Deny it—what a libel on the love
Almighty, does this blasted Earth become!
So much of grandeur in our grief abides;
So much of glory in our gloom appears;
And in the soil of our corrupted soul
So oft the foot-prints of departed God
Leave shining impress of their primal track,—
That if not fallen, but in form of mind
MAN in his perfect God-created mould
Be yet apparent,—what a satire then
On power creative, seems this anarchy state!
Or rather by such contradiction judged,
Lunatic angels, seraphim gone mad
Would men be christen'd,—if no beam from heaven
Lighten'd the gloom of this chaotic world.

And therefore, glory to this day benign!
For now eternity and time will meet,
The heavenly on the earthly state shall dawn;
And man, who in the mass and multitude
Of work-day powers, and worldly movements, makes
Too often but an item unobserved,
Here in the **TEMPLE**, where a Church becomes
A shrine of morals to consulting Hearts,
Himself shall realize, as full-orb'd **MAN**!
Single and one, within him hiding depths
Of solemn, vast and individual life
Beyond all utterance!—Life which few discern
Or chronicle; but, O my God! august;
Since, there alone the secrecy of strength
And power of unpartaken being dwell.
For what is action, but the spirit's garb,
The form and pressure of a life unseen?
And *that* more awful than the outer sense
Can shape, or recognize by teaching words.
WITHIN is life!—the **TRINITY** come there
To bless or blast, as we their own become
By likeness; or satanical by sin;
But life exterior, with its painted shows,
And all its multiplex array of scenes
By conduct acted or experience tried,—
Is like the ripple seen on ocean's face?
Hiding the unregarded deeps below,
And tempting gazers to discern no more.

Then lift your heads, ye everlasting doors!
And be ye open, O eternal gates!
That, in the chariot, of descending grace
Borne by **HIS SPIRIT** down to hearts that pray,—
The **KING OF GLORY** with His train of truths
Begirt, may come, and find due welcome there.
England! be grateful; for a scene that melts
The soul to thoughts, whose dialect is tears,
Around us opens with expansive range!
Uncounted steeples now to heaven uplift
Their chimes, and swell the wafting air with tones
That rise and fall, like undulating waves
In volumed cadence heaved upon the shore;
But, touching are they!—for the tombs of mind
Open amid them, as they peal or pause;
While buried hopes, and forms, and feelings dead
Quickened beneath their resurrection-tones
Mysterious. But, far beyond the gaze

Of earth to witness, will those gather'd souls
Who meet to worship with commingled awe
The GOD INCARNATE,—to the angels bright
This morn discover; when the piercing truth
Enters their spirit with irradiant power,
And bares the bosom of the soul, to light!
For hearts to them, are like transparent hives,
Whose hidden workings are conspicuous made
And watch'd, for ever.—Yes, the Sabbath gives
Wisdom to angels; while they bend to see
How nature struggles, as the SPIRIT acts,
Revives our graces, or rebukes our sins;
Or, drags the guilty to that secret bar,
That strange tribunal which ourselves erect,
And cannot vanquish. 'Tis indeed a day
When most of God, and most of man evolves.
What faint expressions of the forming Christ
Feature our hearts with elemental love,—
This do they watch, and with concernment trace:
They love to *think* where infidels would *sneer*,
And learn divinity by reading man.

But, though some emanated charms there be,
Sent from the Sabbath, which no eye discerns
Profoundly, as consummate angels can,
Haunting our temples with their wings unheard
And eyes unwitness'd;—yet, enough remains
To prove a magic clothes this holy morn
Beyond all others, beautiful and deep.
And now, methinks that potency begins!
Open the heavens, and drop their sacred dews
Distilling balm, and blessedness and love.
Whether to yon cathedral, with its form
August, and massive elegance of towers
Serenely rising in the radiant air,
Your fancy wander; and awhile enjoy
The wave-like rollings of the organ peals
Bursting, and booming down the arched aisle
And hollow naves,—while choir, and chanted rites,
And vested priesthood in their pure array,
Ensoul with awful loveliness the scene.—
Or rather, if to some Arcadian haunt
Where rustic manners in ancestral stamp
Are yet embalm'd—you turn your roving eye;
To view the patriarchs of some village throng
Hie to their minster, with its gothic porch
And ivied windows, 'mid encircling yews
Embosom'd dimly;—yet in each alike,
How much of all the REFORMATION brought
Of peace and purity, may feeling trace!

But where yon palaces of commerce lift
Their dusky, dim, and many-window'd piles,
'Mid roar of capitals, or cities vast,
How does the day on which MESSIAH rose,
Check the loud wheels, and hush the grating jars
And vexing hum of avarice, and gain;
That care-worn artizans, with pallid cheeks,
And all the wasted family of toil,
Each with his little one,—awhile may feel
That men are *more* than rational machines
For shaping matter, or absorbing food!
And on their foreheads see a title-page,
An imprimatur of immortal life.—
So on this day, (by Heaven's ordaining law
Rank'd in the rubric of perpetual grace,)
They all may learn their brotherhood, in God.
There, as they group beneath the Bible's wing;
And, through the centralizing love of Christ
The level glory of our nature reach
Together,—who can tell what sweet content,
What calm submission to their clouded lot,
With all the heart-burns which their toil-worn lives
Experience ever,—from *that* moment flows!
Here all are equal; in the bond of flesh,
The ties of nature, and in guilt with God:
Here, crowns and coronets, and truncheons drop

To nothing; king and subject share alike;
And in thy royalties, redeeming Love!
A prince may falter, where a peasant lifts
His plea; while in the poor man's eye may shine
A tear of rapture, kingdoms could not raise,
Nor, all that earth's diameter contains
Purchase the peace his hallow'd conscience hath!

Glory! to think that on this morn, mankind
Bow at the footstool of their COMMON SIRE
In co-equality of dust, and sin,
To plead for mercy at Salvation's fount.—
Ye mighty hunters in the fields of truth!
Titans of thought! ye giants of renown!
Colossal wonders in the world of mind,
Who, with the shadow of your souls immense
Cover creation! though your genius charm
Th' eternal PUBLIC of posterity,
Your names are nothing in the balance now!
Bend the stiff mind, and bow the stubborn heart;
And in the pleadings of your helpless dust
Go, take your station with yon cottage-girl;
Or chant a verse with yonder hymning child:
And, happy are ye! if like them, ye feel
That wisdom is, our ignorance to know.
There, cast your anchors in the cloven rock
Of ages; for behind the VEIL it towers
Deep as eternity, and high as God!

Abhor'd be therefore that most brutal aim,
That rank hyperbole of godless crime
Which massacres religion at a blow,
That ere by riot, lust, or lawless gain,
Or by some logic, false as fiends inspire,—
Our Sabbaths from their sanctity should fail
Or falter. On two worlds at once they touch;
The LIGHTS of this, the LANDMARKS of the next;
And reft of these, all anarchies commence
To madden; nor can praise itself o'erprize
The order'd notions of a day like this;
When thou, maternal CHURCH! whose head is hoar'd
With ages, but whose heart, like Jesu's, beats
With love for spirits,—art a blessing proved
By FORMS, by FUNCTIONS, and by ritual chants,
And Sacraments of soul-exalting grace.
Thine is a work, beyond seraphic lyres
To celebrate; for now by thee allured,
The infant, by his lisping tongue may speak
More truths than mighty Socrates could tell,
Or Plato in his most unearthly dream
Embody.—Yes, the Church is REASON's friend!
For, what is Reason but th' informing WORD
By grace imparted? and, as HE begins
Our nature's law to regulate and rule,—
So, all the circles of our secret life
Concentrical to perfect reason, act.
And though alike the humble and the high
In sermons, sacraments, and symbols meet
Depths of divinity, they cannot wade,
And meanings never master'd; yet, by such
The mental energies are boldly trained
To grapple Truths, and rarely let them go
Without a blessing.—But, the creed that aims
Both man and faith in horizontal lines
To level, proves a flatt'ring lie; that draws
That force *from* reason, which it feigns to give;
Like fawning ivy round some oak entwined,
Eating the heart its verdure seems to brace.

Again then be our lauding chants uplift
To HIM most holy,—to the Sabbath's God!
Who, when the Planets sang their lays of light,
While young Earth from her liquid cradle rose
Rejoicing, from His throne of love decreed
A Sabbath endless, modell'd from his own,
A Rest whose archetype HIMSELF enjoy'd.
Long may our Church, with her organic Powers

And rites ministrant, this pure day reve :
 For sabbaths make the morals of our land ;
 And by their litanies of sacred love,
 By pulpit, priest, and all that past'ral sway
 Which makes the meanest village in our land
 'To catch a hue of elegance refined,—
 They form thermometers, whereby to mete
 (Rising or falling as their sanction acts)
 Our true advancement, in the noblest weal :—
 Since public virtue, monarchy, and law,
 And church with state together are espoused
 By league of principle, and power of love :—
 So, if our sabbaths be from sway dethroned,
 The music of the commonwealth is gone !
 Soon into atoms will dissolve and drop
 That Fabric eloquent,—whose walls are mind,
 And founded deep in immemorial laws
 And liberties: the CONSTITUTION falls !
 Then guard them well, ye Senators and Priests,
 For they are priceless ! and to us preserve
 All that in heart and home, in temple or in state
 Is pure of worship, or of lore profound.
 And he who robs them of their rightful sway
 By pen, or speech, example, creed or life,—
 On heaven itself a sacrilege presumes,
 Man's awful being to the centre shocks,
 And plucks the apple from a Nation's eye !

But turn from this, one gentle view to take
 Again from nature. Now the day is done ;
 And, like the radiance of some lovely dream
 Poetic slumber fashions,—softly melts
 And sweetly mellows into parting hues
 The hour of sunset. From the ruby west
 A flashing glory o'er the firmament
 Deepens along ; and over earth reflects
 Beauty, that touches flower, and field, and fruit
 And yellow corn-fields sloping o'er the vale,
 With charms more exquisite than garish noon
 Inspires. But, if on yonder height you stand,
 Beneath you,—what a British Arcady,
 In lustre qualified with coming shade
 Is then unveil'd by sunny calm serenely !
 There as you stand, around your temples throng
 The fresh-wing'd airs, from waving branches sent ;
 The breeze makes music ; while the cadence low
 Of distant sheep-bell dyingly comes on,
 Or, melts delightfully on feeling's ear.
 Here nature thrones enchantment ; far-off hills
 Crown'd with a coronet of glitt'ring trees,
 Paler and paler to the west retire !
 And woods, and coppice, lanes, and hedges green,
 With sun-bright cots, and farms of mossy roof ;
 While here and there, some rustic temple lifts
 That gothic beauty, (whose mysterious power
 Acts on the eye, like poetry in stone
 Embodied,)—these in blent expression woo
 The gazer ; mix'd with many a fairy gleam
 From rivers flashing, as the sun-ray tips
 The current, cheering it with gay surprise.
 But now, a mellow shade of mantling hue
 Advances ; villages and towns retire
 Like pictured visions,—save where yonder tower
 In its tall symmetry, with golden tinge
 Retains the sunbeam ; and as home you wend,
 Hark ! on the ear of balmy evening comes
 The faint far chime of some cathedral-bell,
 With pensive summons ; which to fancy, sounds
 A curfew for creation's sabbath-rest.

And now, that rest is deep'ning ; daylight ebbs ;
 But yet, or ever sinks yon priest of light,
 Around him, like a burning shrine the heavens
 Gather and glow, and with enfolding splendour wrapt
 His decadence ; while colours richly deep
 And dazzling, woven from th' Almighty's loom
 Of nature, all the occident inlay.—

Brighter and brighter his dilated orb
 Is now becoming ; till at length he sinks
 In soft decline, magnificently calm,
 Beneath yon flush'd horizon :—leaving all above
 Hued with his radiance ; like to hearts that catch
 From God's own heroes, when their dying beds
 In farewell glory give the christian out,—
 Flashes of meaning, which the face o'erspread
 With lustre, and the gazer's cheek impress
 With light,—whose source is immortality !

Vistas of thought, and avenues of mind
 Where Truth may roam in philosophic shade,
 Or fancy, (by her shaping dreams begirt,)
 Image beyond what pict'ring words describe,
 Open before us ; now this pensive lull,
 And balmy prelude to the twilight's reign,
 Come o'er the heart : till, with sabbatic love
 Nature and mind responsively confer.
 Oh, how the sacredness of silence steals
 O'er all things !—just as if a Spirit's glide,
 Inaudible but *felt*, through earth and air
 Were passing : mute and motionless, the trees
 Stand in the gloom like sentinels entranced ;
 Not e'en an insect, through the stirless air
 At times is waking : boughs and birds repose ;
 While the dark shadows of yon distant hills
 Loom on the eye,—portentous and profound,
 As if with speaking vastness : but the flowers
 Breathe double fragrance, now the heated air
 Is cooling ; and a thousand secret plants,
 That in the sun-warm noon their scents retain
 Inviolate, their rich aroma yield ;
 Like hearts whose finer sympathies are shut
 When fortune brightens,—but when sorrow's night
 Blackens around you, let their sweetness out ;
 Or, as those promises the SPIRIT'S love
 To faith applies, which seldom while the sun
 Of joy shines golden, give their treasures forth ;
 But in our glooms,—how gloriously they breathe
 Their buried meanings into living force
 And comfort ! But, more hush'd and holy still
 Grows the dim landscape, round the musier's tread
 Who walks it, till he dreams his very step
 Profane intrusion on the soundless air.
 And now methinks, Miltonic eyes would view
 Th' angelic watchers of our mystic world
 Patrolling earth, with immaterial garb
 And tread unseen ; or, by their LORD employed
 The wheels of nature to redress ; or guide
 The comings-on of Night,—who now begins
 To spread her mantle o'er the sleeping world.
 Here is the moment when our conscience moves,
 If racked or guilty ; when religion wakes
 From depths unopened in the fev'rish day,
 While awed imagination lives, and feels
 Th' unborn poetry of speechless mind
 Within her quickened : loud the heart-throbs beat ;
 But, in this syncope of nature's voice,
 What mute theology a moment wields
 O'er the strained fancy !—now indeed, we prove
 That worded speech to manhood appertains,
 But SILENCE the Almighty's language is ;
 And Faith can hear it,—thrillingly intoned
 With inspirations from eternity !

But, that hath pass'd ; and from the shrouding awe
 That girds thee, with a gentle force awake.
 E'en such a night, as now begins her spell,
 The captive Luther from his watch-tower loved
 To witness,—when by prayer becalmed,
 He rolled his eye-glance round the vaulted heavens
 Studded with stars, like scripture gemm'd with truths ;
 And gave his spirit to the charm of night
 With all a poet's rapture ! Such prepares
 O'er the dead twilight to assert its reign
 Of tracéd loveliness, and stellar noon.

Lo! one by one, with timid gleam, and slow,
 Star after star comes trembling into life
 And lustre; radiant, mild, and mournful oft,
 Like the half tears in childhood's pensive eye,
 Do some appear; while others, rich and round
 Like burning jewels, dug from mines of light,
 Flash on the forehead of the mellowed sky
 Most brilliantly; or clustered into groups,
 The rest commingle their associate beams
 Dazzling the concave. Still, the earth obscured
 Lies dimly veil'd, with umbrage unrelieved,
 Waiting the lamp that lights her beauties up.
 And, yonder comes it!—lo, her placid brow
 O'er the dusk air the queenly moon uplifts.
 And, e'en as music, solemn, deep and slow,
 Through the dark chambers of dejected mind
 Where all is shapeless, oft to order cites
 Thought after thought, successive and serene,—
 So her wan lustre, as it mildly steals
 O'er the mute landscape,—tree and bough and bank
 Each out of dimness and disorder draws
 To shape and aspect; till the dew-drops gleam
 Like nature's diamonds on her night-garb thrown,
 In countless sparkles: but the stars grow pale,
 Like mortal graces near th' excessive blaze
 Of Thine, EMMANUEL! save th' undazzled brows
 Of those large planets, eloquently bright
 With sheen unconquer'd. What a change at once
 The moon o'er all things by her beam hath cast!
 Like faith, arising in some nighted heart,
 And touching nature with redemption's light
 Victorious. Wheresoe'er his roving eye
 Darts a pleased glance, hill, and brook and hedge,
 Rivers and streams, and meadowy range far off,
 Cities and towers, and tall cathedral spires
 And village churchyards, with their grassy tombs
 Attract the gazer; till his glance is fed
 With loveliness, beyond the moving lip
 To mention. But above,—how beautiful!
 'There, solemnly the climbing moon ascends;
 And each thin cloud within her silver reach
 She clothes with splendour; like a mortal pang
 By hope celestial into radiant peace
 Transmuted: But in this access divine
 Of nature's sabbath, solitude and night,
 How like the fortunes of the Saviour's Bride
 The moon's high progress through the heaven
 appears!
 Varied and full, now crescent and complete,
 Shaded, or dim, and then with radiance clad:
 So hath the Church along time's clouded scene
 Flourished or faded, shined, or suffered gloom;
 But yet doth travel through her fated round
 Upward to glory! or, may deeper eyes discern
 In yon pale symbol of orac'lar sky,
 The moon-like radiance of imperfect man
 By grace made holy, but how changeable too!
 E'en to the last, by shades of sin o'erhuug
 Or hidden: while the imperial Lord of day,
 By his prerogative of light, portrays
 That sun-clear righteousness of *state* complete,
 Which all the justified of God arrays
 With faultless glory, fair as JESUS wore.

Oh! *that* NAME, beyond all nature loud,
 Peals like the trumpet of eternity
 Through all the chambers of responsive faith,
 Making them echo with the voice of Christ!
 Nature was forfeit, when the first man fell
 To sin; and whatsoe'er in nature lives,
 In reason, morals; or in mind enacts
 Dominion, from His vast atonement flows.
 And who but they who thus the earth baptize
 In JESUS,—half its fascinating creed
 Interpret? Not, but myst'ry *there* abides,
 And most unfathom'd: for by sense we find
 Creation is the way of God *to man*,

In life or being outwardly express'd:
 But in redemption, God *with God* proceeds
 By truth and glory, inwardly resolved:
 And, if the first our reason overtask,
 On what but scripture can the second stand?
 But this we know, (howe'er the myst'ry shock
 The carnal, or the mind's conceit alarm,)
 Creation once her own creator saw
 In flesh embodied, when for sin he died!
 And now, from HIM this hour of beauty takes
 All that in sky, or cloud, or star-encircled moon
 Is lovely. Here indeed, material sights
 Touch'd by the Cross, with sacred meaning glow,
 Turning creation to a creed of forms
 Significantly glorious!—What a truth!
 From HIM this boundless orb of being came
 From nothing cited; by His ceaseless hand
 The wheels of nature, and the wings of time
 Circle their way, or waft their soundless flight;
 While all the properties the Creatures have,
 Are but the actings of a secret CHRIST
 Organically present. Here is faith,—
 When all the motions which in nature rule,
 Her laws and lights, her harmonies and hues,
 From the faint insect to the flaming sun
 Apparent,—preach the Saviour's kingly hand,
 And to the senses do expound His heart
 For ever! What the *sinful* Adam lost,
 The *SINLESS* by eternal heirship gain'd;
 The curse unstring'd, then took th' attainer off,
 And back redeem'd th' inheritance of MAN!

Oh! tell me not, poetic harps can sing
 That science loves, and sentiment perceives,
 And calm philosophy with musing eye
 Beneath the stars magnetic,—all which heaven
 And earth of God and goodness testify;
 'Tis only when by DAVID'S KEY unlock'd,
 The Secrets and the Splendours of the world
 Act their full charm; and by electric touch
 Wake their deep springs of answer'ing love within.
 The merest elegance of pagan mind
 Can dimly, upward to creative POWER
 And goodness, haply grope its errant way:
 But when the christian can his CHRIST discern
 As HEAD and HEART of all creation shows,—
 Religion and his life make parallels;
 For faith and feeling in communion move
 Divorceless ever! Then at once, all laws
 And movements, like cathedral rites appear,
 By nature's liturgy of LOVE perform'd
 In the vast temple of the universe,—
 Shrining EMMANUEL: then the whole applies
 To him,—the watching, weeping, dying LORD,
 The source of nature and salvation too.
 Then, oh, thou Earth, what oracles there roll
 With pure expression from thy myriad shrines,
 With more than music, to our spirit's ear!
 And ye, calm Heavens! with liquid moonlight
 bathed,

With what a rhetoric your silence pleads,
 For HIM who soared beyond ye! and his seat
 Almighty, far above your veiling pomps
 Thron'd in high glory! Then alone ye form
 Creation's Bible; where the blessed stars
 Beam their bright gospel on devotion's gaze,—
 By faith illumined, in their light to read
 The priceless merit of the BLOOD that keeps
 The Heavens in motion, and our Earth alive!

So may we ever, at nocturnal hour,
 Morning, or noon, whatever time we walk
 The halls of nature with a holy tread,—
 To HIM all beautiful, all vast, all bright
 May we refer; WHO when creation fell,
 And sin on earth began its hell to bring,
 Personified eternity in time,

And clothed th' INFINITE with human Flesh
For our remission!—

But the midnight hour is come;
The Moon, with her pale hierarchy girt
Of stars, is gliding to the ocean's brim:
And listen!—for the chime of far-off bells
O'er a dead Sabbath tolls their dying tone.
And now, the day is buried; to thy tomb
Eternity, with all its hopes and fears
Gather'd, and gone! But oh, how thrill'd
The chords mysterious of our secret frame!
As if the stirrings of a life unborn,
Latent but lovely,—this rapt hour inspired,
The dead seem gazing on our hearts again!
Illapses deep, irradiations pure
Glide through our spirit, from a source unknown;
Until, by awful loveliness subdued,
Above the pilgrim lifts his eye of prayer
Expressive: youth, and home, and long-fled days
With soft revival, touch him into tears
Unshed; and while the arch of night yet rings
With the soft echoes of the sunken chimes
Around him,—many a thoughtful sigh is heaved
O'er visions gone; while things that once becharm'd
The dazzled fancy, pale and cold appear,
Weeds of the past on mem'ry's lonely shore!

And now amid thy hush, most holy night!
Here let us stand, beneath yon hanging cliff,
Closing our song beside the placid sea
That now lies breezeless. Who that thus beholds
Her bosom, by th' effulgent moonlight deck'd,
And heaving only to attraction's orb,
(As heaves the heart beneath the eye it loves,)
Could ever think, thou democratic sea!
Thy billows like the roar of human wrongs
Clamour on high, and cleave the heavens with sound
So often! Such thy halcyon slumber now,
The stars are mirror'd on thy glassy wave
With beam unbroken; while the feet that press
The pebbled margin of the moonlit wave,
Rudely and loudly on the hush intrude
Their faintest motion.

Here then, be farewell
To this long strain of meditative truth,
E'en by thy bulwark, O Britannic Isle!
That, with the meekness of maternal love
Ramparts the home her waves have helped to guard.
Here in the trance of this untroubled night
Sabbatic, lift we now our hand and heart
And eyes, to that SUPERNAL POWER OF TRUTH
Who governs all things, but who guardeth thee
My country! with a most peculiar love:
That once as out of Zion peal'd the trump
Of ancient gospel, hence the battle-voice
Of truth reform'd should ever bravely roll;
And waken echoes, such as Luther's heart
Could welcome,—deep as lofty Cranmer loved,
Or Ridley o'er his pangs of fire prolong'd!

Mysterious SPIRIT of the ceaseless mind!
HEART of the church, as Christ the only HEAD;
SOUL of our souls, in supernatural light;
Unbounded, deathless and transforming GRACE
And LOVE, and WISDOM!—Thee I now invoke;
And to THYSELF presume to consecrate
Pages,—that whatsoever of hallow'd power
They have, from THEE alone their truth receive
And virtue. Oh! thou SEMPITERNAL LIFE,
Breathe o'er this effort, and with force array
Whate'er is feeble; and with heavenly touch
And tone their meaning so affect and fill,
That onward to the inner mind of man
Or central being, where high Conscience holds
Her seat august, and faith's dominion acts,—

What truths they carry may be safely borne
Beyond the heartless, and above the vain
To warp or weaken. Here beneath the arch
Of midnight, solemn, deep, intensely calm,
THY PRESENCE would I realize; and lift
Mine awe-struck nature to the heights unseen
Of ESSENCE uncreate,—where THOU art third
In Godhead, where the FOUNTAIN SIRE is first,
Second, the FILIAL WORD, and ALL supreme
In One co-equal, co-eternal THREE
The God tripersonal and true, complete.

Descend pure Spirit! light and life and love
Without Thee, are not: poetry is Thine,
Reason, and science, and majestic arts,
The heaven-born virtues, intellectual powers
With all pre-eminence of grace or gifts,—
Are but as glances from Thy glory cast,
And caught by mind. But who THY sway can tell?
For at the first, the heavens and all their host,
Moon, star, and planets,—from THY hand derived
Their radiance, from Thy wisdom learn'd their paths,
And Earth is thine: her elementary laws,
Her motions, harmonies and living hues
And beauty, are but emanated powers
From Thee, great BEAUTY's archetypal SEAL!
While MAN himself, (that miracle of forms)
Into his mould was copied from THY cast
Ethereal; and the whole of truths inspired,
Prophetic utterance, or miraculous deed,
Which was, or is, or shall be,—are but rays
Sent from Thine essence to created mind.

Without THEE, more than night Egyptian reigns
Duty sublime would stern distraction be,
Commanding what our impotence alarms,—
To love that HOLY which our hearts abhor
By nature! But Thy promised aid attends,
Arches our being, like the roof of heaven
Where'er we wander; and to will perverse
Such power imparteth, that the precept takes
Thy presence with it in each task assign'd.

THOU teachest God; and man himself abides
In fact unfathom'd, till thy light reveal
The two eternities of coming truth
Within Him folded,—like a double germ
Soon to expand in heaven or hell complete!
And hence our NATURE grows an awful thing;
We thrill eternity in touching MAN!
For, from the eyeballs of his living head
Outlooks the EVERLASTING!—though eclipsed;
While every heart-pulse in the life of faith
Throbs with Thy Spirit, INSPIRATION'S Lord.

Thou only READER of the complex mind!
Unerring JUDGE, to whose transpiercing gaze
All the seal'd fountains of shut motive lie
Unseal'd and open,—bless, oh! bless
Both church and state, both monarchy and crown;
Teaching the highest, that of THEE bereft
Reason itself irrational becomes,
Virtues are vices,—with a better name
And brighter seeming; but by THEE becalm'd,
The rudest chaos of corrupted hearts
At once is softened; till in love and awe
Embodied harmony the man appears;
Lives by THY life, and with thy motion moves,
A radiant LIKENESS of the Lord he loves.

And now O SPIRIT! at the noon of night,
Under the arch of this poetic sky
While all around me breathes the hush of heaven,
THEE I invoke, this erring strain to crown:
Without Thee,—'tis but vanity and voice
And mere vexation, into language thrown;
But with Thee, weakness is itself made strong,

While nature's darkness turns to light divine.
 And if with me one aspiration dwell
 For truths, beyond philosophy to preach
 Or master; if one thought this perill'd mind
 Inspire, where THOU, O God of grace, art seen,
 Preventient SPIRIT ! 'tis from Thee derived.
 And oh, if life, with all its loneliness,
 The glow of youth hath still in heart retain'd ;
 If all the waste, the fever, and the fret
 Of buried pangs beyond the world to know
 From boyhood in its bleakness, e'en till now,
 Have not untuned me ; but a tone have left
 In concord with the beautiful and bright ;
 If nature thrill me, with as keen a joy
 As in the poetry of pensive youth
 It ever did ; if such for bliss remain,

Blent with far deeper things, by suffering taught,
 And faith transmuted for the life within,
 As onward through a bleak and heartless world
 My pathway windeth to the waiting tomb,—
 SPIRIT OF GLORY ! take my gratitude,
 And sanctify the closing strain I sing :
 Bear with my soul ; Thy blessing o'er it breathe,
 And all who love the MASTER whom I serve.
 Divine EMMANUEL ! peace may all Thy CHURCH
 possess,
 Till faith shall in sublime fruition end,
 All symbols cease, all sacraments retire,
 And earthly Sabbaths into heavenly melt
 For men, and angels ;—where the host redeem'd
 Shall in the TEMPLE of pure GODHEAD keep
 The sabbath endless of almighty love.

THE END.

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